

Cosmopolitan

A black and white illustration of a woman wearing a large, wide-brimmed hat with a veil. She is holding a small, dark-colored dog with white markings on its face and chest. The woman is wearing a dark, patterned dress with a white collar and a large brooch. The background is dark and textured, with some foliage visible. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century magazine illustrations.

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By ARTHUR TRAIN



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Cosmopolitan for July, 1922

I



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WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President C. H. HATHAWAY, Vice-President RAY LOWE, Vice-President JOSEPH A. MOORE, Treasurer W. G. LANGDON, Secretary, 119 W. 40th St., New York
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Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York

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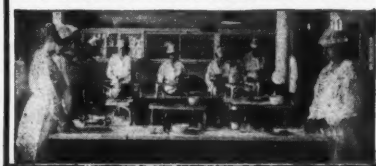
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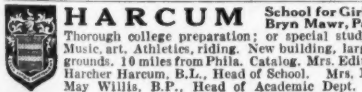
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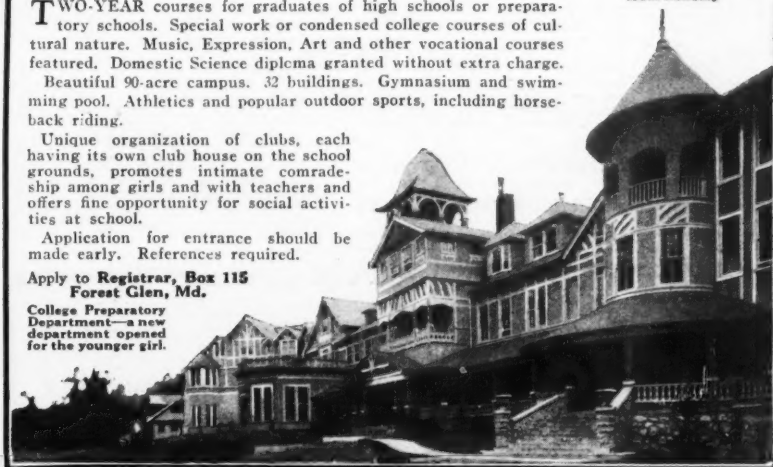
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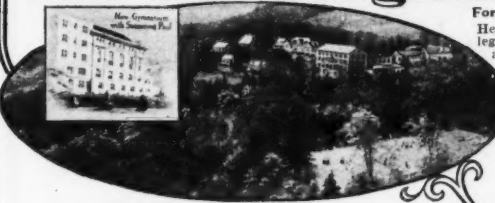
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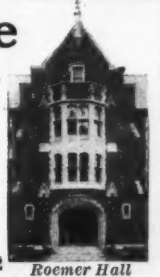
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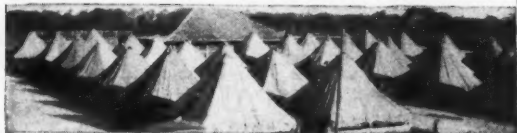
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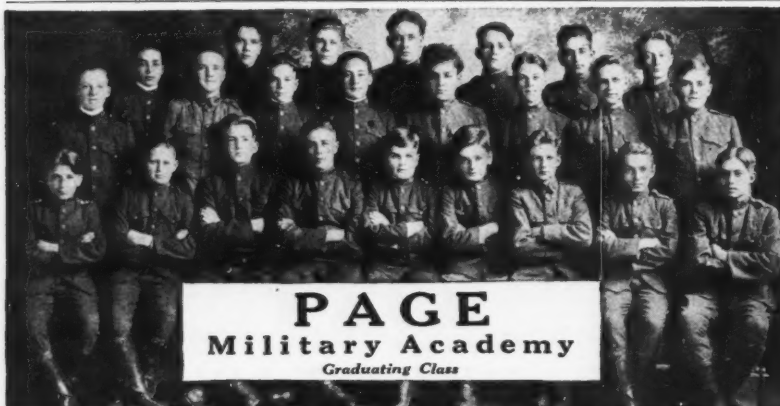
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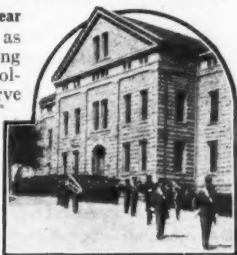
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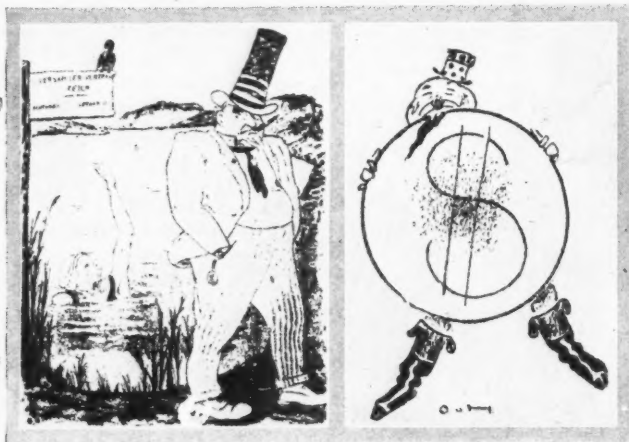
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Tom Macklin Wins a \$5,000 Job

Good news for Tom Macklin—he has just been picked for a five-thousand-dollar job!

Fairly surprised him, the promptness with which he won promotion, and the actual fun that he got in going after it.

Tom, you see, was just an average chap who had been slaving for years in the general offices of the Marbury Company. Meanwhile, other fellows his own age had been stepping into the big-pay positions.

Then one day, less than twelve months ago, Tom Macklin woke up. He did the thing that he should have done five years before—he enrolled with LaSalle Extension University.

And suddenly he made a very happy discovery—he found home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method downright interesting.

Fascinating, so he called it, to take those problems just as they were put up to him by highly successful business men and to work them out for himself.

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Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1607 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1607 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.



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George ADE *Relieves His Mind on a Human Pest*

LET us now select words which may be transmitted through the mail and which will, at the same time, properly stigmatize the individual who insists upon giving to the reluctant party of the second part a letter of introduction to some innocent and unsuspecting party of the third part.

A sits in his office. B enters. B says that he and Mrs. B are going to spend a few weeks at Swozzleham and, because they know that Mr. and Mrs. A once visited the Glugg-Tupleys at Swozzleham, would they advise the B's to live at the new Hyperion, where the liver and bacon is said to be very good, or move out to the Pomposo, overlooking the park?

Now, on this particular morning, there is no one item in all the vast reaches of the universe which so little concerns A as the plans of Mr. and Mrs. B in connection with Swozzleham. A has no appetite for B. The overhanging mustache suggests a walrus nature and the glittering stickpin is the top note in bad taste. His immediate ambition is to remove B from the rug.

He happens to think of C, who lives in Swozzleham. Good old C—always courteous, considerate and obliging! In other words—a goat.

So he gives B a letter to C. It is a compromise between downright perjury and a secret desire to communicate some kind of warning to C. Any code specialist, reading between the lines, would translate the whole thing as follows: "Lay off this bird. He tells dialect stories."

C is all ready to grab a bowl of whole wheat biscuit and milk and then hurry to the first tee when the two-legged disease germ gets past the bodyguard.

C reads the letter, while the vital organs try to sink into the lower extremities.

He wants to know what he can do for B. The latter is suddenly pervaded by an overwhelming consciousness that his only purpose in calling on C was to present a letter of introduction. For the first time it occurs to him that he might have burned the letter. He wishes that he had done so.

He who comes with a letter of introduction must be taken out to luncheon.

Also, the host must force either oysters or clams on the embarrassed visitor. No one eats shellfish in the middle of the day except upon a letter of introduction.

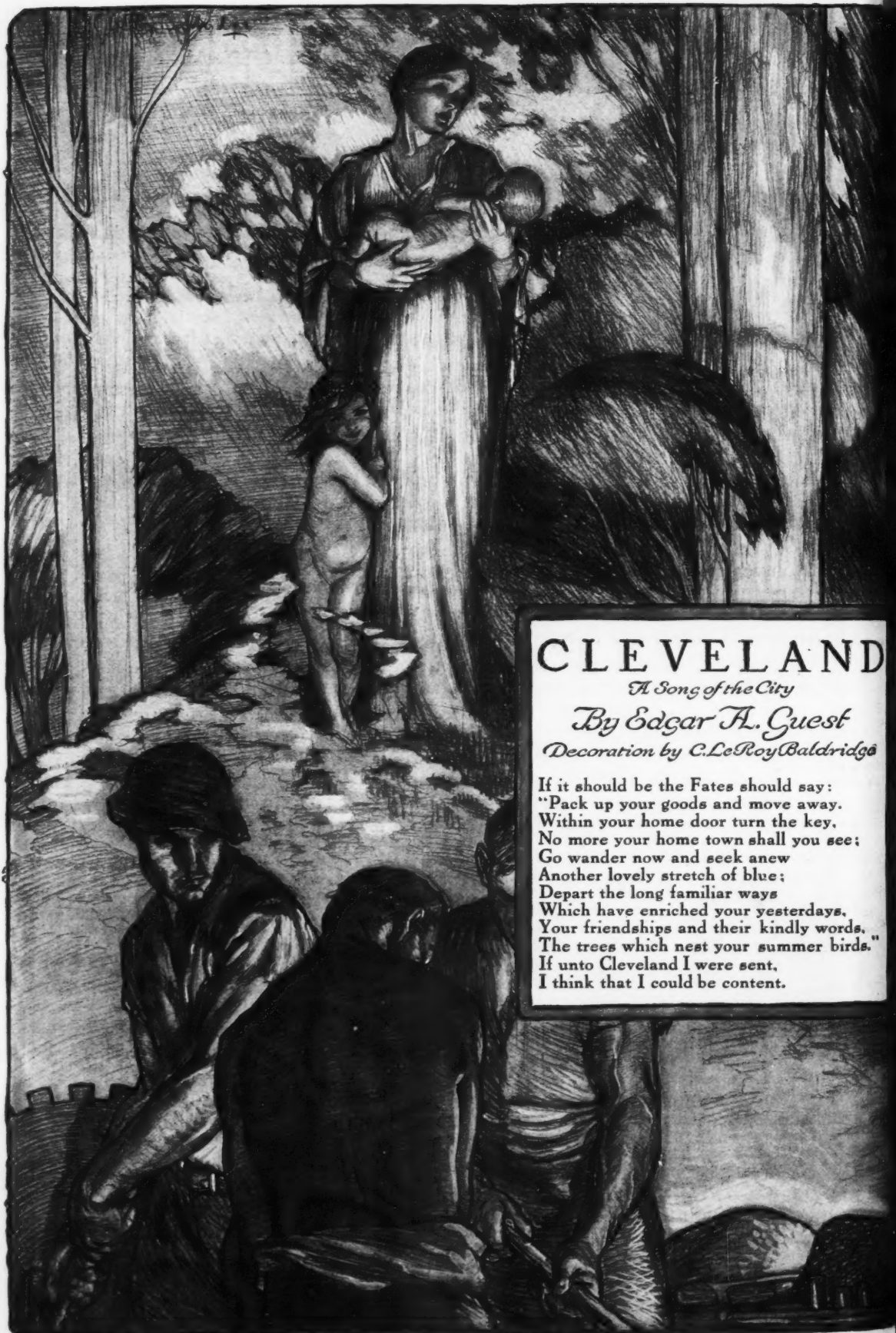
C must order several courses for B, in order to prove that he has a proper regard for A. He insists upon "some kind of a sweet." This is part of the ritual.

Within a day or two the wives must meet. They never hit it off. In the meantime A moves among his neighbors, respected far beyond his merits.

Do you want to make someone happy?

Get a letter of introduction to the famous bone-setter or to the man who can give you cards to any club or to the lady who gives dinners to people who have done things. After you have left town, mail the letter to the might-have-been victim and explain that you were very busy all during your visit.

For once, somebody will say nice things about you.



CLEVELAND

A Song of the City

By Edgar A. Guest

Decoration by C. LeRoy Baldridge

If it should be the Fates should say:
"Pack up your goods and move away.
Within your home door turn the key.
No more your home town shall you see;
Go wander now and seek anew
Another lovely stretch of blue;
Depart the long familiar ways
Which have enriched your yesterdays,
Your friendships and their kindly words,
The trees which nest your summer birds."
If unto Cleveland I were sent,
I think that I could be content.

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For Cleveland is a lovely gem
In fair Columbia's diadem.
A city by the lake which stands
A monument to honest hands;
A city rich in all the things
Which long have been the dreams of kings.
The stamp of eminence is there,
Her men are true, her women fair;
Her children shout and race along
Inheritors of mirth and song.
All that the world has learned and known
Of happiness is hers to own.

She has within herself that pride
Which turns the baser things aside.
She yearns for greatness and she speaks
The loftier goal her spirit seeks.
She asks not merely pomp's success,
But all that's worthy to possess—
Fame, if it come from honest ways
And noble deeds and well spent days;
Wealth, if it shall be truly won,
Praise, if her tasks be fairly done,
Glory, though not as selfish toll,
But as the tribute to her soul.

Cleveland is like a dreamer young
Of whom the poets long have sung:
Upon her face, within her eyes
The picture of her vision lies
Where all who will may clearly see
Her dream of what she hopes to be.
Promise adorns her gracious brow
Pledging a grander day than Now,
And what she is seems but a sign,
As is the bud upon the vine,
A symbol eloquently dumb
Of greater splendors that shall come.





"There's Diana," old Pepperill had said.
"Clever, reckless. Some day she'll be in
twice the pickle her sister Claudia is in."

Beginning His Children's Children

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

THE clock on Trinity Church pointed to half past four. Rufus Kayne glanced up from the letter at which he was scowling, observed the lateness of the hour and pressed a pearl button upon the desk beside him. He had not noticed the swift fading of the November afternoon, for he worked in an artificial glare. The light which beats upon the president of a trust company rivals that which in past days was said to beat upon a throne.

A young woman answered the bell, notebook in hand. "If anything important comes up," said Kayne without removing the cigar from his mouth, "you can get me at Mr. Pepperill's office, and after that at the Corner Store Club. By the way, how are my daughters' accounts?"

"Miss Diana is overdrawn thirty-five hundred dollars," replied the secretary. "Miss Sheila only six hundred."

"Tell the cashier to write each of them a stiff letter," directed Kayne. "But transfer enough from my account to make the overdrafts good." He crumpled the letter he had been reading into his pocket. The writer—his other daughter, Claudia—was, luckily for him, not in a position to overdraw. He had closed her account because her husband was a blackguard. He got up and put on his coat and hat.

"Well, that's all, I guess. Good night!"

He descended in the private elevator—sacred to the use of the more exalted of the company's officers—to the great marble entrance hall below, gaudy as a hotel, brilliant with giant clusters of electric globes held aloft by bronze stands like bunches of incandescent toy balloons. The place resembled a railroad station. A pleasing sense of his power came over him as he watched the multitude of clerks at the bronze grills, the rows of grave officials at their desks. The doorman held back the crowd for him to pass. Like royalty he emerged into Broadway. A few moments later he was being similarly ushered into the offices of Crutchfield and Pepperill, his attorneys.

Rufus Kayne was a certain sort of gentleman. The crease in his trousers was very marked. For the generation to which he belonged regarded elegance of exterior as the *sine qua non* of respectability. After "the public be damned" epoch there were few circles so ostentatiously, even painfully, respectable as the upper crust of New York society. The "high financiers" of the '70s and '80s were all distinguished for their philanthropy and tall hats. Dick Turpin's grandson doubtless passed the plate on Sundays. So it was with the offspring of old Peter Kayne, "the Pirate"—Rufus's father—and of the other freebooters of the last century.

These founders of some of our best families had been a cutthroat gang who gave neither themselves nor the public any quarter and who slaughtered the lambs in uncounted flocks until Wall Street ran with blood. The lambs had no business to be in Wall Street, and anyone who sat in the game took his chance of becoming a millionaire—the word in those days reeked of "gold and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks"—or a pauper over night. He also ran the risk of having his pockets picked, his studs removed, his ears slit and his heart cut out—while he was watching his adversary's draw. They were—those old timers—a husband's brood of self-confessed rascals who chewed tobacco, smoked

Arthur Train's

Straight From the Shoulder

NOVEL of AMERICAN SOCIETY



"—and Sheila, who's coming out next week—just a little bundle of nerves—the helpless victim of her environment."



Across the candles Maitland could scent all the haunting perfumes
of the East and hear above the beating of the blood in his
forehead the languid chiming of temple be'ls.



Whatever else he may have done, Harrowdale's never been guilty of cruelty in the technical sense and he's never in fact absolutely deserted her."

"No," agreed Kayne bitterly. "He just makes her life a hell by openly amusing himself with other women. What a farce the English divorce law is!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to buy him off!" answered the attorney. "After all, your daughter's liberty is worth something—"

"He'll never get a cent of my money!" retorted Kayne hotly. "I'll go over myself first and take her away by force if necessary."

"Nonsense!" returned Mr. Pepperill with impatience. "Don't talk like a fool. The first thing you knew you'd be in jail. Harrowdale's got clever counsel—and he's acting strictly according to their advice. They've put those children in chancery and she can't take them out of England without making herself liable to imprisonment for contempt. And there you are!"

"My grandchildren in chancery! How do you mean?" demanded his client, scowling.

Mr. Pepperill uncrossed his legs and crossed them again the other way. From a legal point of view it was an interesting case. "Merely that old Samuels has deposited fifty pounds sterling to the credit of each of the children, which—technically—places them under the control of the Lord Chancellor. His permission must be procured before they can be taken out of his jurisdiction. And of course he wouldn't give it if their father objected."

"Doesn't a mother have any rights in England?" demanded Kayne.

"None worth mentioning. At any rate, your son-in-law has been clever enough to clap a lien down on the children and now he'll make your daughter Claudia's life desperate in the hope that some time or other you'll be willing to pay his price to lift it."

Kayne's face darkened.

"It looks as if he had her pretty well tied up. I suppose, though, if we get her over here we can get her some kind of a divorce?"

"Divorce? Certainly not—that is, not one that would be worth anything. It would reflect on all of you. You can't shake the solid foundation of American morals. However, a couple of hundred thousand dollars would no doubt induce Sir Percy to give your daughter the evidence upon which the courts would grant her decree. It's done every day over there—just as it is here."

He tapped his fingers impatiently upon his desk.

"Well! Think it over!"

There was dismissal in his tone. His client arose.

"I shan't pay a cent!" he repeated stubbornly. "But I don't want to bother you. Your time is too valuable. Isn't there some young man in your office that I can take it up with? I might want to do something"—he smiled slyly—"that isn't quite respectable—that the best people wouldn't approve of!"

The same thought had flashed through Mr. Pepperill's own mind. He was a little tired of Kayne. The fellow was getting bumptious. As for his wife!

"Not a bad idea!" he readily assented. He touched a bell and a boy appeared at the door. "Ask Mr. Maitland to step in here a moment if he's not busy," said Mr. Pepperill. The boy nodded and disappeared. "Maitland's a very capable fellow; I had him here eight years before the war and now that it's over he's come back. I've made him a junior partner. You'll find him all right. Ah! There he is now. Mr. Kayne—this is Mr. Maitland. You can tell him your troubles."

Rufus Kayne saw advancing towards him a tall, rather bony youth with gentle brown eyes and a singularly attractive wide-angle smile in which modesty and quiet determination were combined. His curly hair, which was the same color as his eyes, grew into a sort of peak in the center of his forehead, and his complexion was of that dusky brown with a touch of red grape bloom frequently found among plainmen. His bearing was at once deferential and self-reliant, and his attitude towards the banker partook of that of a younger officer addressing an older one.

"We might go into my room, if you don't mind," he suggested, and Mr. Pepperill shook hands with Mr. Kayne.

"Remember me to your wife," said the lawyer. "You must both give me the pleasure of your company at dinner soon. And thank her for the invitation to your daughter Sheila's coming out party—when is it, by the way?"

"Friday of next week," replied Kayne.

"My commiserations," remarked Mr. Pepperill dryly. "Good night."

CHAPTER II

CLAUDIA'S AFFAIR

RUFUS KAYNE followed Maitland, his new adviser, through the phalanx of desks in the outer office of Crutcher and Pepperill's into a cubicle that smelled strongly of pipe tobacco. Beside a window opening into an interior court stood a small oak desk upon which lay a single bundle of papers, a package of cheap cigarettes, a card of matches and a tin box of cut plug. Maitland pulled a chair forward and offered it to the banker.

In his earlier years in the office and before joining the army he had often heard vaguely of Kayne—as one of the "strong" men in Wall Street. Since, however, the banker had become a client of Mr. Pepperill's only upon the formation of the Utopia Trust Company in 1917, Maitland had never before met him. With his natural diffidence Maitland felt—at first—even more so for Rufus Kayne than the latter felt for Mr. Pepperill.

"Please sit down," said he with a slightly embarrassed laugh. "This is the Star Chamber!" Then perceiving Kayne's cigar he produced with evident relief a short pipe—which it appeared he had been carrying in his left hand all the while—and blew through it with a whistling sound.

"I don't pretend to be much of a lawyer," he remarked as he refilled it elaborately after this natural vacuum cleaning process. "and I'm afraid I can't be of much help to you, but you might explain your difficulty and I'll do the best I can."

The modesty of this introduction impressed Kayne favorably. From his experience most young men were assertive and overconfident. He did not realize to what an extent they modeled themselves upon their elders. But this chap, as he sat there sucking small hollows in his gaunt cheeks, looked, he thought, like a capable citizen. He might as well get on friendly terms with him at once. He had found most returned soldiers no averse to acknowledging their services. So with his accustomed diplomacy he said:

"Mr. Pepperill has told me that you were at the front. Of what sector were you?"

But Maitland responded only vaguely.

"Oh, all over the lot," he answered. "Now about this affair of your daughter's—"

And Kayne in the calm, even tone that he used when addressing his board of directors, which suggested such weighty consideration and such an infinity of reserve, found himself recounting to Maitland the history of his daughter Claudia's unfortunate marriage to Sir Percy Harrowdale.

Nobody had been particularly to blame in the affair, he insisted; for Harrowdale had appeared in every respect an attractive and gentlemanly fellow. Girls were half hysterical at that age, anyhow. Harrowdale was an exceptionally good-looking chap—with a supercilious air about him that was tremendously effective, particularly in dress uniform. It had been quite an affair—a military wedding—numerous officials on from Washington—and cables of congratulation from several distinguished members of the British peerage. The couple had returned to England, Harrowdale had resigned his commission in the Commissary or whatever it was and they had bought a place in the country. Claudia had had two children—a girl first, then a boy—and for a while her letters had indicated entire happiness.

Then had come the inevitable change. Harrowdale was away—doing she did not know what; but he clearly had no intention of reentering the army as he had assured everybody that he would. He had demanded money and she had given it to him and had then made application to her father to increase her allowance. The old story! Now he was openly unfaithful to her and evidently trying—with the aid of a shrewd and unscrupulous pair of solicitors—to blackmail her family into buying him off. But he was going to be disappointed! The banker's studies reserve vanished and he banged the table with his fist, his salient cheeks taking on a ruddy tinge. Through this affair of Claudia's he had suffered his first setback at the hands of fate. Until then everything had gone well with him—in business and society.

"I beg your pardon!" muttered Maitland through his pipe as he tilted back in his chair and nursed his left elbow with his right hand. "Didn't you look this fellow up—at all?"

Kayne shifted his eyes.

"There wasn't any particular need to. He was in Dehrett's right—and he had a captain's commission."

"In what branch of the service?" inquired Maitland. "Wasn't he at the front?"



A strange jealousy amounting almost to hatred seized Maitland because another and not he had pressed those too red lips.

CHARLES MITCHELL

The banker shrugged his shoulders while Maitland sucked on his pipe disgustedly and then emptied it on the window sill.

"Some of those fellows they sent over here were all right," he commented, "especially the ones who had been wounded; but a lot of them were just bounders whose people wanted to get rid of them. I've seen a lot of those bally boys. They're quite fascinating, some of them. But I shouldn't want them for sons-in-law. I suppose your daughter thought he was in love with her; but of course he was only after your money, and as he couldn't get it one way he's now trying to get it another. However, if you aren't willing to give it to him I don't know how he can get it—that's one comfort!"

He dropped the legs of his chair forward to the floor.

"As to the other aspect of it, they've got you on the law. She's the wife of a British subject, domiciled and resident in England and with no legal ground for a decree of divorce under their statutes. Of course her husband can't keep her there—matrimonial slavery doesn't go that far in England—but he can put a legal padlock on the children and apparently he's done it. Well, that being so there's nothing for it but to let the law go to the devil and take the matter into your own hands."

Kayne's face brightened. This fellow was a man of action.

"How do you suggest going about it?" he inquired. "I don't want to have the Lord Chancellor clap my daughter into the Tower."

Maitland slowly refilled his pipe and having lighted it once more tilted back his chair until his head touched the wall.

"Do you happen to know anybody in the steamship business?" he asked meditatively.

"Why—yes. I'm a director in one company myself," replied Kayne.

"I should say," continued Maitland, "that somebody would have to run them out of England when the Lord Chancellor wasn't looking and put them aboard a vessel outside the three mile limit. It shouldn't be difficult. May cost you a trifle, but I should think you could combine the adventure with a cargo of machinery or something. Of course you can't go publishing their proposed sailing in the London papers and you can't write to your daughter about it; but the actual thing—the getaway—ought to be fairly easy."

"How shall we go about it?" asked Kayne.

Maitland caressed his bony jaw.

"The whole thing will have to be explained personally to her, of course. Somebody will have to go over there and handle it directly—on the spot."

"Certainly," agreed Kayne. "Have you anybody you can send?"

The young lawyer looked contemplatively at the banker.

"I have an idea," he answered slowly, "that I know exactly the man for you—if he'll go—and I think he will. I'll talk it

over with him and let you know. Anyhow the whole thing will have to be worked out rather carefully. Suppose I call you up about it in the course of a day or so?"

"Good!" cried his client, rising. "The sooner it is done the better. And," he added with a smile, "you must meet my wife and family. If you ever bring yourself to go to such things, I'll see that you're sent a card to my daughter's dance next week. Good night!"

He gave Maitland a friendly nod, shook hands and walked out, leaving the lawyer wondering how any man in his senses could let his daughter marry an utter stranger on the latter's own



Diana would have liked to lay her hand upon his forehead and smooth back the curly brown hair. But because it was Lloyd she could not.

representations. This Kayne was clearly a man of affairs who in business probably never took a chance yet who when it came to the most important event of his family life—the marriage of his daughter—shut his eyes and turned her over to a wretched adventurer too yellow to stay in his own country. His own butler would have required a fuller identification before delivering "goods to be called for" at the front door!

The elder lawyer was still poring over some papers at his desk when Maitland came into his office.

"Well, what do you make of him?" Mr. Pepperill asked, looking up whimsically.

"Frankly, I don't understand him at all!" replied his junior. "What sort of a person is he?"

Mr. Pepperill made a wry face over his manuscript.

"One of our best materialists! The greater success a man is in business the bigger failure he is apt to be at home. He's so busy feathering his nest that he hasn't any chance to look after his eggs. He is like a prima donna—whose art engrosses all her attention. Our financiers shouldn't marry; they haven't time!"

Maitland shook his head in mute amazement.

"Is his daughter herself—are the whole family like that?" he asked finally.

Mr. Pepperill thrust his pen into its bed of birdshot and leaned back.

"More or less," he replied. "You've escaped—being away as you have—getting mixed up in their affairs; but now that you're back I think I shall turn them all over to you. Why have a junior partner unless he can relieve one of distasteful tasks? I've reached an age where I want to do business only for people I like. If you have finished your work for the day suppose we take the subway to Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street and walk back as far as Madison Square? That will give me an opportunity to tell you something more about the Kaynes."

CHAPTER III

THE HOUSE OF KAYNE

A HALF hour later Mr. Pepperill accompanied by Colonel Maitland emerged from the subway in front of the Metropolitan Club at Sixtieth Street and started briskly southward. The youth's blood prickled in response to the bite of the frosty air, the surge of the crowds, the dim reverberation of church bells, the "punch," the "pep," the gay gesture of the city

Miss Sheila will want you to take her to the Elysée at eleven."

"There is Mrs. Kayne now," continued Mr. Pepperill, his quizzical glance following the figure of the lady into the house. In his mind's eye he pictured the heavy walnut wainscoting of the entrance hall with its great organ surmounted by the carved mezzanine gallery, the five foot porcelain and gilt Sèvres jars, the Greek slave of glistening Carrara marble peeping out coyly from behind its screen of palms, the bald, fat butler—Jarmon—closing the front door behind his mistress and bowing her ceremoniously into the elevator.

Maitland, however, saw only the substantial respectability of the brownstone façade.

"Some house!" he commented in the vernacular of five allies.

"Ought to be! Cost nearly a million—with the furniture," answered Mr. Pepperill tartly.

"But why don't you like the Kaynes? What's the matter with 'em?" persisted the younger man.

Now the real reason why Mr. Pepperill did not like the Kaynes—but a reason of which he was wholly unaware—was that they were in most respects so like himself.

"Because," said he, "they think of nothing but money and fashion. Rank materialists—all of them, from old Peter B., the founder of the family and the builder of that brownstone horror, to his children—Rufus and his brother and sister—and his grandchildren, the present younger generation. No doubt his great-grandchildren will be the worst of all.

That's what the century of greatest material progress in the world's history did for us!" Mr. Pepperill paused and shook his cane so that a passing errand boy ducked involuntarily.

"I know what I'm talking about because I was born in it like the elder Kaynes—although thank God! I trust I'm not like them. It gave us porcelain plumbing but it stifled the sense of beauty in most people. Too much comfort! Too much prosperity! No ideals!"

"We're told in the Bible," Maitland remarked, "that the Lord visits the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him. Mightn't it be said that through the instrumentality of the war God had visited the sin of materialism upon all mankind?"

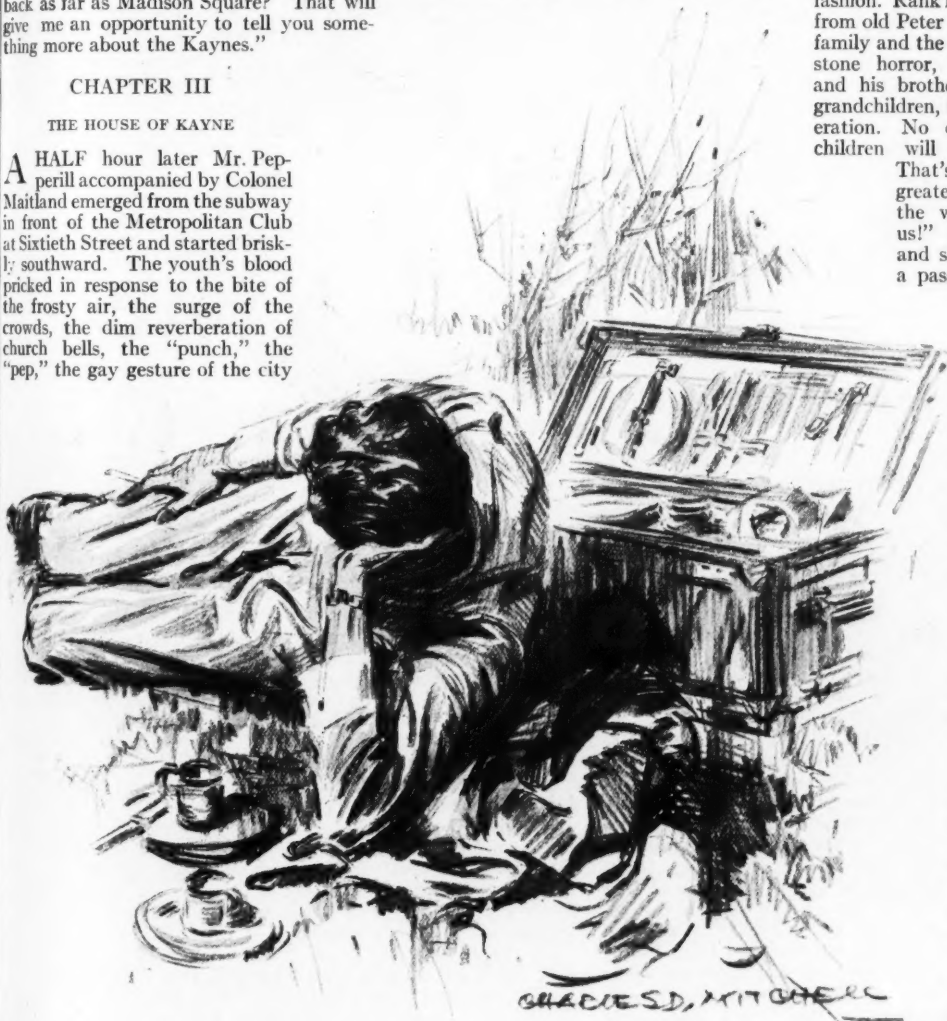
"An apt analogy!" agreed Mr. Pepperill, "and the same thing has happened throughout all history from Babylon to Berlin. Look at the Children of Israel when they

worshipped the Golden Calf! Look at Rome!"

"Only this time the penalty was fifteen million lives!" muttered the younger man. "The inevitable tragedy of a materialistic world!"

"Over there," nodded the lawyer towards a twin brownstone mansion a few moments later, "are the James Kaynes. They're very philanthropic and tiresome! I don't personally attend to their affairs—but I hear a great deal about them through my cousin Mrs. Brice-Brewster, and then, to be sure, I go there myself"—he coughed slightly—"occasionally. Typical Victorians!"

(Continued on page 150)



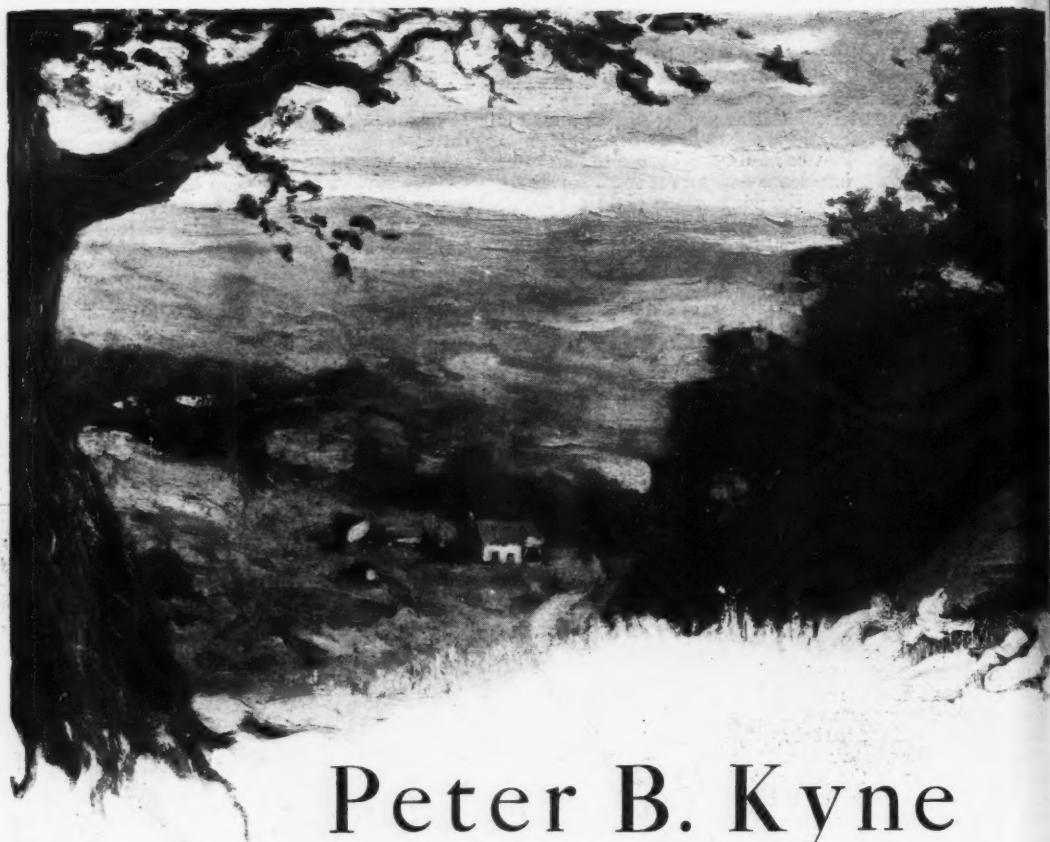
CHARLES S. MITCHELL

after the day's work. How much more inspiring it was than Paris, Brussels, Cologne, Berlin—even Piccadilly—in fact than any city to which his service had taken him!

"That," said Mr. Pepperill, waving his malacca stick at a brownstone mansion on one of the opposite corners in the neighborhood of the Cathedral, "is the Kayne house."

At almost the same instant a closed motor drew up at the curb, a footman leaped down and whipped open the door and a stout lady got out.

"The car at five minutes before eight for Miss Diana, Albert," she said in a conciliatory tone as he touched his visor. "And



Peter B. Kyne
Presents
this month **Point!**
A Story of Man's Best Friend

LITTLE Old Dan Pelly occupied a position in life analogous to that of a tragedian who aspires to play comedy rôles. By reason of early environment, natural inclination and years of practice, he was a dog trainer; now, in the sunset of his rather futile life, he was a cross between a chicken raiser, farmer and dreamer of old dreams that had to do mostly with dogs and good quail cover. In a word, old Dan was not happy, and this morning as he sat on a fallen scrub oak tree on the highest point on his alleged ranch and gazed off into Little Antelope Valley, he almost wished that a merciful Providence would waft him to heaven or hell or some other seaport. Anywhere, in fact, out of this cold world.

"The Indians had the right idea of a hereafter," mused Dan Pelly. "To them the next world was a happy hunting ground. This world is no longer fit for a white man to live in. It's getting too civilized. Travel as far as you will for good trout fishing and upland hunting and you'll find some scrub there ahead of you in a flivver. Get out on your own ground at dawn on the day the shooting season opens—and you'll find empty shotgun shells a week old. Tim, old pal, the more I see of some men the more I love you."

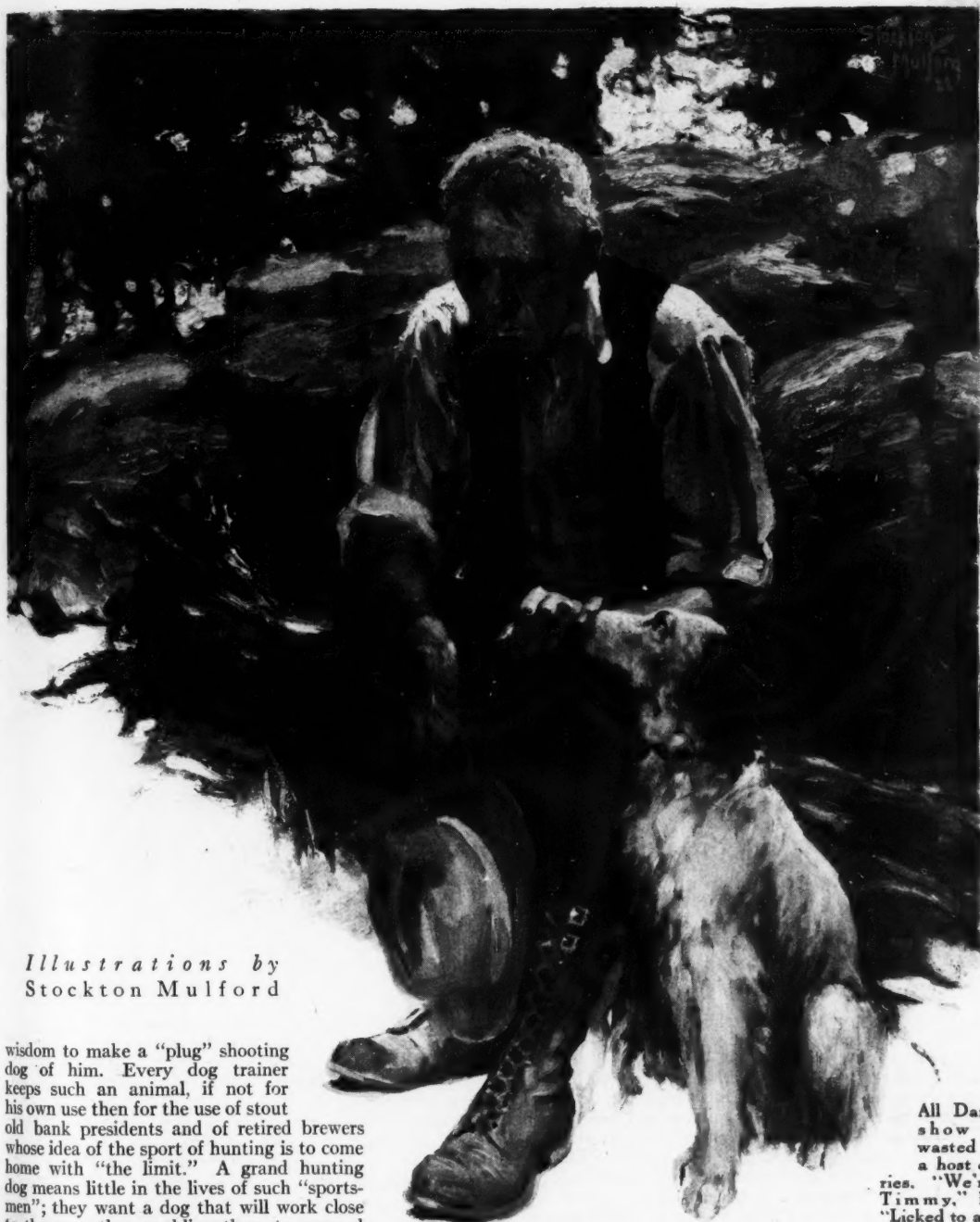
Tim—or, to accord him his registered name, Tiny Tim—ran his cool muzzle into Dan Pelly's horny palm and rested it there. Just rested it and spoke never a word, for Tiny Tim was one of those rare dogs who knows when his master is troubled of soul and forbears to weary his loved one with unnecessary outbursts of affection or sympathy. He leaned his shoulder against Dan's knee and rested his muzzle in Dan's hand as who should say: "Well, man alone is vile. Here I am and I'll stick, depend upon it."

Tiny Tim was an English setter and the last surviving son of

Keepsake, the greatest bitch Dan Pelly had ever seen or owned. Dan had wept when an envious scoundrel had poisoned her the night before a field trial up Bakersfield way. All of her puppies out of Kenwood Boy had survived, and all had made history in dogdom. Three of them had been placed—one, two, three—in the Derby. The other two had been the runners-up, and the least promising of these runners-up had been Tiny Tim.

Tim had been the runt of the litter and as if his physical deficiency had not been sufficient handicap, he had grown into a singularly unbeautiful dog. He had a butterfly nose, one black ear, a solid white coat with the exception of a black spot as big as a man's hand just over the root of his tail; and his tail was his crowning misfortune. Dog fanciers like a setter with a merry tail, but Tiny Tim carried his very low when he ran that Derby, and he had never carried it very high since. As if to offset the tragedy of his tail, however, Tiny Tim ran with a high head, for he had, tucked away in that butterfly nose, a pair of olfactory nerves that carried him unerringly to birdy ground. He could always manage to locate a bird lying close in cover that had been thoroughly prospected by other dogs.

Dan Pelly had sold Tiny Tim's litter mates at a fancy figure after that memorable Derby, but for homely Tiny Tim there were no bidders; so Dan Pelly expressed him back to the kennels. He was homely and lacked style and dash in his bird work; he appeared a bit nervous and uncertain and inclined to limit his range, and it seemed to Dan that as a field trial prospect he was so much inferior to other dogs that it was scarcely worth while spending any time or money on his education. However, he did have a grand nose; when he grew older Dan hoped he might outgrow his nervousness and be steadier to shot and wing; in view of his undoubted instinct for birds, it seemed the part of



Illustrations by
Stockton Mulford

All Dan had to
show for the
wasted years was
a host of memo-
ries. "We're licked.
Timmy," he said.
"Licked to a frazzle!"

wisdom to make a "plug" shooting dog of him. Every dog trainer keeps such an animal, if not for his own use then for the use of stout old bank presidents and of retired brewers whose idea of the sport of hunting is to come home with "the limit." A grand hunting dog means little in the lives of such "sportsmen"; they want a dog that will work close to the gun, thus enabling them to proceed leisurely, as becomes a fat man. It is no pleasure to them to be forced to walk down a steep hill, clamber across a deep gully and climb the opposite hill to kill a bird their dog has been pointing for fifteen or twenty minutes. It is reserved for idealists like old Dan Pelly to thrill to the work of a dog like that. The dead bird is a secondary consideration.

So Tiny Tim had been thrown back in the kennel, and now, in his fifth year, he was still on Dan Pelly's hands. But that was no fault of Tiny Tim's. And he had never again been entered in a field trial. That was no fault of his, either. Dan Pelly had merely gone out of the dog business, and Tiny Tim, his last dog and best beloved, was neither a field trial dog nor yet a potterer for fat bankers and retired brewers who came down to Dan Pelly's place for a week-end shoot in the season. No, Tiny Tim had never achieved that disgrace. Dan Pelly had given up dog training and dog boarding and dog raising and dog trading after his return from that field trial where old Keepsake's litter had brought him more money than he had ever seen at any one time before. Consequently, Tiny Tim was Dan's own shooting dog and Dan had trained him not for filthy lucre but for that love and companionship for a good

dog which idealists of the Dan Pelly type can never repress.

Tiny Tim had known but one master, and but one code of sportsmanship; he responded to but one set of signals; he had never been curbed in his range or speed; he had never been scolded or shouted at or beaten, but he *had* received much of love and caressing and praise. He had been fed properly, housed properly, wormed regularly every three months, bathed every Saturday afternoon and brushed and combed almost every day, and as a result he was an extremely healthy dog, albeit a small dog even among small, field type English setters. Dan Pelly loved him just a little bit more because he was a runt and because, though royally bred, his bearing was a bit ignoble.

"I'll have none of your bench type setters," Dan was wont to remark when speaking of setters. "I could weep from just lookin' at them—the poor boobies, with their domed foreheads and their sad, bloodshot eyes and dribbling chops. Too heavy and slow for anybody but a fat man. An hour's hard going of a warm day and they're done. I'll have a light, neat little setter for a long, hard, drivin' day of it."

Dan Pelly's choice of dog was an index to his character. He,



Tempted beyond his strength, Dan sneaked in and abstracted fifty dollars from the tomato can.

too, was a light, compact little man, with something of a lost dog's wistfulness about him. Dan didn't like pointers. They were too aggressive, too headstrong, too noisy for him. The sight of a bulldog or a bull terrier or an Airedale made him angry, for such dogs could always be depended upon to pounce upon a shooting dog and worry him. Toy dogs depressed him. They seemed so unworthy of human attention and moreover they had no brains.

This morning Dan Pelly was more than ordinarily unhappy. He needed five hundred dollars worse than he needed salvation.

And only the day before while he and Tim had been working a patch of low cover just off the county road, a man in a very expensive automobile driven by a liveried chauffeur had paused in the road to watch them. Presently Tim had made one of those spectacular points which always give a real dog lover a thrill. In mid-air, while leaping over a small bush, he had caught the scent of a quail crouching close under that bush. He had landed with his body half turned toward the bush, his head had swung around and there he had stood, "frozen." Dan had walked up, kicked the bird out, waited until the quail was forty yards away and fired. Meanwhile Tim had broken point and, head up, was following the flushed bird with anxious eyes.

As the gun barked the bird flinched slightly but did not reduce its speed. Wings spread stiffly, it sailed away out of sight and Dan Pelly, seeing himself watched by the man in the motor car, grinned deprecatingly.

"Missed him a mile," he called.

"You let him get too far away before you fired," the stranger replied with that hearty camaraderie which always obtains between lovers of upland shooting.

"My gun is a full choke; I can kill nicely with it at fifty yards, but I like to give the birds a chance for their white alley so I never shoot under forty yards."

"Grand point your little setter made then. Steady to flush and shot, too. Homely little rascal, but man, he's a dog! I must have a look at him, if you don't mind, my friend." And he got out of the car.

"Certainly, sir. Come, Timmy, lad. Shake hands with the gentleman."

But Tiny Tim had other and more important matters to attend to. He was racing at full speed after that departing bird. Dan whistled him to halt, but Tim paid no attention. He crossed a gentle rise of ground and disappeared on the other side. He was out of sight for about five minutes; then he appeared again on the crest and came jogging sedately back to Dan Pelly. In his mouth he held tenderly a wounded quail. Straight to Dan Pelly he came, and as he advanced he twisted his little body sinuously and arched and lowered his shoulders and flipped his tail backward and forward and smiled with his eyes. In effect he said:

"Dan, you didn't think you hit that bird, but I saw him flinch ever so little. I've had a lot of experience in such matters and experience has taught me that a bird hit like that will fly a couple of hundred yards and then drop. So I kept my eye on this one and sure enough just as he reached the top of that little rise I saw him settle rather abruptly. So I went over and nosed around and sure enough I picked up his trail. He had an injured wing—numbed, probably—and he was down and running to beat the band. It's sporty to chase a runner, because if we don't get him, Dan, a weasel will."

The stranger looked at the bird in Tim's mouth and then he looked at Dan Pelly. "Well, I'll be swindled!" he declared. "If I live to be a million years old I'll never see a prettier piece of bird work than that. The dog's human."

"Yes, he's a right nice little feller," Dan declared proudly. "Timmy, boy, take the bird to the gentleman and then shake hands with him."

Timmy looked at the stranger, who smiled at him, so he walked sedately to the latter and gently dropped the frightened bird into his hand. Not a feather had been disturbed; not a tooth had marred the tender flesh.

The stranger reached down and twigged Tiny Tim's nose; then he tugged his ear a little, said "good dog" and stroked Tim's head. Tim extended a paw to be shaken. They were friends.

"Want to sell this dog, my friend?" the newcomer demanded.

"Oh, no! Timmy's the only dog I have left. He's just my little shooting dog and I'm right fond of him. He has a disposition that sweet,

if you've never seen the beat of it. If I sold Timmy I'd never dare come home. My wife would take the rolling pin to me."

"I'll give you two hundred and fifty dollars for him."

"Timmy isn't for sale, sir."

"Not enough money, eh? Well, I don't blame you. If Timmy was my dog five thousand dollars wouldn't touch him. It was worth that to me to see him perform. Let me see him work this cover, if you please." To Tiny Tim: "All right, boy. Root 'em out. Lots of birds in here yet."

The dog was off like a streak. Suddenly he paused, sniffing up wind, swung slowly left and slowly right, trotted forward a few paces and halted head up, tail swinging excitedly, every muscle aquiver.

"It's dry as tinder and the birds don't lay close. He's on to some running birds now, sir. Watch him road 'em to heavier cover and then point."

Instead, they flushed. Tim watched them interestedly, marked where they had settled, moved gingerly forward—and froze on a single that had failed to flush. Dan Pelly handed the stranger his gun. "Perhaps, sir," he said with his wistful smile, "you might enjoy killing a bird over Timmy's point."

This was the apotheosis of field courtesy. The stranger took the gun, smiling his thanks, walked over to Tiny Tim, kicked out the bird and missed him. Tim glanced once at the bird and promptly dismissed him from consideration. He made a wide cast to come up on the spot where he had seen the flushed covey settle. "Point!" called Dan Pelly. This time the stranger killed his bird, which Tim retrieved in handsome style.

"He brought the dead bird to me!" the stranger shouted. "Did you notice that. He brought it to me!"

"Of course. It's your bird. You killed it. Timmy knows

that.
you a
the c
a lot
Tim
I'll si



"It'd break my heart," said Dan. "Bu-but I'll do it for your sake, Martha."

that. It wouldn't be mannerly of him to bring it to me. I see you appreciate a good shooting dog, sir. I suppose, living in the city and a busy man, you don't get much afield. There's a lot of birds scattered in this cover. Have a little shoot over Timmy. I have four birds and that's enough for our supper. I'll sit down under this oak tree and have a smoke."

"That's devilish sporting of you, my friend. Thank you very much." And the stranger hurried away after Tiny Tim. He was an incongruous figure in that patch of cover, what with his derby hat and overcoat, and he seemed to realize this, for he shed both, stuffed a dozen cartridges into his pockets—he was far too big a man to wear Dan Pelly's disreputable old hunting

jacket—and hurried away after Tiny Tim. From the far corner of the field Dan presently heard a merry fusillade, and in about fifteen minutes his guest returned with half a dozen quail and Tiny Tim trotting at his heels.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars for Timmy, my friend," was his first announcement. "Why, he works for me as if I were his master."

"You're the first man except his master who has ever shot over him," Pelly replied proudly. "Sorry, but Timmy is not for sale."

"I'll bet nobody has ever offered you a thousand dollars for him. Here's my card, Mr.—er—er—"

"Dan Pelly's my name, sir."

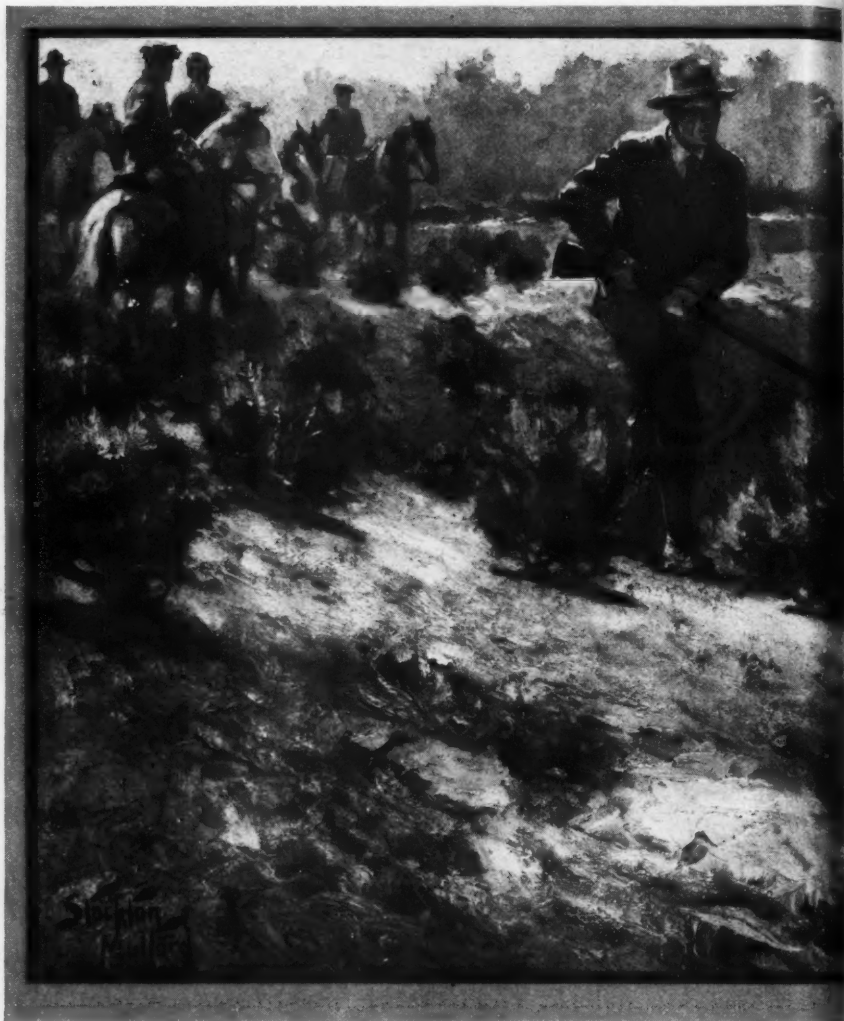
"Mr. Pelly, and if you change your mind, wire me collect and I'll send a man down with the cash and you can send the dog back by him."

Dan took the card. The stranger thanked him and departed with his quail in his expensive car.

And this morning Dan Pelly sat on the highest point on his so-called ranch and looked down into Little Antelope Valley and was unhappy. He needed five hundred dollars to meet a mortgage; he could get a thousand dollars within twenty-four hours by sending a telegram collect to the man who had admired Tiny Tim—and he didn't have the courage to send the telegram. In fact, he hadn't had sufficient courage to tell Martha, his wife, of the stranger's offer. Martha was made of sterner stuff than her husband and a terrible panic of fear had seized Dan at the mere thought of telling her. What if she should accept the thousand dollars?

Dan loaded his pipe and smoked ruminatively. He thought of his wasted and futile life. Twenty-five years wasted as a professional dog trainer. Faugh! And all he had to show for it was a host of memories, sweet and bitter; sweet as he remembered the dear days afield with good dogs and good fellows, the thrill of many a hard fought field trial; bitter as he thought of dogs he had loved and which had been sold or poisoned or died of old age or disease; bitterer still as he reflected that he and Martha had come to a childless old age with naught between them and the county poor farm save a thousand acres of rough sage covered land which, with the exception of about twenty-five acres of rich, sub-irrigated bottom land, was worthless save as a training ground for dogs. It had numerous springs on it, good cover and just enough scrub oaks to form safe rooting places for quail. It was rather a decent little game preserve and sometimes Danny made a few dollars by granting old customers the privilege of a shoot on it. He ran about a hundred head of goats on it, while in the bottom land he and Martha eked out a precarious existence with a few chickens and turkeys, a few hogs, a few stands of bees, three cows, a couple of horses and Tiny Tim. For Tim was known to a few dog fanciers as the last of the old Keepsake-Kenwood Boy strain in the State and not infrequently they sent their bitches to Tiny Tim's court.

Poor Martha! Hers had not been a very happy life with Dan Pelly. A dog trainer is—a dog trainer. He can't very well be anything else because God has made him so. And in his heart of hearts he doesn't want to be. He trains dogs ostensibly for money but in reality because he loves them and the job affords him a legitimate excuse to be afield with them, to enjoy their society and that of the jovial devotees of upland game shooting. Dan Pelly wasn't an ambitious man. He had no desire to clip



"Point!" came a hoarse shout from the direction in which Tim had gone. Tim was

coupons or wear fine raiment; his taste in automobiles went no further than an old ruin he had picked up for two hundred dollars for the purpose of carting his dogs around in the days before Martha took over the handling of the Pelly fortunes, when Dan had had dogs to cart around.

The crux of the situation was this. Dog trainers are so busy with their dogs that they neglect to send out bills for board and training, and the men who can afford to buy expensive dogs and have them boarded and trained seldom think of their dogs until fall. Then they pay the bill and sometimes wonder why it is so large. In a word, the income of a dog trainer is never what one might term staggering, and it is more or less uncertain.

Martha had grown weary of this uncertainty and when distemper for the second time had cleaned out Dan Pelly's kennels, taking all of his own dogs with the exception of Tiny Tim and either killing or ruining the dogs of his customers, Mrs. Pelly felt that it was time to act. She knew it would be years before Dan's old customers would send dogs to him again. Friendship and a reputation as a great trainer are undoubtedly first aids to a dog trainer's success, but men who love their dogs hesitate to send them to a kennel where the germs of virulent distemper are known to exist. It was up to Dan Pelly to burn his old kennels and build new ones far removed from the location of the old. He could not afford to do this and since Martha was desirous of seeing him engage in something more constructive, Dan Pelly had gone out of business and become a farmer in the trifling manner heretofore described.

Martha told him she was weary of dogs. She had shed too many tears over dead favorites; she had assisted at too many operations for the cure of canker of the ear, fistula, tumor and cancer, broken legs, smashed toes and cuts from barbed wire. She was already too learned in the gentle art of healing mange



absolutely staunch to shot and flush. Dan Pelly thrilled. Point after point Tim scored and always a single was flushed.

and exorcising tapeworms. She loved dogs, but to have thirty pointers and setters set up a furious barking whenever a stranger appeared at the Pelly farm had finally gotten "on her nerves." She understood Dan better than he understood himself and she knew how bitter was the sacrifice she demanded; yet she realized that she must be firm and lead Daniel in the way he must go, else would they come to want and misery in a day when Dan would be too old to tramp over hill and dale training dogs. Dan had readily consented to her direction—particularly after she had wept a little. Poor Martha!

From where he sat Dan Pelly could this morning see great activity on the floor of Little Antelope Valley, just below him. Half a dozen men on horseback were riding backward and forward and at least a dozen white specks that Dan Pelly knew for hunting dogs were ranging here and there among the low sage cover.

"The first arrivals for the Pacific Coast Field Trials, and they're out on the grounds, looking them over and seeing how their dogs behave. Three days from now they'll be running the Derby, and after that the All Age Stake. Ah, Timmy lad, if we two could only go to a field trial again! How like old times it would be, Timmy. We'd be down at the station to greet all the gentlemen coming in for the trials, and then we'd be crowding around the baggage car watching the dogs in their crates bein' lifted out. And we'd be peekin' through the air holes in the crates to see whether they'd be setters or pointers, and if setters, whether they'd be Llewelyns, English or Irish. And then the banquet up at the hotel the night before the Derby and the toastmaster rappin' for order and sayin': 'Gentlemen, we have with us tonight one of the Old Guard, Dan Pelly. Dan is going to tell us something about the field trials of other days—other days and other dogs. Gentlemen—old Dan Pelly.'

"Ah, Tim my lad, we're out of it. Think, Timmy, if we two

were driving out to Antelope Valley in the morning, with you in my lap, and the entrance fee up and me wild with excitement if you were paired say with a dog like Manitoba Rap or Fischel's Frank or Mary Montrose or Ringing Bells or Robert the Devil—any one of the big ones, eh, Timmy? No, Timmy, I wouldn't be excited. They're all great dogs. Didn't Mary Montrose win the All America three times—the only dog in the world that ever proved her championship caliber three times?

"But Timmy lad, you'd run circles around her. You might run with a low head and a dead tail—though your head is high and your tail is none so low as it was in the Derby, when you were a wee puppy and nervous and frightened—but you'd make the judges notice you, Timmy. You'd show them dash and range and speed and style and brains; steady to flush, steady to shot, steady to command, no false pointing, no roading birds to a flush if you could help it, picking up singles on ground the other dog thought he had covered, marking where the flushed coveys settle and picking them up again. Ah, Timmy dog, it's breaking my heart to hide your light under a bushel basket. I owe it to you to let men that know and can appreciate a good dog see you work. Of the hundreds of dogs I've owned, of the thousand I've trained since boyhood, you are the king of them all. God help me, Timmy, I gave Martha my word I'd never attend another field trial or handle another dog in one, either for myself or another. We're licked, Timmy. Licked to a frazzle."

Tiny Tim leaned a little closer and licked the palm of Dan's hand. He was an understanding little dog. Even when Dan finally heaved slowly to his feet and started down the hillside toward home, Tiny Tim followed at his heels, forbearing to follow his natural instinct, which was to frisk ahead of Dan far and wide and attend to the business for which he had really been created.

Arrived at the house Dan's sheepish glance encountered the searching one of his wife.

"Where have you been, Dan?" she queried.

"Oh, takin' a little walk," he replied.

She sat down beside him on the porch and put her arm around his neck. "Hard to be out of it, isn't it, dear?"

"It's hard to think that a dog like Timmy shouldn't have his chance, Martha. Why not make an exception to our agreement in this one case? I'm sure I could win the All Age Stake with him. The entrance fee is twenty-five dollars and there'll be upwards of forty dogs entered. That'll be a thousand dollar purse, divided five hundred, three fifty and a hundred and fifty. Might win first prize and be able to pay the mortgage. Somehow I got a notion the bank won't renew the loan."

Martha's eyes were as wistful as her husband's but hers was a far more resolute nature. She kept her bargains and expected others to keep theirs; she knew the weakness of Dan Pelly. If he should go down to the field trials and enter Tiny Tim, he would meet old friends and old customers. It was four years since he had quit the game—long enough for men to forget those distemper germs and take another chance on Dan, for Dan's fame as a trainer was almost national. Somebody would be certain to ask him to train a field Derby or Futurity prospect for next fall, or to handle a string of dogs in the Manitoba chicken trials.

And Dan was weak. He was one of those men who could never quite say no as if he meant it. Let him go down to dogdom and he would be back into the game again as deep as ever within a year. Decidedly (thought Martha) they couldn't afford to go over that ground again.

"Yes," Dan sighed, "it's a pity Timmy can't have his chance. He never was a kennel raised dog. He's been allowed to rove and roam and he's hunted so much on his own I don't really understand why he hasn't been spoiled. But the exercise and experience he's had in one year exceed that of most dogs in a lifetime. He's little, but he's well muscled and tough and can hold his speed long after other dogs have slowed up. I wish he could have his chance, Martha."

Martha felt herself slipping, so, to avoid that catastrophe, she left Dan and entered the house.

All day long Dan sat on the porch, glooming and grieving. Having the field trials held practically at his own door was a sore temptation. Dan dwelt in Gethsemane. All day he suffered until finally, being human, he was tempted beyond his strength and fell. About four o'clock, while Martha was busy feeding the chickens, locking them up and gathering eggs, Dan Pelly sneaked into the house, donned his Sunday suit, abstracted the sum of fifty dollars from Martha's cache in the tomato can back of the jars of preserves on the back porch, cranked his prehistoric automobile and with Tiny Tim on the seat behind him fled to the fleshpots. He left a note on the dining room table for Martha.

Dear Martha: Can't stand it any longer. Timmy *must* have his chance. It's for his sake, dear. I've robbed you of your egg money, but I *know* you'll have it back tomorrow.

Your loving Dan

Dan Pelly felt like a criminal as he coughed down the dusty country lane. But if he could only have seen Martha's face as she read his note! She laughed at first and then her eyes grew moist. "Poor old Dan," she murmured to the cat, "I'm so glad he defied me. It proves he's a human being. I'm so grateful to him for his weakness. He didn't force me to a decision."

Arrived in town Dan Pelly parked his car at the village square, went to the local hotel and engaged a room. He registered, "Dan Pelly and his dog, Tiny Tim." Before he could go up to his room he was seen and recognized by the secretary of the field trial club, Major Christensen.

"Hello, Dan, you old fossil. When did they dig you up?" the Major saluted him affably. "Back in the game again?"

"Oh, no," Dan replied. "Just blew in to look 'em over. Got a son of old Keepsake and Kenwood Boy here. Thought I'd start him in fast company and see if he has any class. He's just a plug shooting dog."

"Well," the Major answered, looking Tim over with a critical and disapproving glance, "it'll cost you twenty-five dollars to glean that information, Dan." He took out an entry blank; Dan filled it out and returned it together with the entrance fee. Next he visited the hotel kitchen, where he did business with the chef and procured for Tiny Tim a hearty ration of lamb stew with vegetables, after which he took the little dog up to his room. Tim sprang into bed immediately, curled up and went to sleep.

That night Dan attended the banquet. Old friends were there, fellow trainers, trainers he had never met before, with dogs from Canada to the Gulf, from Maine to California. It was an exceedingly doggy party and poor old starved Dan reveled in it. He was living again, and under the stimulus of the unusual excitement and a couple of nips of contraband Scotch whisky he made the speech of his career, ripped the Fish and Game Commission up the back and ended by going upstairs and bringing Tiny Tim down in his arms to exhibit him to those around the festal board as the only real dog he had ever owned.

"He'll win every heat in which he's entered," Dan bragged, "and he'll win in the finals. He looks like a mutt, but oh boy, watch his smoke!"

When the drawing for the next day's events took place, Dan discovered that Tiny Tim had been paired with a famous old pointer from Nevada, known as Colonel Dorsey. Dan knew there were better dogs than Colonel Dorsey, but they weren't very plentiful, and under the able handling of a veteran trainer, Alf Wilkes, Dan knew Tiny Tim would have to extend himself to center the attention of the judges on his performance. To have Tim paired with Colonel Dorsey pleased Dan greatly, however, for if Tim merely succeeded in running a dead heat with the Colonel, that meant that Tim and the Colonel would fight it out together in the finals; for Colonel Dorsey was, in the opinion of all present, the class of the entries; he was in excellent form and condition and as full of ginger and go as a runaway horse.

A gentleman who had arrived too late for the banquet came shouldering his way through the crowd in the hotel lobby just after the drawing. Dan recognized in him the gentleman who had offered him a thousand dollars for Tiny Tim that day in the patch of cover by the side of the road. He came smiling up to Dan Pelly and shook his hand heartily.

"I'm the owner of Colonel Dorsey," he announced. "It'll be a barrel of fun to run my dog against Tiny Tim. A sporting dog owned and handled by a sportsman. Mr. Pelly, we're going to have a race."

"I hope so, sir," said Dan simply. "I want Timmy to have a foeman worthy of his steel, as the feller says."

"He will," the other promised.

He did. They were put down in a wide flat with a little watercourse running through the center of it. The cover was low, stunted sage, affording excellent cover for the birds and opportunities for them to sneak away from a dog without being seen, for there was much open space between the sage bushes. They were away together, headed for the watercourse, Colonel Dorsey in the lead.

Suddenly Tiny Tim stopped dead and commenced to rood at right angles, coming up into the wind. The Colonel pressed eagerly on and flushed, but was steady to flush. So was Tiny Tim. A moment later the Colonel pointed and Tiny Tim, standing in the open, honored the Colonel's point beautifully, but broke point after a minute of waiting and scouted off on a wide cast. The Colonel held his point and his handler, coming up, attempted to flush. The point was barren. Undoubtedly the bird had been there but had run out.

The Colonel's owner, who had been following the judges in a buckboard with Dan Pelly in the seat beside him, looked at his guest. "I own a colonel, but you own a general, Mr. Pelly. Your dog is handling his birds better than mine."

"Point!" came a hoarse shout from the direction in which Tim had gone. He had come back on his cast and was down in the watercourse on point. Dan Pelly got out of the buckboard and flushed a double, at the same time firing over the birds. Tim was absolutely staunch to shot and flush. He looked disappointed because no dead bird rewarded his efforts, but immediately pressed on up the gully. Dan Pelly thrilled. He knew the birds would lie close in this cover and that Tim would run up a heavy score. He did. Point after point he scored and always a single was flushed. When he had made nineteen points on single birds the whistle blew and the dogs were taken up.

Colonel Dorsey ranging wide, had shown speed, style and dash but had found no birds. Tim had made but one cast but it was sufficient to show that he, too, had speed and range, albeit his style was nothing to brag about. But he had performed the function for which bird dogs are bred. He had found game and handled it in a masterly manner. The dogs were down forty minutes and both were fresh when taken up. The judges awarded the heat to Tiny Tim.

Colonel Dorsey's owner slapped old Dan Pelly on the back. "I came a long way for a splendid (Continued on page 137)



Elinor *GLRN*
Tells How to
Keep Men In Their Place

AN ELDERLY female came to me the other day and asked me if I would not join a militant league she was hoping to promote with the object of teaching women to keep men in their place.

"Let them see that they are not Lords of Creation! Let them realize that women are their equals and indeed their superiors."

"But I like men," I answered. "I think they are splendid creatures, and often very much misunderstood—especially in this country."

The elderly female was aghast.

"Well! A person who writes articles on the subjects that you do to say a thing like that! Men are the curse of the world and have trampled on women from the beginning—it is time we showed them their place!"

"Haven't you realized," I said, "that the 'place' of a man in the eyes of each woman is where she personally wants him to be? Some of them want him on his knees; others on a pedestal; others again as an equal; many as a slave, prostrate under their feet; and perhaps quite a number still desire that he shall be in their arms as a son—or that they shall be in his arms as a lover. So where would you say was his real place?"

The elderly female was too irritated with me to talk further. But she left me dreaming before the fire—and asking myself questions.

What is at the bottom of this weird notion that such a large percentage of modern, unsatisfied womankind has firmly implanted in its head—this notion that there must be war, antagonism between the sexes, and that women have a grievance against men?

Inequality in numbers, I concluded, had a great deal to do with it; in fact was the basic cause. But there are many aspects to the problem that are interesting.

Now without prejudice, what is the place of man?

Well, his place is where he makes it for himself. If he has fascination—that quality which I have christened "It"—he will find that every woman instinctively wants to be kind to him. If he has a fine and strong character as well, he will be adored and women won't want to snub him or make him a slave; they will want to please him—and a number of them will want to be more or less *his* slave. But he cannot have any "place," as he once could, just because he is a *man*. Women have grown far beyond accepting any master simply because he is dubbed "master." He must be master because of his character before he will be obeyed by the modern girl. So it is up to men to make their own "places," and it is up to women not to take any dogmatic stand as to the "place" of men but to make themselves into the beings to whom men will give whatever is the kind of response they desire.

Why should there be any quarrel at all between male and female, since they are partners in life's scheme of things and cannot exist without each other? Is it not all very silly when one comes to think of it?

It might help if women would realize that their wrongs have been not the deliberate conspiracy of men to keep them enslaved but the result of ages of a general misconception of the true meaning of justice, which in the past invariably oppressed physically weaker creatures of both sexes as well as the animal creation. It is only when the spirit has become elevated through



Elinor Glyn
as she appeared
in a benefit per-
formance in
Hollywood.

the influence of some ideal that altruistic justice is born—such justice, for instance, as that instinctive sense of fair play the English and American nations possess which hates to see the under dog oppressed; that sense which makes men act with equity in remote outposts where there are no spectators to applaud. They have had an ideal held up to them from boyhood, and their subconscious minds have been saturated for generations with the imperative necessity for honor, so that the physical action follows the promptings of the subconscious.

But what ideal as to the honorable treatment of women have men had raised for them during the ages?

Practically none. For thousands of years—indeed, since woman emerged from Adam's rib, one might say—it has happened that because she was weaker in body, man felt he had a perfect right to dominate her and make her obey him. It was not until the nineteenth century, I believe, that any organized public movement was started for women's so called "rights." And now the spirit is awakening, and in a generation or two the subconscious mind of man will have absorbed the idea that woman may be his mental equal and deserves to be treated on her merits as fairly as man. This has

been demonstrated in countless cases in America and in England.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague in one of her enchanting letters in the early eighteenth century said that there were three sexes—"Men, women and Harveys." And we might very well classify women into three distinct root types, from which further combinations of the three branch off—the lover-women, the mother-women and the neuter-women. There have probably always been these three types, but it is only in the last hundred years, since the surplus of women over men has increased in civilized countries, that the latter—the neuter type—has become so much in evidence. There are queens and drones and workers in that model utilitarian, ruthless, disciplined republic, a beehive. Are we approaching the hive stage? Think about it!

Supposing at an immense mass meeting of women each had to select a ticket at the door certifying to which type she felt that she belonged, and that then she had to join her comrades in railed spaces.



Elinor Glyn meets Elsie Ferguson, the film actress.

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How interesting it would be to see which group secured the majority!

Then suppose each group should be asked to give its opinion as to the proper place of man.

The lover-women, if they were not afraid to tell the truth, would unhesitatingly aver that man's place was that of a passionate and tender lover and that he should spend his time in giving them proof of his devotion. One branch might qualify the decision by saying that he must be masterful—even to the point of beating if necessary—and another branch might say that he must be a slave over whom they could wield absolute sway. But worship for themselves would be the first essential in both lover-women's verdicts.

Man's place in the scheme of general utility would be of less interest to them than his place in relation to themselves. This is speaking broadly. There are, of course, exceptional lover-women—Aspasia was one, for example—who are keenly concerned about the obligations towards the state of their own particular Pericles; but force a choice upon them and even they might prefer that he fulfill his obligations toward themselves if one or the other had to be sacrificed.

The true lover-woman never has a grudge against man in general. Men are admittedly her central interest, and she is full of sympathy for their aims and avocations and pleasures and tolerant towards their faults. She does not bother very much about the woman question. These are the women who rule men instinctively and unconsciously, and who through the ages have received worship—even when they have been most undeserving of it. How many of them do we not see about, teasing men, fooling men, enticing men—and then again, sacrificing themselves and being fooled by men! Any little fluffy girl with the lover-woman's instincts seems to be able to draw any number of even intelligent males and render them devoted; even though the girl hasn't a sensible thing to say herself and the men would be much more satisfied mentally by being with a clever neuter.

When the mother-women's turn came to answer the question as to the place of man they would reply that the first essential was that man should be a good father, a good home man. He might be head of the state or head of anything so long as the father business was never lost sight of. Man—just man—is not the mother-woman's real interest. He is only a means to an end—the father of her children—and in the moment of her most passionate love for him, even in girlhood, there is a strong element of motherliness and protectiveness in her affection. This type often calls her husband "father" or "daddy" or some name indicative of the way in which her subconscious mind is impressed with what he means to her. She does not use allurements in her dealings with him. She is just thoroughly sweet and domestic. She is known among her friends as a "dear, motherly soul." All of you who read this must know many mother-women. They are to be found even among old maids, eating their hearts out for the love of children, their tenderness suppressed and given no outlet, the great mother-woman's heart crying aloud in the wilderness.

The mother-women, if they have brains, often rule their sons—but they have not much influence upon husbands and lovers or men at large. The sons may give them worship, and the husbands also may render them an abstract worship and show appreciation for their goodness and unselfishness. But the passionate love, the unreasoning devotion that prostrates itself for the merest caress they can seldom if ever know. These things are reserved for the charmers of men's eyes and ears and senses, for those who can arouse and keep alight the hunting instincts in man.

This all seems very unjust, for the true mother-woman's life is generally one of self-sacrifice. She was probably primitive nature's highest type of woman. And when she can be tempered by leanings towards the lover-woman's instincts and influenced by the brain of the neuters, she is still the highest type because she represents a perfect trinity, and while satisfying man's desire for physical and mental sympathy she yet is recreative for the race.

(Continued on page 112)



Elinor Glyn as an actress in one of her own motion pictures.

Meredith Nicholson's BROKEN BARRIERS

Illustrations by
Pruett Carter



The story opens:

BIT by bit Grace Durland has become deeply involved in a love affair with a married man. Grace is a delightful average American girl, thoroughly respectable and "sweet" in the best sense of the word, and the daughter of a good middle class Indianapolis family. Forced to leave college because of the reverses of her father—a likable old inventor with no head for business—she had, much to the chagrin of her family, taken a position as salesgirl in a department store. There her friend Irene, worldly wise, "fast," yet with queer sterling qualities underneath, had taken her on "a party" with two men—one Thomas Kemp, a bit of a rake, married, and obviously Irene's lover; the other Ward Trenton, a charming and distinguished engineer, husband of a "new" woman with independent, fanatical

ideas on social reform, from whom he is practically separated. While Ward's attitude toward Grace on this their first meeting is above reproach—fatherly if anything—they are at once drawn to one another; and the attraction on subsequent meetings quickly develops into real love. And on a later party, yielding to glamour and a curious pity for this man married to an utterly unsympathetic wife, Grace spends a Christmas night with him at "The Shack," a pleasant woodland cottage owned by Kemp.

Ward travels a great deal, and Grace's home life is now filled with subterfuges to enable her to meet him on his Indianapolis visits; for she yields completely to her love and even comes to glory in a sense of independence from the world's conventional opinions. Ward, on his part, is all tenderness; and he has been able to help her family materially. Old Durland had been forced out of the Cummings-Durland company; but Ward, seeing the value of one of his motor improvements, induces Kemp—who is a rich manufacturer—to secure an option on it, finance the old man and give him a free hand to experiment. Needless to say, this binds Grace still closer to Trenton.

Meantime Grace is one evening induced to go to supper with young Bob Cummings, a boyhood friend and son of her father's old partner. Bob is nice enough but something of a sentimentalist and he chooses the occasion to talk of his wife's lack of sympathy. During the meal, Mrs. Cummings unexpectedly shows up; and Grace, incensed at Bob's obviously embarrassed behavior, slips away from him and goes home alone. Later Mrs. Cummings good naturedly laughs the incident off with Grace.

Matters at the Durland household are thrown into a turmoil over the latest escapade of brother Roy, apple of his fond mother's eye and in reality a young scapegrace, who has got himself entangled with a girl and been forced to marry her. Roy is bitterly condemned by his sister Ethel, a young lady of super-religious tastes and puritanical snobbery; but he is defended by his mother and befriended by John Moore, a college friend of Grace's, possessed of fine qualities, who curiously enough lately has become interested in Irene.

One day at the store Grace receives an unexpected invitation from Beulah Reynolds to attend a dinner at which no other than Trenton's wife, authoress and lecturer, is to be the guest of honor. Miss Reynolds, rich and socially prominent, has taken a real fancy to Grace and, of course, does not suspect the girl's affair with Ward. Grace knows that Ward in a vague way has already written his wife about her without mentioning names, because Mrs. Trenton had intimated that she would release him if he found another woman he really loved. Her imagination obsessed by the idea of meeting Mrs. Trenton face to face and seeing what the woman is really like, Grace accepts Miss Reynolds's dinner invitation.

CHAPTER XII

THE calamity that had befallen Roy cast a shadow upon the Durland household. Ethel stalked about with an insufferable air of outraged innocence. Roy had ruined the family; after all the sacrifices that had been made for him he had flung away his chance and was lost beyond redemption. She was merciless in her

Novel of a Real Girl

denunciation of her brother, and hardly less severe upon her mother for spoiling Roy.

Grace exerted herself to the utmost to dispel the gloom. Not since her young girlhood had she felt so closely drawn to her mother, and she endeavored by every possible means to lighten her burdens. Mrs. Durland's attempts to make the best of Roy's predicament, even professing to see in what she called the boy's new responsibilities a steady force that would evoke his best efforts, were pathetic; but Grace encouraged all these hopes though in her heart she was far from optimistic as to her brother's future.

"Sadie isn't really a bad girl," Mrs. Durland reported on her return from Louisville. "Her family are not just what we would have wanted but they are respectable and we ought to be grateful for that. Her father is employed in the railroad shops and they own their own home. Sadie's an only child and it wasn't necessary for her to go to work but she was restless and didn't want to stay at home. There's a lot of that spirit among girls these days. Sadie's really fond of Roy and I think she understands that now she must help him to make a man of himself. She and her mother appreciated our kindness, and I think, Ethel, when you see Sadie—"

"I don't understand you, mother; I don't understand you at all! It isn't like you to pass over a thing like this that's brought shame and disgrace on the family. And to think—to think"—Ethel cried hysterically—"that you even consider bringing the shameless creature here to this house with all its sacred associations that mean something to me if they don't to the rest of you!"

"That's right, Ethel," said Grace ironically. "It's perfectly grand of you to defend the family altar! I suppose when Sadie comes you'll be for throwing her into the street and stoning her to death. And you'd be the only one who would cast the first stone!"

"Please be quiet, girls," Mrs. Durland pleaded. "It doesn't help any to fuss about things. We all have a lot to be thankful for. It's a blessing your father's going to be in a position to help Roy. I've about decided that it would be better for him to open an office for himself right away and not go in with anyone else. The more independent he feels the better. We must see what we can do about that."

"I think we'd better talk it all over with John Moore before we decide about anything," Grace suggested.

"John Moore!" sniffed Ethel, who had not forgiven John for meddling in Roy's affairs.

"I hope you love yourself, Ethel; you certainly don't love anybody else," Grace remarked.

Mrs. Durland sighed heavily; Mr. Durland, intent upon some computations he was making at the living room table, stirred uncomfortably. After his first fortnight at Kemp's the elation in which he had undertaken his new labors had passed, Grace noted. He was now constructing an engine embodying his improvements in motors and came home at night haggard and preoccupied. He seemed to resent inquiries as to his progress and after the first week Mrs. Durland, on a hint from Grace, ceased troubling him with questions. Grace herself was wondering whether, after all, the ideas that had attracted Trenton's



Grace soon realized that Mrs. Trenton not only didn't love her husband—she was incapable of loving anyone but herself.

attention in her father's patent claims might not fail to realize what was hoped of them. But her faith in Trenton's judgment was boundless; with his long experience it was hardly possible that he could be deceived or that he would encourage expectations that might not be realized by the most exacting tests.

Grace hadn't changed her mind about going to Miss Reynolds's dinner, though at times she had all but reconsidered her decision not to tell Trenton of the invitation. There was really no reason why she should not let him know of his wife's impending visit to Indianapolis; what really stayed her hand when she considered mentioning the matter in one of her letters was a fear that he might advise her against going. But her curiosity as to Ward Trenton's wife was acute and outweighed any fear of his possible displeasure.

II

ON SATURDAY evening the delivery of a gown she had picked out of Shipley's stock to wear to the dinner made it necessary to explain why she had purchased it. It was the simplest of dinner gowns which she drew from the box and held up for her mother's and Ethel's inspection.

"What earthly use can you have for that?" Ethel demanded.

"Oh, this is for a special occasion! Miss Reynolds has asked me to dinner Tuesday. She's entertaining for Mrs. Mary

Graham Trenton, the author, who's to lecture here that night." "You don't mean it!" exclaimed Mrs. Durland. "I read in the paper that Mrs. Trenton was to speak here. I'd never thought of connecting her with Miss Reynolds!"

"They've never met, I think. A friend of Miss Reynolds's in Boston wrote and asked her to see that Mrs. Trenton was properly looked after, so she's putting her up and pulling off a dinner in her honor. She didn't appear to be awfully keen about it. She's asking Dr. Ridgely and Judge Sanders and Dr. Loomis with their respective ladies, so theology, law and medicine will be represented. She asked me, I suppose, because I happened to mention to her once that I had read Mrs. Trenton's 'Clues to a New Social Order'."

"I don't understand Miss Reynolds at all," said Ethel. "She's the last woman in the world you'd think would take a creature like Mary Graham Trenton into her house."

"It's because she is Miss Reynolds that she can do as she pleases," replied Mrs. Durland conciliatingly.

"I'll be surprised if Dr. Ridgely goes to the dinner," remarked Ethel stolidly. "That woman is fighting everything the church stands for. If I had my way she wouldn't be allowed to speak here."

"That's no joke!" replied Grace good naturedly. "But there are people, you know, who are not afraid of hearing radical ideas—a few broad minded people who think it safer to let the cranks talk out in the open than to drive them into a cellar to touch off the gentle bomb."

"Many people feel just that way, Ethel," said Mrs. Durland.

Mrs. Durland's disapproval of Mrs. Trenton and the ideas identified with that lady's name was much softened by the fact that Grace was to be included in a formal dinner party which Miss Reynolds had undoubtedly composed with care. Grace's ways and her assertions of independence often brought alarm and dismay to her mother's heart; but Grace was indubitably lovely to look at and the fine spirit in which she had accepted and met the curtailment of her course at the university excused many things. Grace had wits and she would go far; but the traveling would have to be on broad highways of her own choosing.

Mrs. Durland, busily sewing, had been giving Grace such information as she possessed about the Sanders, who were to be of Miss Reynolds's company. The talk had wandered far from Grace's dinner engagement when Ethel, who had been quietly plying her needle, took advantage of a lull to switch it back.

"I suppose you won't feel quite like a stranger with Mrs. Trenton," she suggested. "Mr. Trenton has no doubt told his wife of his acquaintance with you."

"No doubt he has!" Grace replied calmly. "In fact he told me he had written her about me."

This was not wholly candid; Trenton had only said that he had written to his wife, pursuant to an understanding between them, that he had met a girl who greatly interested him. But Ethel's remark occasioned Grace a moment of discomfort. In her last meeting with Trenton his wife had not been mentioned but it was possible that by now he had made a complete confession of his unfaithfulness. Irene Kirby had frequently commented upon Trenton's frankness; Grace chilled at the thought that he might already have told his story to Mrs. Trenton in the hope of hastening the day of his freedom.

III

GRACE got excused from the store at five o'clock on Tuesday to give herself ample time to prepare for the dinner.

"That's the prettiest gown you ever wore, dear," Mrs. Durland exclaimed when Grace was fully arrayed. "I'm glad you didn't have your hair marcelled; that little natural wave is prettier than anything the hairdresser could do. I guess Miss Reynolds needn't be ashamed of you! You've got the look of breeding, Grace; nobody could fail to see that. Just be careful not to talk too much, not even if Mrs. Trenton says brash things you feel like disputing with her. And if you get a chance to speak to Judge Sanders without appearing to drag it in you might say you're the great-granddaughter of Josiah B. Morley who sat in the constitutional convention of 1851. Little things like that do count, you know."

The car Miss Reynolds sent was at the door and Mrs. Durland and Ethel went down to see Grace off.

"I'll wait up for you, dear," said Mrs. Durland. "I'll be anxious to know all about the dinner."

Grace was again torn by doubts as the car bore her swiftly toward Miss Reynolds's. She tried to convince herself that

she was not in the least interested in Mrs. Trenton; that she was no more concerned with her than she would have been with any other woman she might meet in the house of a friend. But these attempts to minimize her curiosity as to Trenton's wife failed miserably. It was impossible to think of the meeting with her lover's wife as a trifling incident. The newspaper pictures of Mrs. Trenton rose vividly before her and added to her discomfort. She feared that she might in some way betray herself. When the car stopped she felt strongly impelled to postpone her entrance in the hope of quieting herself by walking round the block; but it was already half-past six and to be late to a dinner was, she knew, an unpardonable sin. Summoning all her courage she ran up the walk to the door, which opened before she rang.

"First room to the right upstairs," said the colored butler.

The white maid helped her off with her wrap and stood by watching her with frank admiration as she surveyed herself before a long mirror. In Grace's perturbed state of mind the presence of the girl was a comfort.

"Do I look all right?" she asked.

"You look lovely, miss—just like a beautiful picture."

"Oh, thank you!" said Grace, smiling gratefully into the girl's eyes. "Am I very late?"

"No, miss, Doctor and Mrs. Ridgely haven't come yet."

A clock on the mantel began striking the half hour as Grace left the room. She went down slowly with a curious sense of being an unbidden guest in a strange house.

As she stood in the drawing room doorway the figures within dimmed and she put out her hand to steady herself. Then the wavering mists that blurred her vision cleared as Miss Reynolds came quickly forward and caught her hands.

"My dear child, I didn't hear you come down! I'm glad to see you—even relieved!" she added in a whisper. "How perfectly adorable you are!" Grace had not dared lift her eyes to the group of guests who stood across the room talking animatedly, and as Miss Reynolds, with her arm about Grace's waist, moved toward them she was arrested by a young man who had just entered and stood waiting to present himself.

"Oh, Mr. Atwood! Miss Durland, Mr. Atwood."

Jimmie Atwood put out his hand, smiling joyfully.

"Good luck, I call this! It's perfectly bully to meet you again, Miss Durland."

"You two are acquainted!" Miss Reynolds exclaimed delightedly. "That's splendid, for you're to take Miss Durland in."

"Mr. Atwood's equal to the most difficult situations," said Grace, meeting his eyes, which were responding to the mirth in her own as both recalled the night they had met at McGovern's.

"Ah! You have a secret of some kind!" said Miss Reynolds. "Far be it from me to intrude, but you've got to meet the other guests."

Jimmie Atwood's appearance had lessened the tension for Grace and quite composedly she found herself confronting a tall, slender woman who stepped forward to meet the newcomers.

"Mrs. Trenton, Miss Durland and Mr. Atwood."

Mrs. Trenton gave each a quick little nod, murmuring:

"I'm very glad indeed."

The Ridgelys at this moment arrived followed by two unattached men—Townsend, a wealthy young physician who was looked upon as a coming man; and Professor Grayling, whose courses in sociology Grace had taken at the university. He was, she learned, a remote connection of Miss Reynolds's and had been summoned from Bloomington to add to the representative character of the company.

"Why didn't you tell me you knew Miss Reynolds?" Grayling demanded as he and Grace were left to themselves for a moment during the progress of further introductions.

"Oh, I didn't meet her till after I left college. I know why you're invited. You're here to do the heavy highbrow work."

Grace had always admired and liked Grayling; he was saying now that she had been his star student and that he missed her from his classes.

"I'd really counted on making you an instructor in my department but you left without even saying good by, and here I find you launched upon a high social career!"

"If you knew just where and how I met Miss Reynolds you wouldn't think me in danger of becoming a social butterfly!" laughed Grace, her assurance mounting. Grayling was smiling quizzically into her eyes; he would never know how grateful she was for these few minutes with him. The rest of the company were grouped about Mrs. Trenton, who had lately been in Washington and was expressing her opinions, which were apparently not complimentary, of the public men she had met there.



The remembrance of Ward, his tenderness and fine considerateness—these memories wrought peace in her heart.

"I'm number eighteen at Shipley's," said Grace, finding that Grayling was giving her his complete attention. "Miss Reynolds was my first customer."

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "You're collecting data! I see it all. There will be a treatise, perhaps a large tome, on your experiences in the haunts of trade. Perhaps you'll allow me to write the preface."

Atwood came up as dinner was announced and when they reached the table Grace found that Grayling was to sit at her left. Mrs. Trenton's place was a little to her right on the farther side, an arrangement that made it possible for Grace to observe her without falling into the direct line of her vision.

Grace, turning to Atwood, who frankly declared his purpose to monopolize her, found it possible to study at leisure the woman about whom she had so constantly speculated. Mrs. Trenton was, she surmised, nearly the forty years to which Trenton himself confessed, and there was in her large gray-blue eyes something of the look of weariness to be found in the eyes of people who live upon excitement and sensation. Her hair had a reddish tinge and the gray had begun to show in it. She bore every mark which to a sophisticated feminine inspection announces that a woman has a particular care for her appearance.

She gave an impression of smoothness and finish. She wore a string of pearls and on her left hand a large pearl set in diamonds, but no wedding ring, a fact which Grace interpreted as signifying that in this fashion the author of "Clues to a New Social Order" let the world know her indifference to the traditional symbol by which womankind advertise their married state. She found herself wondering whether Ward Trenton had given his wife the necklace or the ring with the diamond encircled pearl. Mrs. Trenton's gown had the metropolitan accent; it was the product unmistakably of one of those ultra-smart dressmakers whose advertisements Grace had noted from time to time in magazines for women.

Mrs. Trenton had entered into a discussion with Dr. Ridgely of the industrial conditions created by the war; and she was repeating what some diplomat had said to her at a dinner in Washington. Her head and shoulders moved almost constantly as she talked, and her hands seemed never idle, playing with her beads or fingering a spoon she had unconsciously chosen as a plaything. She laughed frequently—a quick, nervous, mirthless little laugh—while her eyes stared absently as though she were not fully conscious of what she said or what was being said to her. She spoke crisply, with the effect of biting off her words.

"Oh, that!"

This was evidently a pet expression, uttered with a shrug and a lifting of the brows. It meant much or nothing as the hearer chose to take it. Grace had read much about the neurotic American woman and Mrs. Trenton undoubtedly expressed the type. It was difficult to think of her as Ward Trenton's wife. The two were irreconcilably different.

Grace's mind wearied in the attempt to correlate them, but she gained ease as the moments sped by. By the time the meat course was served the talk had become general. Everyone wished to hear Mrs. Trenton and she met in a fashion of her own the questions that were directed at her. Evidently she was used to being questioned and she answered indifferently, sometimes disdainfully, or turned the question upon the inquirer.

Atwood was exerting himself to hold Grace's attention. "I've been wild to see you ever since that night we put on the little sketch at Mac's," he said confidently. "You were perfectly grand; never saw a finer piece of good sportsmanship. I met Evelyn the next day and we've talked about it ever since. Please let me pull a party pretty soon—say at the country club—and ask the Cummings. Really, I'm respectable. I've got regular parents and aunts and everything."

"We'll have to consider that. Please listen; this is growing interesting."

"My point, Mrs. Trenton," Professor Grayling was saying, "is just this: Your reform program touches only the top of the social structure without regard to the foundation and the intermediate framework. In your 'Clues to a New Social Order' you consider how things might be—a happy state of things if the transition could be effected suddenly. Granting that what you would accomplish is desirable or essential to the general happiness of mankind, we can't just pick out the few things we are particularly interested in and set them up alone. They'd be sure to topple over."

"Oh, that!" Mrs. Trenton replied quickly. "But a lot of changes have come on the top—in what you scientific economists would call the less important things. Just now I'm laying stress on an equal wage for men and women for the same labor. That I think more important than such things as more liberal divorce laws, though I favor both. As to divorce"—she gave her characteristic shrug—"we all know that more liberal laws came as the result of changing conditions—the new attitude toward marriage and all that. We're in the midst of a tremendous social evolution."

"May I come right in here for a moment, Mrs. Trenton?" said Dr. Ridgely. "You plead in your book for a change of existing laws to make marriage dissoluble at the will or whim of the contracting parties. Children to be turned over to the state—a direct blow at the family. Do you really think that desirable?" he ended smilingly.

"Dear me! That idea didn't originate with me," she replied. "I merely went into it a little more concretely, perhaps."

"But," the minister insisted, "would such a solution be wise? Do you honestly think it desirable?"

"It's coming; it's inevitable!" she answered quickly.

"How many women can you imagine driving up to a big barracks and checking their babies. How strong is the maternal instinct?" asked Judge Sanders.

"Most mothers don't know how to care for their children anyway," said Mrs. Trenton, bending forward to glance at the speaker. Sanders was a big man with a great shock of iron-gray hair. He was regarding Mrs. Trenton with the bland smile that witnesses had always found disconcerting.

"Well, that may be true," he said. "But the poor old human race has survived their ignorance a mighty long time."

The laughter at this retort was scattering and tempered by the obvious fact that Mrs. Trenton was not wholly pleased by it.

Jimmie Atwood was hoping that there would be a row. A row among highbrows would be something to talk about when he went to the University Club the next day for luncheon.

"The idea is, I take it," he said in his funny squeak, "that there would be no aunts or in-laws; just plain, absolute freedom for everybody. Large marble orphan asylums all over the country. Spanking machines and everything scientific!"

"You've got exactly the right idea," cried Mrs. Trenton.

"Clubs for women and clubs for men; everybody would live in a



"Much as I hate to disappoint you," said Mr.

club. That would be jolly!" Atwood continued, delighted that he had gained the attention of the guest of honor.

"I'd be awfully sorry to miss the weddings we have at the parsonage," said Mrs. Ridgely; "trusting young souls who pool in at all hours to be married. They're all sure they're going to live happily forever after. Miss Durland, it's your generation that's got to solve the problem. Maybe you have the answer."

"Oh, I think weddings are beautiful!" Grace answered, feeling the eyes of the company upon her. The girlish ardor she threw into her words won her a laugh of sympathy.

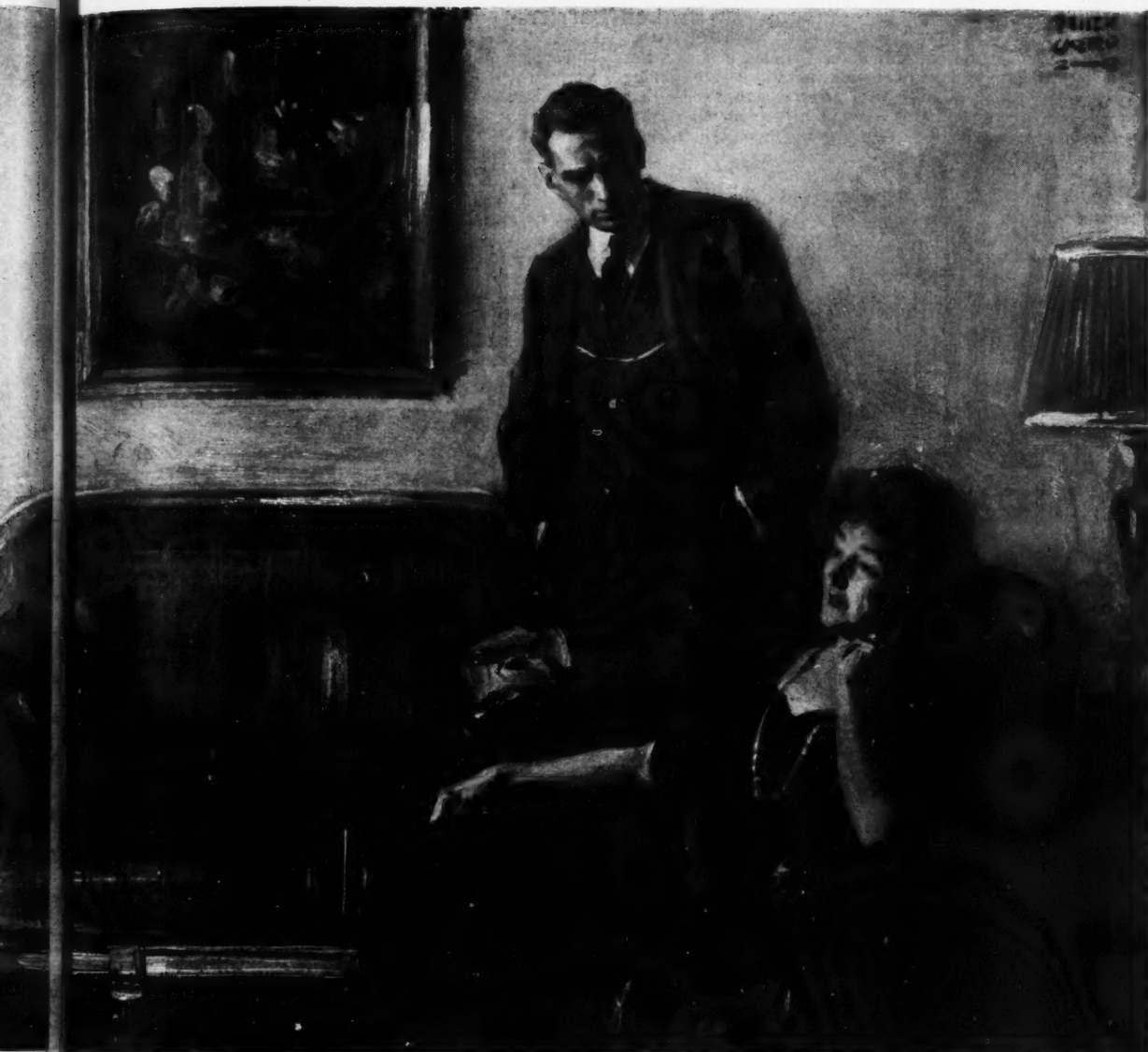
"Don't let them intimidate you," said Mrs. Trenton with an indulgent smile. "Miss Reynolds has been telling me that you're a university girl and you ought to be sound on the great questions if Professor Grayling hasn't spoiled you!"

"No one could spoil Grace," Grayling protested.

Grace pondered, anxious for Miss Reynolds's sake to say nothing stupid. She was the youngest member of the company; they were merely trying in a friendly spirit to bring her into the talk and no wise deliverance would be expected of her.

"I wouldn't dare speak for all my generation," she said, "but something has occurred to me. Our elders scold us too much! It isn't at all pleasant to be told that we're terribly wicked; that we haven't any of the fine qualities of our parents and grandparents. We hear nothing except how times have changed; well, we didn't change them! I positively refuse to be held responsible for changing anything! I took the world just as I found it."

She had spoken quickly, with the ring of honest protest in her



...nt you." said Mrs. Trenton to Grace. "it would never do to let my critics sneer at me as a divorcee."

...ed that voice, and she was abashed when Judge Sanders clapped his hands in approval.

"That's the truest word I've heard on that subject," he said heartily. "The responsibility is on us old folks if our children are not orderly, disciplined, useful members of society."

"I'm afraid you're right," added Dr. Ridgely.

"Aren't you the Miss Durland that John Moore talks about?" Mrs. Sanders asked. "Isn't John a wonderful fellow? Since he went into Mr. Sanders's office we've seen him a good deal at our house. He's so simple and honest and gives promise of such great things."

"I'm very stupid," said Sanders. "I didn't realize that I had met the paragon Moore brags about so much; but I might have known it!"

He began describing Moore and told the whole table how, as trustee of the university, he had become acquainted with the young man and was so struck by his fine qualities that he had taken him into his office. He related some of the familiar anecdotes of Moore and called upon Grace for others. Grace told her stories well, wholly forgetting herself in her enthusiasm. Suddenly her gaze fell upon Mrs. Trenton, whose lips were parted in a smile of well bred inattention. Grace became confused, stammered, cut short the story she was telling of John's kindness to a negro student whom he had nursed through a long illness. Miss Reynolds, quick to note the bored look on her guest's face, tactfully brought her again into the foreground. Grace was startled a moment later when, as the talk again became general, Sanders remarked:

"I believe I've met your husband, Mrs. Trenton. He's a friend of Mr. Thomas Kemp, one of our principal manufacturers."

"Yes?" she replied carelessly. "I think I've heard Mr. Trenton speak of an Indianapolis client of that name. He visits your city, I know, on professional employments. Indeed, his business keeps him in motion most of the time; but I can't complain; I'm a good deal of a gadabout myself! I wired for Mr. Trenton's address to his New York office the other day hoping I might be able to see him somewhere. It's possible he may turn up here. There's a case for you, Dr. Ridgely! The reason my marriage is so successful is because of the broad freedom Mr. Trenton and I allow each other. We haven't met since—heaven knows when!"

A slight hint of bravado in her tone suggested an anxiety to establish herself in the minds of the company as the possessor of a wider freedom and a nobler tolerance than other wives. The other wives at the table were obviously embarrassed by her declaration. It seemed to Grace that the air of the room chilled perceptibly.

She found herself resenting Mrs. Trenton's manner of speaking of her husband. Trenton, she remembered, had always spoken of his wife in kind terms. On the evening of their first meeting at The Shack he had chivalrously taken upon himself the responsibility for the failure of his marriage. He had spoken of Mrs. Trenton as a charming woman, but Grace thought her singularly charmless. She was at no pains to make herself agreeable to the company Miss Reynolds had assembled in her honor. One thing was clear and Grace derived a deep satisfaction from the

reflection—Mrs. Trenton not only didn't love her husband, but she was incapable of loving anyone but herself. Grace, having accepted an invitation to meet Mrs. Trenton with a sense that there was something a little brazen in her going when Miss Reynolds believed her to be a clean-hearted, high-minded girl, in bitterness of spirit yielded to a mood of defiance. This woman had no right to be a burden and a hindrance to the man she had married. It was her fault if he found in another the love and the companionship she had denied or was incapable of giving him.

IV

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB had made the occasion a guest night and the hall was well filled when Miss Reynolds's party arrived. Places had been reserved for them near the platform but Grace slipped into a seat by the door with Atwood and Grayling.

"Thank you for this!" exclaimed Atwood. "I always sleep at lectures and I won't be so conspicuous here."

Mrs. Trenton, introduced by the president as one of the foremost women of the time, laid a sheaf of notes on the reading desk and began her address. Her subject was Woman's New Freedom, and she summarized the long struggle for suffrage before indicating the questions to which women should now devote themselves to complete their victory. She recited the familiar arguments against child labor and thought existing laws should be extended and strengthened; and she pleaded for equal pay for equal work for woman. She advocated uniform marriage and divorce laws on a basis of the widest freedom. There was no slavery so hideous as that of marriages where the tie becomes irksome. She favored birth control on the ground that a woman is entitled to be the judge of her fitness and ability to bear and raise children. She advocated state maternity hospitals with provision for the care of all children by the state where parents lacked the means or the intelligence to rear them. She was not a socialist, she protested, though there were many socialistic ideas which she believed could profitably be adopted under the present form of government. The widest liberty was essential to all progress.

Grace listened with the strictest attention. Once or twice Grayling whispered some comment and Atwood, deeply bored, inquired midway of the address whether the first inning wasn't nearly over. At the conclusion the president, following the club's custom, said that Mrs. Trenton would be glad to answer any questions, but the only person who took advantage of the invitation was an elderly gentleman who asked Mrs. Trenton whether she didn't think the Eighteenth Amendment marked a great moral advance for the nation.

"On the contrary, a decided retreat," Mrs. Trenton replied so incisively that the meeting closed amid general laughter.

"Don't forget that I'm taking you home," said Atwood. "That's my reward for coming."

Grace had hoped to avoid speaking to Mrs. Trenton again but as Miss Reynolds's other guests were bidding her good night she couldn't very well escape it.

"Ah, you stayed to the bitter end!" Mrs. Trenton exclaimed with a forced brightening of her face. The hand she gave Grace was cold, and the look of weariness in her eyes was intensified. "I wish we might have you as a convert. No hope, I suppose!"

She turned away, bringing to her face a smile for the next in line.

"It wasn't so shocking after all," remarked Miss Reynolds. "I'll always remember this, Grace. You helped a lot—you'd have helped a lot even if you hadn't said a word! I was so proud of you, dear."

When she reached home Grace found her mother and Ethel waiting up for her and she sat down in the living room to recount the events of the evening. The fact, carelessly mentioned, that Jimmie Atwood had brought her home immediately obscured everything else. Mrs. Durland wished to be sure that Jimmie was the son of the George Rogers Atwood who had made a fortune in the stove business; Ethel thought he was only a nephew and that Jimmie's father operated coal mines somewhere on the lower waters of the Wabash. Grace, unable to assist in determining this momentous matter, left them and sought the seclusion of her room.

As she closed the door she was oppressed by an overmastering fatigue; she felt that innumerable mocking, menacing hands were plucking at her. The jealousy that had assailed her fitfully all evening now tore at her heart. A vast loneliness as of some bleak, unhorizoned waste settled upon her. She locked her door

and read out on her dressing table the sheets of Trenton's last letter, which had reached her that morning, and read them over as she brushed her hair.

... and there is no hour in which I do not think of you. The thought of you is like a prayer in my heart. You have touched the best in me. I rebel against the fate that keeps me from you. Sometimes it becomes intolerable—I want you so much now—just to see your face, to look into your eyes, to touch your hand. You are the flower of all the world, I think, and quick upon that comes a sense that you have greatness in you; that you are stronger than I am—possess a truer and broader sense of the meaning of life.

Her deep sigh as she finished became a sob and she laid her hands upon her arms and the tears came. It was possible that he had written just such letters to the woman who was still his wife; that once he had found in her this same exaltation.

But these thoughts she fought and conquered. As she moved slowly about her room with its dingy, old-fashioned furniture, its odds and ends of memorabilia—her high school diploma, framed; a university pennant hung over the mahogany bed—she slipped back into her youth and her heart went out to him with a childlike faith and confidence. The remembrance of him as he had held her, kissed her; his tenderness, the wistfulness with which he regarded her at times, his fine consideration, the utter lack of anything common or coarse in him—these memories wrought peace in her heart.

Ready for bed, she huddled inside the draperies before opening her window, gazing up at the stars. The same bright orb shone over him, wherever he was. Perhaps at that very moment he, in the manner of lovers from time immemorial, was invoking their counsel, thinking of her.

"I love you; I love you, dear!" she whispered and repeated the words, finding in them strength and solace.

She unlocked the door and got into bed just as her mother entered.

"Are you all right, Grace?" Mrs. Durland asked. She stooped and picked up Grace's party slippers from the middle of the floor and put them away in the closet.

"Yes; I'm fine, mother," Grace answered. "Please don't bother about my things. I'll straighten up in the morning."

"All right, dear," said Mrs. Durland. "I'll put your dress on a hanger in the sewing room and press the skirt out tomorrow. It's mussed a little, I noticed."

With the gown over her arm she walked to the bed.

"Are you happy, dear?" she asked, laying her hand for a moment on the girl's forehead.

"Yes, mother. Thank you so much for coming in."

With an access of emotion she sat up and flung her arms about her mother's neck and kissed her.

"You are happy, Grace?" Mrs. Durland repeated solicitously.

"Yes, mother; very happy!"

CHAPTER XIII

THE morning paper's account of Mrs. Trenton's lecture came in for discussion at the breakfast table and Mrs. Durland read aloud the society column's report of Miss Reynolds's dinner. The names of the guests were not given, an omission which Mrs. Durland thought singular. Durland asked Grace whether Trenton was in town.

"Mrs. Trenton said she had hoped to see him here, but I don't know anything about it, daddy," she replied carelessly, though the possibility of Trenton's coming to Indianapolis in response to his wife's summons was now uppermost in her thoughts.

She eagerly opened the letter from him which awaited her at the store. It was a hasty lead pencil scrawl and said that he was leaving that night for Indianapolis to see Mrs. Trenton, who was lecturing there and had asked for a meeting. The summons was most inopportune as his work in Syracuse was not completed and it would be necessary for him to return as quickly as possible. "But I'll see you, of course, if only for a moment," he concluded.

The note served only to revive with keener malevolence the jealousy that she had vanquished the previous night. Trenton had never written so brusquely before; perhaps his wife's demand for an interview had alarmed him. She stabbed herself with the thought that this woman had the right to demand interviews with him whenever she pleased.

In the search for consolation she asked (Continued on page 130)

*Truth,
said a
Wise Man,
is stranger
than
Fiction*



Gouverneur Morris

Tells in

The Boy in the East

A Real Love Story of the Real Chinatown of Today

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

SUSIE ONE'S home lent itself to entertainment, and on a certain night in May nearly all the kids were there. There was a poker game in the dining room and a quartette in the parlor. And both were going strong.

Susie One's father and mother had retreated early in the proceedings to the only room in the house which was pure Chinese. Here the old man smoked cigarettes while his wife knitted at the first inch of a red and black silk tie. Smoking cigarettes was his one conversion to American customs, knitting silk ties was hers. Neither could speak more than a few words of American. And both were extremely shy in the face of a civilization which they neither approved nor disapproved nor understood. But of Susie's friends and of their almost constant presence in the house, they approved heartily if silently. They did not, however, enjoy except at a distance the language which the young people spoke or the noises which they made. And they preferred to sit upstairs on straight-backed black wood chairs which had marble seats and were inlaid with mother of pearl.

The young people (they usually spoke of themselves as "all the kids") were for the most part just out of high school, and they were extraordinarily boisterous and full of life and vivid. The quartette—piano, concertina, ukulele and flute—like the giant tortoise of Galapagos Island, seldom died a natural death. Of

the seven poker players there were at least five who were always talking at the same time.

Beneath this surface of joyous din, however, news of persons and events was actually exchanged and seriously commented upon. Ruby Wing, newly married, for instance, had been hurried to St. Luke's hospital with an inflamed appendix. Dr. Chung, the incomparable female surgeon, would operate in the morning. The thing to send Ruby now was flowers; fruit later. "Slump" Jo had had the news from Jack Wing himself, Ruby's husband. "Jack," said Slump, "was all up in the air, and running round like a chicken without its head. Why, oh why," he asked with a seraphic grin, "do boys marry and devote themselves to trouble?"

Of all those present only Susie One herself had ever been in China.

She had been twice. And then she had decided that she would never go again. "When I'm in China," she once said, "I like America better, and when I'm in America it's the opposite, so what's the use of getting seasick when you don't know your own mind?"

Susie, perhaps because she had actually visited China and acquired at first hand a trace of the national repression, was never boisterous. She never took an active part in the poker game or in the music making. She sometimes compromised, however,



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Beneath the noises of the poker game and the quartette, it developed that two of the great San Francisco tongs were once more on the brink of war.

either watching the game and humming with the music (though in still another key) or interrupting the best bursts of the music to inform the musicians that Slump had just been discomfited in the attempt to take a large pot with a busted flush. And that was what the laugh was all about.

No matter how early it might be in the evening, Susie occasionally yawned. No matter how early in the day it might be, she occasionally yawned. But this never troubled the kids.

"Susie doesn't really want to go to bed," they said. "The sooner she goes to bed, the sooner she knows she'll have to wake up and do her hair all over again."

Susie's hair was just as long as Susie—a little short of five feet. It took an hour and a half to brush it and coil it. And even when it was all sleekly coiled, as tightly as she could coil it, it made her head look the least fraction in the world too big for her body. It grew in a widow's peak on her low forehead, waved a little and was as lustrous as liquid enamel. She admired it herself and sometimes boasted that she would be "quite a pretty girl" if only her nose had a bridge to it. But of course it didn't. Chinese noses don't.

Now of course Susie One's nose really did have a bridge,

though it wasn't much of a bridge, and she was not only "quite a pretty girl" but something very much better. She had a lovely face. It was serene and gentle and tranquil, and no matter how blue and unhappy she might be feeling inside, she was always ready to smile if anybody wanted her to. And when she smiled she dimpled. And when she dimpled, boys who beheld her for the first time and even young men with business cares fell in love.

It was developed, beneath the noises of the poker game and of the quartette, that, following a truce of six months, two of the great tongs in San Francisco's Chinatown had failed to compound their differences and were once more on the brink of war. As Susie said, coming out of a yawn and exerting her mind, "They'll soon be at it hammer and tongs."

This execrable and unnecessary pun was greeted with a shout of laughter, during which the clock on the dining room mantelpiece rang twelve times. Susie One, her left hand resting on the

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back of Slump Jo's chair and her right concealing an amiable yawn, was thinking hard and fast and wishing that the kids would go.

A renewal of the tong war meant trouble for "Billy" Wing. Susie and Billy weren't exactly sweethearts but they had kept company for many years, and they had been friends since their babyhood days in Tulare. They had been children together in the days when little Chinese boys still wore pigtails. And Susie remembered how happy it had made Billy to have his cut off. "No brute of a girl will ever pull it again," he had said, "and mother'll never know whether I've been swimming or not."

He had presented the pigtail to Susie and she still had it. She kept it in a bureau drawer wrapped in a square of greenish blue brocade and tied with an ancient black hair ribbon of her own.

When she had telephoned Billy that there was a poker party on, he had "sounded queer" and his reasons for not making one of the party had seemed disingenuous. Furthermore, he who was usually the most gossip and newsy of young men over the telephone, especially when Susie was at the other end of the wire, had seemed in a rare hurry to hang up.

While Susie pondered these things, yawned and watched Slump draw to and fill an interior straight, the telephone in the hall sounded in an emphatic and urgent way.

Susie, moving slowly, her head carried with all the pride and stateliness of the late Queen Victoria, reached the telephone in time to interrupt a second furious ringing. The first thing she heard was Billy's voice saying:

"I suppose this wire's tapped, but I can't help it. Listen, Susie—"

After listening for a few moments she exclaimed:

"Why Billy, how dreadful!"

"Sounds silly," he answered, "but it's a fact. They've put a price on my damn fool head, among others, and if they get me

I just wanted you to know that I think you are the finest girl in the world. And that goes."

The pretty childlike hand with which Susie One held the receiver shook a little.

"Where are you, Billy?"

After some hesitation he answered with words which might very well be unintelligible to anyone who happened to be listening in on his wire.

"I am *chez moi*," he said. And by this Susie understood that he was in his rooms, which were in the front of a narrow building in Waverly Place. He continued:

"The war's on again. There's been some shooting and I guess somebody's got somebody. All the shops are closed. There isn't a light showing. And all good and valiant Chinamen, including yours truly, are figuring how to stay hid until it's all over."

"Will you stay right where you are?"

"Till I'm starved out."

There was a pause. The next time Billy spoke his bravado seemed to have evaporated. A note of poignant anxiety and distress had crept into his voice.

"Somehow," he said, "you always manage to think of something."

"I will this time," exclaimed Susie, her own voice full of distress. "I will surely. Just you sit pretty."

Billy promised that he would, and they hung up.

II

SUSIE waited until the two motors in which the kids had come to the party stopped roaring and howling at each other and had gone their way in the silent night. Then she once more opened the front door and, hatless and coatless, hurried down the steps and across the street.

Opposite the house of Susie One's parents was a house which stood well back from the street in the midst of fine old plantings of evergreens and acacias. It belonged to the Weatherbys, an American mother and daughter of roving and adventurous propensities. The daughter, Joan, was Susie's oldest and best friend.

Ordinarily Joan would have been one of the poker players, for in any reference to that group of friends and schoolmates known as "all the kids" she was always included. But she had telephoned that she was in the midst of packing and could not possibly come. She and her mother had recently had their car done over and for a long time had been planning a trip "back East." For a week or more they had been busy making the actual and final arrangements.

Lights still burned in the Weatherbys' house and Susie's push at the door bell was almost instantly answered. Joan was still up and wide awake.

She was a little taller than Susie, but not much, and in her blonde, rosy way she was just as pretty. She had a calico apron over her dress and she had been wrapping all the books in the bookcases in newspapers, rolling up rugs with camphor balls, hanging winter clothes in tarpaper bags and writing notes to friends whenever the necessity of doing so occurred to her.

"Sorry I couldn't get over," she said, "but you see what we're up against. Mother caved in an hour ago and went to bed. I think she went to bed with her boots on."

"Are you really starting tomorrow?"

"Surest thing you know, and unless we pick up a mechanic between here and L. A. we're going on our own. Jerry's quit."

"But you ought to have a man along."

"I know it. But we aren't likely to pick up one that we know and can rely on at this late date."

The Boy in the East

"Yes you are," said Susie. "Billy Wing wants to go."
 "I never thought of him. Of course he's a peach of a mechanic. But I thought you would never let him out of your sight."

Susie's eyes narrowed till they became slits.
 "The tong war is on again," she said simply, "and Billy's mixed up in it. They've offered twenty-five hundred dollars for him . . . I couldn't think of anything to do. So I came to you."

"Where is he?"

"In his rooms. And of course he daren't come out. They won't go after him because they know he'd shoot back. They'll just wait till he has to come out for food and then they'll get him. Couldn't you take him to New York with you, Joan?"

"Sure," said Joan, her eyes shining generously, "but how get him out of Chinatown? Where are his rooms?"

"Waverly Place. I think I know the building."

Joan stood for a moment thinking and nodding her sage little head. Then she said:

"This is my last night, and it's perfectly natural that I should want to spend it with you. I'll tell mother."

She turned and ran swiftly and lightly up the stairs. In a few moments she returned.

"We'll drive right into Waverly Place," she exclaimed, "and snatch him from the midst of his enemies . . . It's a cinch. Leave it to me."

The night had turned cold and the Weatherbys' car did a lot of grumbling before it consented to be backed out of its garage, but thereafter its eight cylinders ticked like a watch, and the girls, all bundled in coats and scarves belonging to Joan, flew rather than drove up the peninsula to the romantic city of St. Francis.

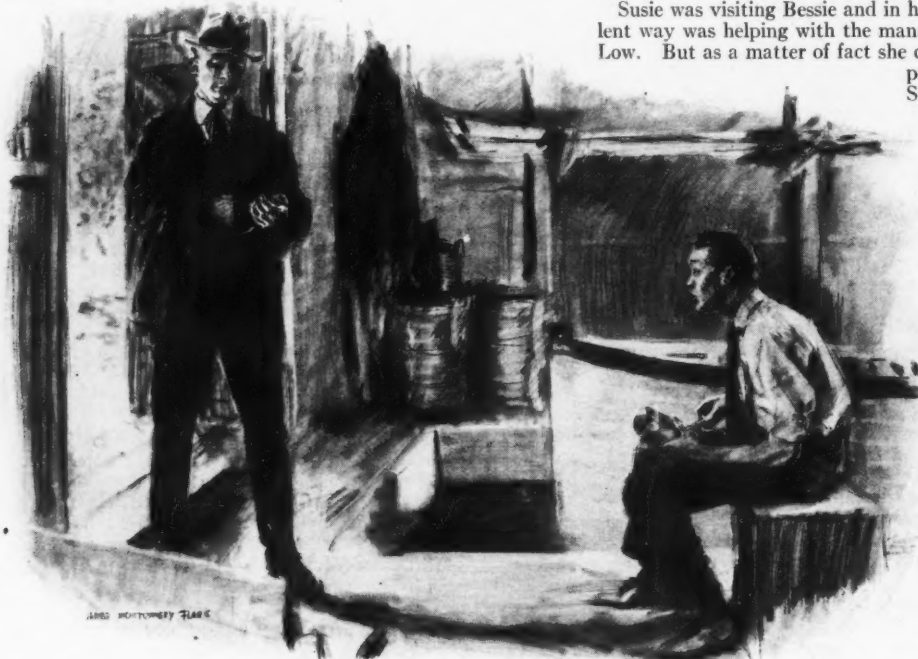
It was two o'clock when they entered that quarter of the city which the world over is called "Chinatown" and which during the progress of a tong war shows about as much life and vivacity as an oyster.

They turned into the short, narrow reach of Waverly Place.
 "Stop here," Susie whispered.

Joan stopped. Then, the motor idling and making little more noise than a sleeping child, she leaned her head sideways from the car and looking up at the windows which Susie had said were the windows of Billy Wing, she sang quickly in a clear, boyish voice:

"Au clair de la lune,
 Mon ami Pierrot,
 Prête-moi ta plume
 Pour écrire un mot,"

and paused. There was the sound of a window being raised.



"Of course," said Billy Wing to the strange Chinaman, "you could still shoot me and lie about the time."

And this was followed by the voice of Billy Wing. His voice was not very tuneful, and like most of the American Chinese he preferred a key which should be entirely his own.

"Ma chandelle est morte
 Je n'ai plus de feu;
 Ouvrez-moi ta porte
 Pour l'amour de Dieu."

And now Joan spoke instead of singing:

"La porte est ouverte," she said quickly. "Descendez vite! Hidez vous dans le tonneau et nous partirons."

There was the faint sound of the window closing. Susie whispered to Joan:

"I think there's a man in the third doorway."

The door of Billy Wing's apartment house opened; a slight, active figure literally dove across the sidewalk and into the tonneau of the car.

Joan stepped on the throttle and let in her clutch. There was a hideous jerk. But the outraged car was built of stern stuff and lunged furiously forward.

There was a loud report.

"Damn!" exclaimed Joan, "a tire."

"On the contrary," cried a voice from somewhere low down in the tonneau, "a shot."

They turned out of Waverly Place on two wheels, roaring. Joan shifted to third and they stole swiftly and quietly out of Chinatown.

Billy Wing climbed over the back of the front seat and squeezed himself in between the two girls.

"Say," he said, "that 'French optional' came in handy, didn't it? I'll tell the world!"

III

ONE carefully staged murder (that is to say, one dead Chinaman, one revolver which never seemed to have belonged to anybody, and the members of a certain tong of which the dead man had *not* been a member—smugly pleased and rejuvenated) had attracted too much attention in the San Francisco papers, and the great tong war pretended that it was all over. But insiders knew that it wasn't. It merely slumbered for awhile.

Nevertheless, Chinatown as a whole took down its shutters and showed its usual bright and gaily colored face to the world. And the big Chuen Tung Low restaurant which Susie's sister, Mrs. Bessie Wu, owned and managed, once more opened its doors and resounded with the voices of banqueters and the crash of the mechanical orchestrian.

Susie was visiting Bessie and in her indolent and even somnolent way was helping with the management of the Chuen Tung Low. But as a matter of fact she contributed more to its prosperity than to its management.

Susie was immensely popular in Chinatown. And whenever she visited Bessie then all the kids who had business in San Francisco took all their meals in the restaurant.

One afternoon when the Chuen Tung Low was empty and quiet, gathering strength for the dinner hour, Susie happened to be sitting all alone in one of the booths for four. As a matter of fact, she had retired into the booth to powder her nose and her vanity tools were before her on the table.

A waiter came down the long lane of booths, peering behind one curtain after another and calling her softly by name. Presently she heard him and called back:

"In here, Kee."

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Susie ate, read, slept, smiled, played backgammon with her father—and thought she must end by going mad.

Kee had a letter for her. There was no stamp on the letter—only her name in a familiar writing, and a line which read "To introduce the nicest man in the world—Mr. Kenneth Waring." The envelope contained two letters. The first was from Joan Weatherbys:

Dearest Susie—

This will introduce Kenneth Waring—the best in the world. You've heard me speak of him millions of times. He's sweet. Mother and I have taken a cottage at Mamaroneck. We have the same mechanic we had when we left. He's a little peach and we both love him. How's the great war? See you in the fall. Bushels of love, etc.

The second letter was from the mechanic himself. It was written in a round, schoolboy hand.

Hello, Susie dear. I'm well and have a fine job with the Weatherbys. I'm crazy about New York. It's bigger even than

Chinatown. Now don't contradict. Seriously, Susie, you know how I feel about what you did for me. It was all your doing. Only I don't know how to write what I feel and think about it. You sure are white. We had a fine trip East—all kinds of adventures every day. Write soon. Always your friend.

Billy Wing

"Silly goat!" thought Susie, "to say *where* he is and to sign his name!"

Rising, she followed the waiter into the front of the restaurant, and as she went she tore Billy Wing's self-incriminating letter into minute fragments.

There is a waiting room in the front of the Chuen Tung Low restaurant. A middle-aged and placid Chinaman, expensively dressed in a complete American outfit including spats, occupied one of the chairs. His face was somnolent and he seemed to have resigned himself to a protracted period of waiting for somebody or other. Susie did not know him and gave him no more than a glance.

The Boy in the East

From one of the other chairs rose an American who might have been thirty-five years of age, but who looked very much younger. He had a round face and round tortoise-shell spectacles behind which twinkled a pair of small but very kind and intelligent brown eyes. His cheeks were rosy, and his teeth were even and white.

Kenneth Waring was not a tall man. But he looked down into Susie's upturned face as from a great height. She smiled and dimpled, and he knew at once that they were going to be great friends.

Susie was trying somehow to remember when she had seen him before. She remembered all of a sudden. It was years ago. She and all the kids, Joan Weatherby included, had all gone out on the Ones' piazza to look at the moon. All the kids had seen different faces in the moon or pretended to. But Susie herself actually had seen a round face with round spectacles and twinkling eyes. And now, romantic or not, she saw it again.

At that moment Slump Jo romped into the restaurant and called Susie loudly by name. Without thinking Susie started to tell him that she had had a letter from Billy Wing. She got as far as the words "I've just had a letter" when she bethought her of the strange Chinese gentleman with the spats and gave him a quick glance from the corners of suddenly narrowed eyes. He had been watching her. Susie dimpled and finished with the words "—from the boy in the East."

"Joan," thought Waring, "told me that the young Chinese-Americans never said or did anything Oriental. But 'the boy in the East' is certainly pure Arabian nights. I must write Joan about it."

Susie was smiling at him.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said.

IV

SUSIE ONE had planned a long visit with her sister in Chinatown, and since she was a girl on whose word an entire small world was in the habit of depending, it occasioned surprise bordering on consternation when, shortly after Waring's arrival in San Francisco, she announced her intention of returning to Redwood City. The kids grumbled and Slump Jo "bawled her out," but Susie was smilingly and graciously firm.

"The folks," she said, referring to her old father and mother, "have been long enough without a chaperon."

"But," protested the kids, "we are in business, and Redwood City is a long way off. And when we are not in Redwood City it is the dullest old hole in the world."

Waring reserved his own protests for a less crowded occasion. He dropped in about the middle of the afternoon for a cup of tea and made the matter personal.

"I'm only going to be here a month more, Susie," he said, "and the most fun in the world is playing round with you and the kids; and now out of a clear sky and for no sound reason you are going to chase off and abandon me. Don't you like me?"

"Sure we like you," said Susie.

"Don't say *we*. Do you like me?"

Susie nodded and wrinkled the end of her nose.

"Just because I'm trying to write stories with real Chinese characters in them, and just when I need you most, you vanish, and you won't give a good reason. Of course the Chinese are supposed to be mysterious and inscrutable, and I suppose you're trying to live up to the motion picture type; but you can't put anything over on me. *Chinese!*"

He looked at her with affected scorn and added:

"All you think about is French shoes with short vamps and where to find them small enough . . ."

"Bessie is a better bet," said Susie. "She's orthodox. She wears Chinese clothes and whenever she hears of a good piece of jade she buys it and wonders why the restaurant doesn't show a bigger profit."

"But seriously, Susie, have you a reason for going home?"

She nodded.

"A real reason?"

She nodded again.

"Will you tell me?"

She considered for a moment and then shook her head. And just then Bessie came in. She was shorter than Susie and of a more delicate and fragile build. If her face had not had so much character and decision in it, she might very easily have been mistaken for a child. It seemed inconceivable that she should have brought six children into the world, all of whom were now bigger than herself.

"Bessie," exclaimed Waring, "will you please tell me why Susie is going back to Redwood City?"

"I guess she's in love."

"Of course she is," Waring agreed. "Everybody knows that She's in love with—with the boy in the East."

Susie was rosy but firm. She clenched her little hand and hit the table smartly so that the tiny handleless teacups danced.

"I am *not*," she exclaimed.

"No," Bessie agreed, "it's someone else this time, and I guess Susie's going back to Redwood City to sleep it off. Nothing to do there but sleep."

"I shall keep house for my mother," said Susie firmly, "and take all the care off her shoulders."

"You will yawn until midnight," said Bessie. "You will get up at ten. You will brush your hair until one and then you will sit around and yawn until it's bed time again. And after a few months of that, when you begin to feel good and rested, you'll come back to Chinatown and fall in love all over again."

"You find me a rich old Chinaman," said Susie, "who'll guarantee to die inside of six months and leave me all his money, and I'll guarantee to fall in love. I don't even care how many wives he's got."

A distant waiter began to call for Bessie and she hurried out of the booth, her jade bracelets tinkling.

Waring leaned across the table.

"You laugh and you smile and you joke and you dimple," Susie, he said, "and nothing ruffles your ineffable, calm, illuminable good nature. But I think that inside you are not very happy, and I wish you would tell me about it."

"Is anybody very happy inside?" she asked. "Are you?"

"Well, not altogether," he admitted.

Susie nodded her head a few times and looked very wise and sweet.

"Have you heard from Joan lately?" she asked.

"You know I have. That's the trouble with Joan. She writes two or three times a week—always has. But when it comes down to brass tacks, she won't come across."

"I wouldn't let that worry me," said Susie. "She's always talking about you. And I know positively that there's never been anybody else. She has your picture on her bureau."

Waring grinned widely and burst out laughing.

"That's probably the trouble!" he exclaimed. "Just when she begins to think well of me she sees the photo and it's all off. Will you please tell me, Susie, why the Lord makes one face lean and strong and lantern jawed and altogether interesting and heroic, and the next face perfectly round?"

"Or," said Susie, "why He puts a bridge in one nose and not in another?"

"I suppose you know," said Waring, "that if anybody except you *yourself* said anything about your nose, I'd fight."

"And if anybody except you said that you had a perfectly round face, I'd fight!" said Susie, and she added, "I think you are very handsome."

"That's why I shall miss you so much when you are gone," said Waring. "I have no real friend but you."

His hands, one across the other, lay on the table among the teacups. Susie patted them with the tips of her fingers.

"You haven't a better," she said, "and I wish you could hear the kids talk about you. It's Mr. Waring this and Mr. Waring that and Mr. Waring says so and so. Don't your ears ever burn?"

"I love the kids," he said. "There isn't a finer young American in the world than Slump Jo."

"Poor Slump," said Susie. "He's been crazy about an American girl for years and she's crazy about him. And they haven't seen each other for over a year now, and time doesn't seem to help them. It's hard to advise them."

"Very. And what's the answer?"

"Well, there's an American boy she could marry and Slump thinks she ought to. And if she does, why he'll marry a Chinese girl. You know even if you are not very crazy about the person you marry, you can always have lots and lots of children."

"That's about all the Chinese that's left in you kids," said Waring, "the wanting to have children."

"I guess so," admitted Susie, "and in other ways we're just like anybody else."

"Not *you!*" smiled Waring. "Not with those dimples. You are what is meant when people speak of the 'Yellow Peril.'"

And in saying this he was more than half in earnest. For he realized that to certain men of his race the appeal of Susie's prettiness, gentleness and staunchness must have proved altogether irresistible.

But when Waring called Susie perilous (Continued on page 138)

Ring W.

Lardner

Being a Real Humorist,

Has Put More Than

HUMOR

Into This Story

The Golden Honeymoon

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

MOTHER says that when I start talking I never know when to stop. But I tell her the only time I get a chance is when she ain't around, so I have to make the most of it. I guess the fact is

either one of us would be welcome in a Quaker meeting, but as I tell Mother, what did God give us tongues for if He didn't want we should use them? Only she says He didn't give them to us to say the same thing over and over again, like I do, and repeat myself. But I say:

"Well, Mother," I say, "when people is like you and I and been married fifty years, do you expect everything I say will be something you ain't heard me say before? But it may be new to others, as they ain't nobody else lived with me as long as you have."

So she says: "You can bet they ain't, as they couldn't nobody else stand you that long."

"Well," I tell her, "you look pretty healthy." "Maybe I do," she will say, "but I looked even healthier before I married you."

You can't get ahead of Mother.

Yes, sir, we was married just fifty years ago the seventeenth day of last December and my daughter and son-in-law was over from Trenton to help us celebrate the Golden Wedding. My son-in-law is John H. Kramer, the real estate man. He made \$12,000 one year and is pretty well thought of around Trenton; good, steady, hard worker. The Rotarians was after him a long time to join, but he kept telling them his home was his club. But Edie finally made him join. That's my daughter.

Well, anyway, they come over to help us celebrate the Golden Wedding and it was pretty crimp weather and the furnace don't seem to heat up no more like it used to and Mother made the remark that she hoped this winter wouldn't be as cold as the last, referring to the winter previous. So Edie said if she was us, and nothing to keep us home, she certainly wouldn't spend no more winters up here and why didn't we just shut off the water and close up the house and go down to Tampa, Florida? You know we was there four winters ago and staid five weeks, but it cost us over three hundred and fifty dollars for hotel bill alone.

Mother said we wasn't going no place to be robbed. So my son-in-law spoke up and said that Tampa wasn't the only place in the South, and besides we didn't have to stop at no high priced hotel but could rent us a couple rooms and board out some-



Mother and I made it up setting on a bench—and I guess we got kind of spooney.

wheres, and he had heard that St. Petersburg, Florida, was the spot and if we said the word he would write down there and make inquiries.

Well, to make a long story short, we decided to do it and Edie said it would be our Golden Honeymoon and for a present my son-in-law paid the difference between a section and a compartment so as we could have a compartment and have more privacy. In a compartment you have an upper and lower berth just like the regular sleeper, but it is a shut in room by itself and got a wash bowl. The car we went in was all compartments and no regular berths at all. It was all compartments.

We went to Trenton the night before and staid at my daughter and son-in-law and we left Trenton the next afternoon at 3:23 P. M.

This was the twelfth day of January. Mother set facing the front of the train, as it makes her giddy to ride backwards. I set facing her, which does not affect me. We reached North Philadelphia at 4:03 P. M. and we reached West Philadelphia at 4:14, but did not go into Broad Street. We reached Baltimore at 6:30 and Washington, D. C., at 7:25. Our train laid over in Washington two hours till another train come along to pick us up and I got out and strolled up the platform and into the Union Station. When I come back, our car had been switched on to another track, but I remembered the name of it, the La Belle, as I had once visited my aunt out in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, where they was a lake of that name, so I had no difficulty in getting located. But Mother had nearly fretted herself sick for fear I would be left.

"Well," I said, "I would of followed you on the next train."

"You couldn't of," said Mother, and she pointed out that she had the money.

"Well," I said, "we are in Washington and I could of borrowed from the United States Treasury. I would of pretended I was an Englishman."

Mother caught the point and laughed heartily.

Our train pulled out of Washington at 9:40 P. M. and Mother and I turned in early, I taking the upper. During the night we passed through the green fields of old Virginia, though it was too dark to tell if they was green or what color. When we got up in the morning, we was at Fayetteville, North Carolina. We had breakfast in the dining car and after breakfast I got in conversation with the man in the next compartment to ours. He was from Lebanon, New Hampshire, and a man about eighty years of age. His wife was with him and two unmarried daughters and I made the remark that I should think the four of them would be crowded in one compartment, but he said they had made the trip every winter for fifteen years and knowed how to keep out of each other's way. He said they was bound for Tarpon Springs.

We reached Charleston, South Carolina, at 12:50 P. M. and arrived at Savannah, Georgia, at 4:20. We reached Jacksonville, Florida, at 8:45 P. M. and had an hour and a quarter to lay over there, but Mother made a fuss about me getting off the train, so we had the darkey make up our berths and retired before we left Jackson-

ville. I didn't sleep good as the train done a lot of hemming and hawing, and Mother never sleeps good on a train as she says she is always worrying that I will fall out. She says she would rather have the upper herself, as then she would not have to worry about me, but I tell her I can't take the risk of having it get out that I allowed my wife to sleep in an upper berth. It would make talk.

We was up in the morning in time to see our friends from New Hampshire get off at Tarpon Springs, which we reached at 6:53 A. M.

Several of our fellow passengers got off at Clearwater and some at Belleair, where the train backs right up to the door of the mammoth hotel. Belleair is the winter headquarters for the golf dudes and everybody that got off there had their hands of sticks, as many as ten and twelve in a bag. Women and all. When I was a young man we called it shinny and only needed one club to play with and about one game of it would of been a-plenty for some of these dudes, the way we played it.

The train pulled into St. Petersburg at 8:20 and when we got off the train you would think they was a riot, what with all the darkeys barking for the different hotels.

I said to Mother, I said:

"It is a good thing we have got a place picked out to go to and don't have to choose a hotel, as it would be hard to choose amongst them if every one of them is the best."

She laughed.

We found a jitney and I give him the address of the room my son-in-law had got for us and soon we was there and introduced ourselves to the lady that owns the house, a young widow about forty-eight years of age. She showed us our room, which was light and airy with a comfortable bed and bureau and washstand. It was twelve dollars a week, but the location was good, only three blocks from Williams Park.

St. Pete is what folks calls the town, though they also call it the Sunshine City, as they claim they's no other place in the country where they's fewer days when Old Sol don't smile down on Mother Earth, and one of the newspapers gives away all the copies free every day when the sun don't shine. They claim to of only give them away some sixty-odd times in the last eleven years. Another nickname they have got for the town is "the Poor Man's Palm Beach," but I guess they's men that come there that could borrow as much from the bank as some of the Willie boys over to the other Palm Beach.

During our stay we paid a visit to the Lewis Tent City, which is the headquarters for the Tin Can Tourists. But maybe you ain't heard about them. Well, they are an organization that takes their vacation trips by auto and carries everything with them. That is, they bring along their tents to sleep in and cook in and they don't patronize no hotels or cafeterias, but they have got to be bona fide auto campers or they can't belong to the organization.

They tell me they's over 200,000 members to it and they call themselves the Tin Cannerns on account of most of their food being put up in tin cans. One couple we seen in the Tent City was a couple from

Brady, Texas, named Mr. and Mrs. Pence, which the old man is over eighty years of age and they had come in their auto all the way from home, a distance of 1,641 miles. They took five weeks for the trip, Mr. Pence driving the entire distance.

The Tin Cannerns hails from every State in the Union and in the summer time they visit places like New England and the Great Lakes region but in the winter the most of them comes to Florida and scatters all over the State. While we was down there, they was a national convention of them at Gainesville, Florida, and they elected a Fredonia, New York, man as their president. His title is Royal Tin Can Opener of the World. They have got a song wrote up which everybody has got to learn it before they are a member:

The tin can forever! Hurrah, boys! Hurrah!
Up with the tin can! Down with the fool!
We will rally round the campfire, we'll rally once again
Shouting, "We auto camp forever!"



The crowd begun to chafe Frank and pass remarks. Like one of them said: "Whoever told you you was a checker player?"

T.O.S.

That is something like it. And the members has also got to have a tin can fastened on to the front of their machine.

I asked Mother how she would like to travel around that way and she said:

"Fine, but not with an old rattle brain like you driving."

"Well," I said, "I am eight years younger than this Mr. Pence who drove here from Texas."

"Yes," she said, "but he is old enough to not be skittish."

You can't get ahead of Mother.

Well, one of the first things we done in St. Petersburg was to go to the Chamber of Commerce and register our names and where we was from as they's great rivalry amongst the different States in regards to the number of their citizens visiting in town and of course our little State don't stand much of a show, but still every little bit helps, as the fella says. All and all, the man told us, they was eleven thousand names registered, Ohio leading with some fifteen hundred-odd and New York State next with twelve hundred. Then come Michigan, Pennsylvania and so on down, with one man each from Cuba and Nevada.

The first night we was there, they was a meeting of the New York-New Jersey Society at the Congregational Church and a man from Ogdensburg, New York State, made the talk. His subject was Rainbow Chasing. He is a Rotarian and a very convicting speaker, though I forget his name.

Our first business, of course, was to find a place to eat and after trying several places we run on to a cafeteria on Central Avenue that suited us up and down. We eat pretty near all our meals there and it averaged about two dollars per day for the two of us, but the food was well cooked and everything nice and clean. A man don't mind paying the price if things is clean and well cooked.

On the third day of February, which is Mother's birthday, we spread ourselves and eat supper at the Poinsettia Hotel and they charged us seventy-five cents for a sirloin steak that wasn't hardly big enough for one.

I said to Mother: "Well," I said, "I guess it's a good thing every day ain't your birthday or we would be in the poorhouse."

"No," says Mother, "because if every day was my birthday, I would be old enough by this time to of been in my grave long ago."

You can't get ahead of Mother.

In the hotel they had a cardroom where they was several men and ladies playing five hundred and this new fangled whist bridge. We also seen a place where they was dancing, so I asked Mother would she like to trip the light fantastic toe and she said no, she was too old to squirm like you have got to do now days. We watched some of the young folks at it awhile till Mother got disgusted and said we would have to see a good movie to take the taste out of our mouth. Mother is a great movie heroine and we go twice a week here at home.

But I want to tell you about the Park. The second day we was there we visited the Park, which is a good deal like the one in Tampa, only bigger, and they's more fun goes on here every day than you could shake a stick at. In the middle they's a big bandstand and chairs for the folks to set and listen to the concerts, which they give you music for all tastes, from Dixie up to classical pieces like Hearts and Flowers.

Then all around they's places marked off for different sports and games—chess and checkers and dominoes for folks that enjoys those kind of games, and roque and horseshoes for the nimbler ones. I used to pitch a pretty fair shoe myself, but ain't done much of it in the last twenty years.

Well, anyway, we bought a membership ticket in the club which costs one dollar for the season, and they tell me that up to a couple years ago it was fifty cents, but they had to raise it to keep out the riffraff.

Well, Mother and I put in a great day watching the pitchers and she wanted I should get in the game, but I told her I was all out of practice and would make a fool of myself, though I seen several men pitching who I guess I could take their measure without no practice. However, they was some good pitchers, too, and one boy from Akron, Ohio, who could certainly throw a pretty shoe. They told me it looked like he would win the championship of the United States in the February tournament. We come away a few days before they held that and I never did hear if he win. I forget his name, but he was a clean cut young fella and he has got a brother in Cleveland that's a Rotarian.

Well, we just stood around and watched the different games for two or three days and finally I set down in a checker game with a man named Weaver from Danville, Illinois. He was a pretty fair checker player, but he wasn't no match for me, and I hope that don't sound like bragging. But I always could hold my own on a checkerboard and the folks around here will tell you the same thing. I played with this Weaver pretty near all morning for two or three mornings and he beat me one game and the only other time it looked like he had a chance, the noon whistle blowed and we had to quit and go to dinner.

While I was playing checkers, Mother would set and listen to the band, as she loves music, classical or no matter what kind, but anyway she was setting there one day and between selections the woman next to her opened up a conversation. She was a woman about Mother's own age, seventy or seventy-one, and finally she asked Mother's name and Mother told her her name and where she was from and Mother asked her the same question, and who do you think the woman was?

Well, sir, it was the wife of Frank M. Hartsell, the man who was engaged to Mother till I stepped in and cut him out, fifty-two years ago!

Yes, sir!

You can imagine Mother's surprise! And Mrs. Hartsell was surprised, too, when Mother told her she had once been friends with her husband, though Mother didn't say how close friends they had been, or that Mother and I was the cause of Hartsell going out West. But that's what we was. Hartsell left his town a month after the engagement was broke off and ain't never been back since. He had went out to Michigan and become a veterinary, and that is where he had settled down, in Hillsdale, Michigan, and finally married his wife.

Well, Mother screwed up her courage to ask if Frank was still living and Mrs. Hartsell took her over to where they was pitching horseshoes and there was old Frank, waiting his turn. And he knowed Mother as soon as he seen her, though it was over fifty years. He said he knowed her by her eyes.

"Why, it's Lucy Frost!" he says, and he throwed down his shoes and quit the game.

Then they come over and hunted me up and I will confess I wouldn't of knowed him. Him and I is the same age to the month, but he seems to show it more, some way. He is balder for one thing. And his beard is all white, where mine has still got a streak of brown in it. The very first thing I said to him, I said:

"Well, Frank, that beard of yours makes me feel like I was back north. It looks like a regular blizzard."



Mrs. Hartsell had froze up like an iceberg and hardly said good night to us.

"Well," he said, "I guess yourn would be just as white if you had it dry cleaned."

But Mother wouldn't stand that.

"Is that so?" she said to Frank. "Well, Charley ain't had no tobacco in his mouth for over ten years!"

And I ain't!

Well, I excused myself from the checker game and it was pretty close to noon, so we decided to all have dinner together and they was nothing for it only we must try their cafeteria on Third Avenue. It was a little more expensive than ours and not near as good, I thought. I and Mother had about the same dinner we had been having every day and our bill was \$1.10. Frank's check was \$1.20 for he and his wife. The same meal wouldn't of cost them more than a dollar at our place.

After dinner we made them come up to our house and we all set in the parlor, which the young woman had give us the use of to entertain company. We begun talking over old times and Mother said she was a-scared Mrs. Hartsell would find it tiresome listening to we three talk over old times, but as it turned out they wasn't much chance for nobody else to talk with Mrs. Hartsell in the company. I have heard lots of women that could go it, but Hartsell's wife takes the cake of all the women I ever seen. She told us the family history of everybody in the State of Michigan and bragged for a half hour about her son, who she said is in the drug business in Grand Rapids, and a Rotarian.

When I and Hartsell could get a word in edge-ways we joked one another back and forth and I chafed him about being a horse doctor.

"Well, Frank," I said, "you look pretty prosperous, so I suppose they's been plenty of glanders around Hillsdale."

"Well," he said, "I've managed to make more than a fair living. But I've worked pretty hard."

"Yes," I said, "and I suppose you get called out all-hose of the night to attend births and so on."

Mother made me shut up.

Well, I thought they wouldn't never go home and I and Mother was in misery trying to keep awake, as the both of us generally always takes a nap after dinner. Finally they went, after we had made an engagement to meet them in the Park the next morning, and Mrs. Hartsell also invited us to come to their place the next night and play five hundred. But she had forgot that they was a meeting of the Michigan Society that evening, so it was not till two evenings later that we had our first card game.

Hartsell and his wife lived in a house on Third Avenue North and had a private setting room besides their bedroom. Mrs. Hartsell couldn't quit talking about their private setting room like it was something wonderful. We played cards with them, with Mother and Hartsell partners against his wife and I. Mrs. Hartsell is a miserable card player and we certainly got the worst of it.

After the game she brought out a dish of oranges and we had to pretend it was just what we wanted, though oranges down there is like a young man's whiskers; you enjoy them at first, but they get to be a pesky nuisance.

We played cards again the next night at our place with the same partners and I and Mrs. Hartsell was beat again. Mother and Hartsell was full of compliments for each other on what a good team they made, but the both of them knowed well enough where the secret of their success laid. I guess all and all we must of played ten different evenings and they was only one night

when Mrs. Hartsell and I come out ahead. And that one night wasn't no fault of hern.

When we had been down there about two weeks, we spent one evening as their guest in the Congregational Church, at a social give by the Michigan Society. A talk was made by a man named Bitting of Detroit, Michigan, on How I was Cured of Story Telling. He is a big man in the Rotarians and give a witty talk.

A woman named Mrs. Oxford rendered some selections which Mrs. Hartsell said was grand opera music, but whatever they was my daughter Edie could of give her cards and spades and not made such a hullabaloo about it neither.

Then they was a ventriloquist from Grand Rapids and a young woman about forty-five years of age that mimicked different kinds of birds. I whispered to Mother that they all sounded like a chicken, but she nudged me to shut up.

After the show we stopped in a drug store and I set up the refreshments and it was pretty close to ten o'clock before we finally turned in. Mother and I would of preferred tending the movies, but Mother said we mustn't offend Mrs. Hartsell, though I asked her had we came to Florida to enjoy ourselves or to just not offend an old chatterbox from Michigan.

I felt sorry for Hartsell one morning. The women folks both had an engagement down to the chiropodist's and I run across Hartsell in the Park and he foolishly offered to play me checkers.

It was him that suggested it, not me, and I guess he repented himself before we had played one game. But he was too stubborn to give up and set there while I beat him game after game and the worst part of it was that a crowd of folks had got in the habit of watching me play and there they all was, looking on, and finally they seen what a fool Frank was making of himself, and they began to chafe him and pass remarks. Like one of them said:

"Who ever told you you was a checker player!"

And:

"You might maybe be good for tiddle-de-winks, but not checkers!"

I almost felt like letting him beat me a couple games. But the crowd would of knowed it was a put up job.

Well, the women folks joined us in the Park and I wasn't going to mention our little game, but Hartsell told about it himself and admitted he wasn't no match for me.

"Well," said Mrs. Hartsell, "checkers ain't much of a game anyway, is it?" She said: "It's more of a children's game, ain't it? At least, I know my boy's children used to play it a good deal."

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "It's a children's game the way your husband plays it, too."

Mother wanted to smooth things over, so she said:

"Maybe they's other games where Frank can beat you."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hartsell, "and I bet he could beat you pitching horse-shoes."

"Well," I said, "I would give him a chance to try, only I ain't

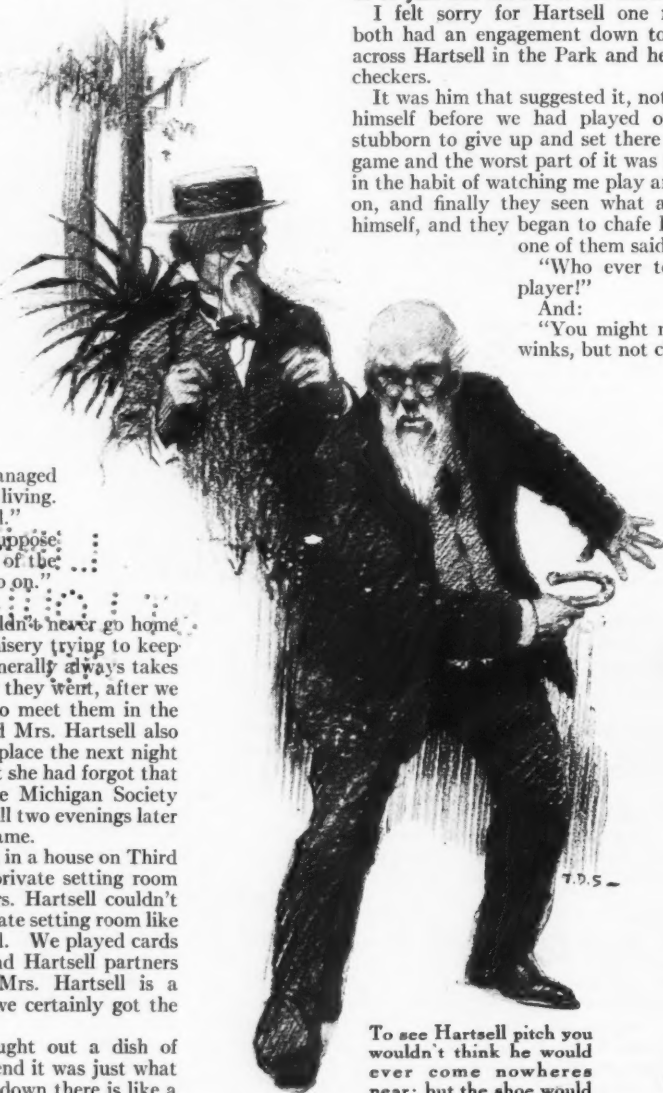
To see Hartsell pitch you wouldn't think he would ever come nowheres near; but the shoe would schooner up for a ringer.

pitched a shoe in over sixteen years."

"Well," said Hartsell, "I ain't played checkers in twenty years."

"You ain't never played it," I said.

"Anyway," says Frank, "Lucy and I is your master at five hundred."



Well, I could of told him why that was, but had decency enough to hold my tongue.

It had got so now that he wanted to play cards every night and when I or Mother wanted to go to a movie, why one of us would have to pretend we had a headache and then trust to goodness that they wouldn't see us sneak into the theater. I don't mind playing cards when my partner keeps their mind on the game, but you take a woman like Hartsell's wife and how can they play cards when they have got to stop every couple seconds and brag about their son in Grand Rapids?

Well, the New York-New Jersey Society announced that they was going to give a social evening too and I said to Mother, I said:

"Well, that is one evening when we will have an excuse not to play five hundred."

"Yes," she said, "but we will have to ask Frank and his wife to go to the social with us as they asked us to go to the Michigan social."

"Well," I said, "I had rather stay home than drag that chatterbox everywhere we go."

So Mother said:

"You are getting too cranky. Maybe she does talk a little too much but she is good hearted. And Frank is always good company."

So I said:

"I suppose if he is such good company you wished you had of married him."

Mother laughed and said I sounded like I was jealous. Jealous of a cow doctor!

Anyway we had to drag them along to the social and I will say that we give them a much better entertainment than they had given us.

Judge Lane of Paterson made a fine talk on business conditions and a Mrs. Newell of Westfield imitated birds, only you could really tell what they was the way she done it. Two young women from Red Bank sung a choral selection and we clapped them back and they gave us Home to Our Mountains and Mother and Mrs. Hartsell both had tears in their eyes. And Hartsell, too.

Well, some way or another the chairman got wind that I was there and asked me to make a talk and I wasn't even going to get up, but Mother made me, so I got up and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said. "I didn't expect to be called on for a speech on an occasion like this or no other occasion as I do not set myself up as a speech maker, so will have to do the best I can, which I often say is the best anybody can do."

Then I told them the story about Pat and the motorcycle, using the brogue, and it seemed to tickle them and I told them one or two other stories, but altogether I wasn't on my feet more than twenty or twenty-five minutes and you ought to of heard the clapping and hollering when I set down. Even Mrs. Hartsell admitted that I am quite a speechifier and said if I ever went to Grand Rapids, Michigan, her son would make me talk to the Rotarians.

When it was over, Hartsell wanted we should go to their place and play cards, but his wife reminded him that it was after 9:30 P. M., rather a late hour to start a card game, but he had went crazy on the subject of cards, probably because he didn't have to play partners with his wife. Anyway, we got rid of them and went home to bed.

It was the next morning, when we met over to the Park, that Mrs. Hartsell made the remark that she wasn't getting no exercise so I suggested that why didn't she take part in the roque game.

She said she had not played a game of roque in twenty years, but if Mother would play she would play. Well, at first Mother wouldn't hear of it, but finally consented, more to please Mrs. Hartsell than anything else.

Well, they had a game with a Mrs. Ryan from Eagle, Nebraska, and a young Mrs. Morse from Rutland, Vermont, who Mother



When I was a young man we called it shinny and about one game of it would of been a-plenty for these dudes.

had met down to the chiropodist's. Well, Mother couldn't hit a flea and they all laughed at her and I couldn't help from laughing at her myself and finally she quit and said her back was too lame to stoop over. So they got another lady and kept on playing and soon Mrs. Hartsell was the one everybody was laughing at, as she had a long shot to hit the black ball, and as she made the effort her teeth fell out on to the court. I never seen a woman so flustered in my life. And I never heard so much laughing, only Mrs. Hartsell didn't join in and she was madder than a hornet and wouldn't play no more, so the game broke up.

Mrs. Hartsell went home without speaking to nobody, but Hartsell staid around and finally he said to me, he said:

"Well, I played you checkers the other day and you beat me bad and now what do you say if you and me play a game of horseshoes?"

I told him I hadn't pitched a shoe in sixteen years, but Mother said:

"Go ahead and play. You used to be good at it and maybe it will come back to you."

Well, to make a long story short, I give in. I oughtn't to of never tried it, as I hadn't pitched a shoe in sixteen years, and I only done it to humor Hartsell.

Before we started, Mother patted me on the back and told me to do my best, so we started in and I seen right off that I was in for it, as I hadn't pitched a shoe in sixteen years and didn't have my distance. And besides, the plating had wore off the shoes so that they was points right where they stuck into my thumb and I hadn't throwed more than two or three times when my thumb was raw and it pretty near killed me to hang on to the shoe, let alone pitch it.

Well, Hartsell throws the awkwardest shoe I ever seen pitched and to see him pitch you wouldn't think he would ever come nowheres near, but he is also the luckiest pitcher I ever seen and

he made some pitches where the shoe lit five and six feet short and then schooned up and was a ringer. They's no use trying to beat that kind of luck.

They was a pretty fair size crowd watching us and four or five other ladies besides Mother, and it seems like, when Hartsell pitches, he has got to chew and it kept the ladies on the anxious seat as he don't seem to care which way he is facing when he leaves go.

You would think a man as old as him would of learnt more manners.

Well, to make a long story short, I was just beginning to get my distance when I had to give up on account of my thumb, which I showed it to Hartsell and he seen I couldn't go on, as it was raw and bleeding. Even if I could of stood it to go on myself, Mother wouldn't of allowed it after she seen my thumb. So anyway I quit and Hartsell said the score was nineteen to six, but I don't know what it was. Or don't care, neither.

Well, Mother and I went home and I said I hoped we was through with the Hartsells as I was sick and tired of them, but it seemed like she had promised we would go over to their house that evening for another game of their everlasting cards.

Well, my thumb was giving me considerable pain and I felt kind of out of sorts and I guess maybe I forgot myself, but anyway, when we was about through playing Hartsell made the remark that he wouldn't never lose a game of cards if he could always have Mother for a partner.

So I said:

"Well, you had a chance fifty years ago to always have her for a partner, but you wasn't man enough to keep her."

I was sorry the minute I had said it and Hartsell didn't know what to say and for once his wife couldn't say nothing. Mother tried to smooth things over by making the remark that I must of had something stronger than tea or I wouldn't talk so silly. But Mrs. Hartsell had froze up like an iceberg and hardly said good night to us and I bet her and Frank put in a pleasant hour after we was gone.

As we was leaving, Mother said to him: "Never mind Charley's nonsense, Frank. He is just mad because you beat him all hollow pitching horseshoes and playing cards."

She said that to make up for my slip, but at the same time she certainly riled me. I tried to keep ahold of myself, but as soon as we was out of the house she had to open up the subject and begun to scold me for the break I had made.

Well, I wasn't in no mood to be scolded. So I said:

"I guess he is such a wonderful pitcher and card player that you wished you had married him."

"Well," she said, "at least he ain't a baby to give up pitching because his thumb has got a few scratches."

"And how about you," I said, "making a fool of yourself on the rogue court and then pretending your back is lame and you can't play no more!"

"Yes," she said, "but when you hurt your thumb I didn't laugh at you, and why did you laugh at me when I sprained my back?"

"Who could help from laughing!" I said.

"Well," she said, "Frank Hartsell didn't laugh."

"Well," I said, "why didn't you marry him?"

"Well," said Mother, "I almost wished I had!"

"And I wished so, too!" I said.

"I'll remember that!" said Mother, and that's the last word she said to me for two days.

We seen the Hartsells the next day in the Park and I was willing to apologize, but they just nodded to us. And a couple days later we heard they had left for Orlando, where they have got relatives.

I wished they had went there in the first place.

Mother and I made it up setting on a bench.

"Listen, Charley," she said. "This is our Golden Honeymoon and we don't want the whole thing spoilt with a silly old quarrel."

"Well," I said, "did you mean that about wishing you had married Hartsell?"

"Of course not," she said, "that is, if you didn't mean that you wished I had, too."

So I said:

"I was just tired and all wrought up. I thank God you chose me instead of him as they's no other woman in the world who I could of lived with all these years."

"How about Mrs. Hartsell?" says Mother.

"Good gracious!" I said. "Imagine being married to a woman that plays five hundred like she does and drops her teeth on the rogue court!"

"Well," said Mother, "it wouldn't be no worse than being married to a man that expectorates towards ladies and is such a fool in a checker game."

So I put my arm around her shoulder and she stroked my hand and I guess we got kind of spooney.

They was two days left of our stay in St. Petersburg and the next to the last day Mother introduced me to a Mrs. Kendall from Kingston, Rhode Island, who she had met at the chiropodist's.

Mrs. Kendall made us acquainted with her husband, who is in the grocery business. They have got two sons and five grandchildren and one great-grandchild. One of their sons lives in Providence and is way up in the Elks as well as a Rotarian.

We found them very congenial people and we played cards with them the last two nights we was there. They was both

experts and I only wished we had met them sooner instead of running into the Hartsells. But the Kendalls will be there again next winter and we will see more of them, that is, if we decide to make the trip again.

We left the Sunshine City on the eleventh day of February, at 11 A. M. This give us a day trip through Florida and we seen all the country we had passed through at night on the way down.

We reached Jacksonville at 7 P. M. and pulled out of there at 8:10 P. M. We reached Fayetteville, North Carolina, at nine o'clock the following morning, and reached Washington, D. C., at 6:30 P. M., laying over there half an hour.

We reached Trenton at 11:00 P. M. and had wired ahead to my daughter and son-in-law and they met us at the train and we went to their house and they put us up for the night. John would of made us stay up all night, telling about our trip, but Edie said we must be tired and made us go to bed. That's my daughter.

The next day we took our train for home and arrived safe and sound, having been gone just one month and a day.

Here comes Mother, so I guess I better shut up.



Cynthia Stockley knows the secrets of the Dark Continent better than anyone else in the world. She knows them so well that they sometimes call her "The Tiger." Her new novel, PONJOLA—an even greater story than "The Claw" and "Poppy"—is not only a compelling human drama but a vivid portrayal of the strange and romantic and terrible African veldt. PONJOLA begins in August COSMOPOLITAN.

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IRENE BORDONI, of *Hitchy Koo* fame, has achieved a new triumph as the sparkling and magnetic Georgine in "*The French Doll*."

PHOTOGRAPH BY THA L. HILL



MARY MILES MINTER, a Paramount star who has charmed theater audiences since the age of five—not so very long ago, either.

working youth had denied him—his mother into the divorce court—his sister struggling out of its depths up the bank of social ambition—and himself, disgusted, away from it all to art and the Village, where money is almost a shameful possession that makes one *déclassé*.

Now for the first time had come an opportunity to spend his vulgar allowance decently—on this girl he adored. This girl whose eyes so full of promise and red-brown hair that shone like fire where the light touched it, whose luscious lips and deep cleft chin, whose voice and tenderness spelled happiness for him! This girl from a parsimonious family in a hidebound Massachusetts town—he wanted to lavish on her the luxury for which she was made. And because of their belief, their law of individualism, their religion of love that must be free, she was insisting upon the use of the little horde, gathered together for her musical education, to defray her end of their love trip to the land where love is lord. It was idiotic—a humiliation. Yet how could he meet it—what could he say?

"Suppose you were to find a backer," he put to her slowly, "with such faith in the beauty of your voice that he'd be willing to pay for your lessons anywhere until such time as you could repay him."

She looked up and smiled a smile that glowed. "That's a heavenly way to get round it, and just like you, but I couldn't accept—you know I couldn't."

"But if I arrange to take a lien or something on every cent you earn—that's the way all big singers do things—and you'd be absolutely independent."

"Would I? Do you think I'd ever earn enough to pay you back?"

"Of course! You don't know what a golden tone you have, darling. You can't hear it as I do. Why, I'd look upon the whole matter as the wisest investment I'd ever made."

Her head went to one side as she leaned nearer, so near that his lips touched the wave of hair falling across her brow.

"It would be sweet, feeling that whatever success I might have years from now would be due to your faith. I'd love it!"

Once more they sat breathlessly still. When he spoke it was with husky intensity that swayed round her like the veil of smoke above them, like the mystic aura of yesterday, the perfumed secrets of tomorrow.

"We'll sail Saturday. You can be ready by that time, can't you?"

"Yes."

"My darling!"

"I—I shall have to lie to mother. I hate doing it! It's not that I'm ashamed but she wouldn't understand."

"Don't see her! It would be too hard on you. Write and tell her of this sudden opportunity to go abroad and study—that you've found some people here who are backing you. That will satisfy her and it will be the truth."

"A half truth, dear!"

"But if she wouldn't understand—and we know she wouldn't—it's to protect her, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Jean—love—we're going to make each other so happy!"

At the mention of the modest little name, she raised eyes whose radiance was a torch.

"They'll call me Jeanne in France, won't they?"

"My little Jeanne d'Arc—my adorable soldier maid with the courage to live her vision!"

Four musicians in shabby green, blue, purple and red velvet jackets with tams to match took their places in a tight alcove and, elbows touching, jazzed up their instruments. A girl at a table against the wall pulled her wide felt hat over a broad forehead that nothing could furrow, blew the smoke of her cigarette speculatively into the eyes of her escort, then chucked it aside, paid her check as he paid his, and both got up to dance. The first high pitched chord of the latest fox trot fell across the hazy air.

"Jeanne—come!" the man murmured. "I want to be with you—alone."

They rose, hands still clasped.

A bobbed haired girl in a pink tam and black apron shaped like a cat with ears forming the shoulder straps reminded him that there was a bill to settle. He smiled apologetically, dove into his pocket and left a greenback of astonishing proportions in the open palm.

Together the two who were a law unto themselves made their way among the tables to the door that opened on the snow draped Square, silent as its secret dead against the luminous night. The swaying song of the banjo followed them, the

swishing sound of dancing feet, the murmur of voices. The sides of the Pink Kitten shook with laughter.

II

PARIS—*belle chanteuse!* Paris—with head flung up and song trilling from longing lips! Paris—with laughter in her eyes and confetti trailing from her skirts! Paris—on the eve of Mardi Gras, gay cocotte for whose favors all the world pleads!

The narrow streets of Montmartre were laid thick with a pattern multicolored and soft as a Persian prayer rug. Over it tripped feet, young for tonight even though the hair were gray or had disappeared altogether. Eyes bright with anticipation looked through the windows of saucy cafés, seeking the most gay, the most abandoned to frolic on this night of abandon. Passers-by shouted to one another, then flung handfuls of confetti into the laughing faces turned to answer. Men grasped the arms of unknown women and skipped along the velvety sidewalks. Students with caps perched over one ear marched in groups of four chanting solemnly songs that would not bear translation. Festive and festooned, Paris was playing as only Paris can.

In one of those side streets whose tortuous curves and mysterious offshoot of alleys still bear the mark of the Medici, couples incongruously mated as to costume were streaming under an arched doorway.

Above it rose-colored electric lights announced:

BAL DE FANTASIE

DU SOIR AU MATIN

ENTRÉE!

The building was one of the oldest of the neighborhood but only the shell of the ancient structure remained, probably the hotel of some stately family demolished by the Revolution, even its name forgotten. The interior had completely vanished under modern carpentry and electricity. It was from floor to dome a vast dance hall. A staircase spreading fanlike at the bottom led up to the balcony where tables were laid. On each stood a silver champagne cooler from which a gold-coiled bottle neck protruded. The stone walls were covered with drawings in charcoal and colored chalks—dancing girls, cartoons of men in public life, unfinished sketches, all of them contributed by habitués. The floor was covered with swaying figures in costumes of dress and undress fantastic as the name of the ball invited them to be. The instruments of the shoulder shaking musicians were all of American vintage. The dance they were playing was a fox trot from a popular New York musical comedy. But they played it with a little French lilt that was like the raising of an eyebrow, the winking of an eye.

Moving as one through the throng were a man in the tights and doublet of a troubadour and a girl whose slim limbs ended in the soft pointed shoes of the fifteenth century. They danced with that complete oblivion that bespeaks complete harmony. She wore a tunic of light chain armor in replica of an old painting of Jeanne d'Arc. It clung gently to her young form, outlining its grace. Her helmet she had discarded early in the evening and the mass of her bronzed hair shone with varying light under the colored lanterns. He leaned down, letting his lips rest against it.

"Happy?" he murmured.

"Heavenly!"

"*Mon adoré!*" He lapsed into the language made for love.

She did not look up, did not answer—simply nestled her head where it seemed to fit, against his breadth of shoulder. When the lilt died away with a lingering wail, they mounted the steps to one of the tables and waited for the rest of their party. In hilarious two's they came stumbling up—Félix, cubist sculptor of the new French School, with Evelyn, his model; Coningsby Hoyt, dilettant, who had come to France to escape the chilling confines of British middle class respectability; with him Nanette, the dainty little dancer who was helping him escape them; St. Espère, a young writer whose epigrams all Paris was quoting, and Henriette, new favorite at the Comédie Française.

"*A nous!*" Félix announced, raising his glass, emptying it at one gulp. "We who know how to work and to play, who have made a slave of life because we do not make ourselves slaves of living!"

"We," St. Espère added, tongue rolling a bit, "who live to love and love to live!"

"We," mumbled Hoyt, "ourselves and only ourselves!"



doesn't mean anything. Let's go. I'm tired and it's almost daylight. Dear—won't you?"

picture with an imaginary brush. If we don't live what we think, we're not living, that's all."

Her brow wrinkled and she looked away, speaking very low. "Mother would think we ought to marry. She'd say there was nothing real to prevent it."

"She's the best argument against it," he put in hastily. "From all you tell me, her marriage has been hell—ragged and bullied by an arrogant Puritan who thinks she hasn't the right to breathe without him. You were afraid of him, weren't you?"

"Sometimes I hated him," came through pressed lips. "Sometimes when he humiliated and hurt her, I wanted to kill him. She couldn't call her soul her own. It belonged to him and he never let her forget it. That's why I came away the minute I could. I couldn't stand it, and she wanted me to get away from it. Living there—in that narrow New England town with my father and brother—they're so alike—would have killed all the song there was in me."

"Wait till we're in Paris," he whispered. "You won't realize

the extent of the song in you until you know the city of song. The broad boulevards, the Luxembourg Gardens, the crowded little houses of Montmartre, the balls in the Quartier, Notre Dame frowning over the Seine, it's all so paintable, so bubbling with beauty, you'll have to sing for sheer joy of living. And you and I together—"

Her forehead furrowed again and the deep, intense blue eyes clouded.

"But, Fred, if I go abroad with you, it will eat up the money I've got put away for singing lessons. I won't be able to study over there at all."

"Nonsense!" He swept aside her fears. "What do you suppose all my money is good for if not to defray the expenses of both of us?"

"No—no!" The hand interlaced with his tried suddenly to pull away. "That's not in our compact. That's not freedom! That's the pendulum swinging the other way—that's putting me in the class of a—kept woman."

Her head dropped with the words and he leaned over to

lift it, his ardent eyes once more engulfing hers.

"Dear, there must be no talk of money between us—ever. I have so much. The Emery fortune made in patent medicine! What better way to spend it than in art—your art and mine? Your voice—my paints—whatever I have belongs to us both!"

"No—we must both be free! I must pay my way—you, yours. If I give myself to you, it must be a mutual gift—not for support or—clothes—or anything but the joy of giving. I wouldn't take a cent from you, Fred—not one penny."

He sat silent a second—this time the silence of thought rather than emotion. The consistency of her determination he had not taken into consideration. It was his own argument applied with unswerving fidelity and he found for the moment no way to combat it. Yet it seemed too absurd to take seriously. He, with the Emery millions backing him, the golden flood that had poured into the Emery household with the sudden vogue of Emery Reducing Tablets! It had inundated their happiness, that flood—sent his father scurrying after pleasures a hard

you paint it—splash on the color with that quick reckless stroke and your eyes squinted up so that they don't see me."

"They always see you—no matter what they're looking at!"

She pressed the fingers that interlocked hers. "When I sing—even in practice—it's to you. And my voice lifts higher than it ever could without you! And there's a note in it—a note that couldn't be there if I didn't feel—all you make me feel. If ever I'm a great singer, Fred, it will be you who have done it! Not study—not practice—just loving you—" She broke off.

"And when you're alone at night—in that dingy little room where you've no right to be—do you think of me then? Do you ever want me—my arms—"

"More than I can tell!"

They sat moved to silence by the intensity of the force that held them, not individuals now but one with the mighty surge of men and women down the path of centuries gone and up through centuries to come. They sat with hands gripped and eyes locked and thought they alone had discovered a glory as old as time.

"Fred," she murmured finally, "we mustn't let ourselves be swayed. We must reason the thing out calmly—as calmly as we can. I'm twenty-three and you're twenty-eight—it's not as if we were children."

"It's because we're not children that we see things as we do—the only sane way to preserve the most precious thing on earth. Are all these theories of ours merely theories or are we brave enough to live them? If we're not, then we're cowards and hypocrites."

"Free love," she mused. "Yes, I've talked a lot about it—and thought a lot about it. It's in the air down here. But since I've known you, I've been wondering—is there such a thing? Is love ever free? I'm so dependent on you, you're so necessary to me—why, if you were to go out of my life now, most of me would go with you. I'd be just a husk. Is that freedom?"

"Freedom from forces outside of ourselves—that's the way to interpret it. A law unto ourselves—you to me and me to you, that's what it means. To be able to do as we please apart from man made laws of convention—not apart from each other! Why, your dependence on me, sweetheart—I adore it! I want you to want me—need me the way I need you. I'd send the rest of the world to the devil for you—to keep your love—to have you. Near you—away from you—I want that voluntary sense of possession to hold us together. But not involuntary—not the feeling that the church and state bind us when the bonds should be ours to make or break as we choose."

"If you ever broke them—if ever you married anyone else, I couldn't bear it. I couldn't go on."

"Marry someone else!" He flung up a shaggy head, with a laugh deep and rich as an organ tone. "Why, dear girl of mine, you don't think this love of ours is the sort that a man could treat



"Fred—don't!"

Jean's frightened breath caught. "Don't make a scene! He

lightly just because he believes that the best way to kill love is to marry it! I'm yours as long as you want me—only I want to be yours because you want me, not because convention decrees it. You're convinced of that, aren't you?"

He bent down; his lips brushed the hand he held, lingering, one by one, on the sensitive, slim fingers. They responded, tightening their clasp with sudden convulsive tension. The human morsels in the body of the Pink Kitten paid no attention to this slight display of emotion. They were accustomed to frankness in all its forms, busy with their own vital little lives, their own important little passions.

"You are convinced of it, aren't you, dear heart?" the man persisted. "You do believe with me, don't you?"

"Yes, of course," she answered hurriedly. "That's been my belief ever since I've been in New York—ever since I've lived down here, that is. Only it's always been in the abstract. Until I met you, I never thought I'd—live it."

"What use are abstract beliefs? It's like trying to paint a

Can any of us—asks Rita Weiman in this Poignant Drama of YOUNG LOVE—be



Fred spoke with a husky intensity that swayed above her like the mystic aura of yesterday, the perfumed secrets of tomorrow.

A Law Unto Ourselves

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

WASHINGTON ARCH—white, upstanding, clean—at the intersection of old New York and new! Monument to the spirit of '76! The gate to freedom!

Looking north, the freedom of prohibition, censors and ticket speculators. Looking south, the freedom of fetish worship, slavery to the unconventional and low ceilinged table d'hôtes. North, the sweep of Fifth Avenue trailing her train of silver lights, an arrogant beauty ure of adorers. South, Greenwich Village, a careless grisette sitting in the lap of indifference and kicking up her heels! And between them, though few know it, a square of sod covering the dead of a bygone century!

A bit to the west on the south side of the Square squats a little café known as the Pink Kitten. For all the world like its name, it crouches on its haunches blinking lazy eyes out of a ripe pink façade, yawning occasionally to gulp a guest into its faintly illumined interior.

They form an odd assortment, the morsels the Pink Kitten assimilates at meal time—girls with elongated eyes, some bold, some curious, some promising. Their look is direct, unflinching, without guile. Guile has no place in the Village. Sometimes long earrings jangle close to them, supplemented incongruously by sweaters and flat sport shoes. Sometimes batik smocks in flaring reds, oranges and blues indicate a closer adherence to feminine covenants. Of the men, there are those of the flowing tie and scornfully shady fingernails. There are others not long enough transplanted from north of the Arch to ignore the tra-

ditions of close fitting coats instead of baggy ones and a manicure stolen when the Village is not looking. But whatever the differences in dress, their souls are garbed alike—the law of individualism herds them like sheep.

At the far end of the Pink Kitten on a night when the snow covered Square wore a smile of satire, a girl and a man discussed this mooted question of individualism, the importance of their own lives as opposed to the great mass of humanity hidebound by the law of convention. The girl's eyes were not so innocent as they were questioning, but one could see plainly that their question still remained unanswered. They were very deep blue and very eager, veiled with gladness half afraid. They were full of the potentialities of passion and languor. They were woman-eyes, with all the possibilities a man wants to read in the eyes of the woman he loves. The man who sat beside her at the intimate little table was reading them with an intensity that flamed straight to their depths. It burned there, reflected in the sudden drop of her lids as if its strength were more than she could bear.

"Say you love me," the man was urging. "Say it—darling!" "Do I have to say it?" came breathlessly. "Can't you see it? Can't you feel it?" Then suddenly answering that call of his eyes she crushed down the barrier of restraint which had held her inarticulate. "I love you so that the thought of you colors everything I do. I want you with me everywhere—always. When I see beauty, I don't think of it as the sky or sea or a sunset. I think how I'd love to stand beside you and watch

Connie laughed. "Why on earth should you want to buy a saxophone?"

"Well," he confessed, "I've always wanted to smash up one of the darn things and I thought it would be all right if I bought it first."

Connie let his remark go as a joke. Strangely enough it wasn't.

II

THE arrangement was very indefinite but the stranger stayed on. Connie really needed help and while he was not in the least wise about truck farming he was painfully willing. The idea that her hired man was probably a millionaire amused her slightly but she usually forgot it. It was harder not to think of the ugly fact that had brought him to her. He slept in the barn and Connie barricaded all the doors and windows of the house against him the first few nights in order to protect the kiddies if he should be seized with a homicidal mania. Also, when she went over to the Beach on her morning rounds she woke the youngsters up and made them accompany her so as not to leave them at his mercy while she was away.

This was terribly inconvenient and the children made themselves an intolerable nuisance. On the third evening the stranger asked her to come and see some work he had been doing on his own hook. Wondering, she followed. He led her to an abandoned stone cistern, long since dried up.

The rubbish was all cleared out now and a new strong cover lay beside it—also a score of boulders.

"What for?"

"I'll stay in there while you're away," he explained. "You put the rocks on the lid. I couldn't possibly lift it."

The girl laughed until she cried, more so when she saw the look of rueful disappointment on his face. Inventors hate to be laughed at.

That was how he got his name. Thenceforward he was John the Baptist. It seems needless to state that the cistern was never used as a prison and that subsequently Connie left the children at home sleeping while she took her goods to market. A girl has to trust her own judgment sometimes, doesn't she? John always worked conspicuously far from the house while she was away.

He asked her to bring him the newspapers from town and he read them avidly after working hours. Quite naturally they were full of the murder mystery at the Beach and Connie herself kept informed as to the details.

According to the few facts given to the public, Blake and Harmon had been close friends all their lives. In 1914 Harmon had elected to join the Allies. While he was away Blake had annexed a new companion, one Nina Hoeten, who put her tag on him in front of a minister. Quite naturally, Major Harmon, on his return from the wars, had sought out his old chum, Pitner Blake. Major Harmon bought an estate near the Blakes and his mother came to live with him.

But something was wrong. The old intimacy between the two men could not, apparently, be resumed. At first Mrs. Blake resented the love which her husband held for his man friend. That caused some trouble. Later, in a spirit of revenge she had gone in to win Neal Harmon for her friend and had promptly fallen in love with him. That started things crosswise with a vengeance. Constant friction in the Blake ménage had finally resulted in an uncontested suit for divorce which Mrs. Blake had instituted in a western state. The day of the murder was the day she had returned with the declaration of independence nailed to her masthead. Society was all set to receive the news of her engagement to Neal Harmon but instead it woke up that summer morning to find that both men had disappeared. The curious thing about it was that the sleeping apartments of each showed signs of a struggle. Chairs and tables were overturned, clothing was strewn over the floor and in Blake's bathroom was a bloody towel. But there was no sign of a corpse in either house.

Police opinion had it that the murderer, whichever one it was, had destroyed or buried the body of his victim and had then made his escape. It was baffling not to know exactly which man they were looking for. The bloody towel made it seem that Blake must have been the victim; and yet it was equally possible that he might have returned to his own rooms after getting rid of the body of his friend and wiped off the stains from his own hands and clothing, intending to destroy that evidence, too, but frightened away perhaps by some sudden noise in the awakening household.

There were no clues that appeared to be worth anything in the room of either man. A finger-print expert found only the marks

of the owner of the room and his own servants in each case. The assailant had apparently worn rubber gloves.

Nina Blake had gone into very becoming mourning. She did not state for which one.

III

ONE morning during the second week since John had become a member of the household, a curious ribbed cardboard package arrived addressed to Jean Baptiste in care of Miss Constance Colby.

Connie was downright curious about it. It was the first mail of any kind that her singular hired man had received. She wondered if perhaps she would not be justified in opening it herself. It might be a clue that would help to solve the great Beach mystery.

She did not, however, but gave it to him rather pointedly at noon when he came in for his dinner. He laid it aside.

"Aren't you going to open it?" she asked.

"Nope, I know what it is."

At supper he continued to neglect his package although she laid it at his place again only to have it removed once more and placed carelessly in a corner.

He was going out to the barn for the night.

"You forgot your package, John," she halted him sweetly.

"Oh yes," he replied indifferently. "Just stick it in the stove for me, will you?"

She cut the strings and undid the wrappings. There were many of them and at the heart of them was—guess what?

A nice shiny new saxophone and with it a book of instructions showing you how to play the Bluebells of Scotland in one lesson if you kept at it long enough. Destroy that! Not so that you could notice it.

"You wouldn't destroy anything as valuable as this, would you?"

"Sure. I think it's the duty of every man to exterminate at least one of those things. Think how much better a place the world would be to live in if Mr. Volstead or somebody with a wallop like that would legislate against them. Until that day arrives all I can do is my bit."

He was taking the lid off the stove.

"John!" she commanded.

He stopped with the saxophone in one hand and the stove lid in the other.

"You mustn't."

"Why not?"

"Well for one thing you don't own it. You've only paid one installment on it. Suppose you should lose your job and not be able to continue your payments. Then you'd be a thief."

He replaced the stove lid. "You're quite right. I hadn't thought of that. I'll have to keep the darn thing until I have the legal right to wring its neck. Come with me, little stranger," he addressed the instrument. "You have a tryst to keep with death."

That night just before going to bed—when she was partly ready for it—the most terrifying sound arrested her arms in a very lovely position over her head (she was taking out hairpins before her mirror). She wasn't sure whether it was a groan or a bleat from a calf or a cry for help. No matter what it was, Connie's womanly sympathy was aroused. She put on her slippers and her dressing gown, picked up a flash lantern and dashed out in the night. The sound came again—the sufferer was in the barn. She ran out, up the incline, and threw open the great doors, casting the rays of her flashlight into the dark interior.

John was sitting on a bale of hay and in his hands was the new saxophone.

Connie laughed in relief. "Was that what made that noise?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized. "I just blew into the end of this darn thing very gently but it blatted. I didn't suppose you could hear it in the house. I won't do it again."

"That's perfectly all right, John," Connie assured him with the graciousness of a queen granting a favor to a slave. "I shan't mind it a particle now that I know that all the animals are safe. I don't doubt but that your music will soothe me to sleep."

But not another sound came from the barn that night.

Nor did the saxophone come into evidence again for several days. Then one evening after supper a very subdued weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, so to speak, gave Connie warning that he was at it again. She tiptoed out to the barn but he wasn't there. The noise sounded somewhere else, quite remote. She followed it and finally (Continued on page 127)

her wayside hobo was now accounted for. And his defiant collar button.

The policeman was musing aloud. "Of course I pretty near know which one of 'em done it but I'm not telling until I'm sure."

"Reserving one's decision is always wise," agreed the man who had lately beamed him with the firewood. He said it significantly and looked at Connie as he spoke.

"All right," she replied in words.

"All right what?" asked the officer.

"She thinks you are quite right not to tell all you know," the stranger interpreted.

"Yes indeed," concurred the girl. "Only I wish you would stop in here on your way back and let me know what happens. If we should see your man we'll hold him so you can get credit for the capture."

The motorcycle cop grinned tolerantly. "O. K., folks. Only don't try to fight

and fed. What to do with her paroled prisoner in the meantime?

As usual he guessed her predicament. "I'll stay around until you decide whether to give me up or not," he offered. "In the meantime I'll finish dressing the infant while you get the children their breakfast."

Imagine entrusting a baby to a ruffian who probably strangles them as an habitual expedient to keep them from crying! Still, the Kid wanted to go to him so what was Connie to do? The stranger seemed pretty handy, too, and got the rompers on right side foremost in only two tries.

And routine work has to be done even with cataclysms going on round about. The stranger helped awkwardly with everything from washing dishes to taking the cows to pasture. Connie tried to think of him as a manslayer, and he was that by his own confession, but the picture wouldn't focus. He seemed too sim-

ple, too homely and honest-looking, and certainly too helpless. It's hard to conceive of a man who isn't strong enough to lift one end of a bale of hay taking violent measures against the life of another.

And he had said that he hadn't killed the man who was murdered last night. Connie believed him. That was because she was a woman and didn't know him very well. It is the strange paradox of the sex that they put the greatest trust where they know the least.

His talk suggested so many diverse trains of thought that it thoroughly confused the main problem in her mind, namely, what to do with him.

She thought she hadn't made up her mind when the motor cop came back and said, "Seen anybody yet?" but apparently her subconscious mentality had arrived at a decision because she answered promptly, "No, not a soul."

When the policeman had barked his way out of the yard again they looked at one another helplessly.

"You have been very kind," he said, a sort of

dawning wonder in his eyes. "I think your kind-

ness is the first I have ever received from a wom-

an who did not expect immediate pay for it. Will

you accept my sincerest
thanks before I go?"



"Don't hit him, John," said Art. "Just throw him out by the slack of the pants."

him with a piece of stovewood. He'll be out to kill. Be careful."

When he was gone Connie regarded her reluctantly adopted protégé with troubled eyes.

He was smiling. "Do you think you can possibly take my word for it that I haven't murdered Mr.——" He did not finish the sentence.

"Mr. Harmon or Mr. Blake?"

"He didn't say which, did he? So of course I can't. Anyway I haven't killed a man ever——" then he corrected himself, "at least not recently."

Which you have to admit isn't so very reassuring either. Who could give his absolute confidence to a man who almost forgot a few homicides merely because they had happened in the past?

The Twins woke up then and so did the Kid. That rather precluded a further crossexamination. They had to be dressed

Without blinking an eyelid Connie returned, "Oh, him; that's Silas, the hired man. He ain't much good at hoeing corn but seems to be pretty handy in a fight."

The policeman scowled. "He certainly is." He struggled to his feet. "A little too handy I'm afraid. I think I'll just take you into court, young fellow, and we'll see what the judge says to you for assaulting an officer."

"You will, will you?" said Connie disagreeably. "You'll take my hired man away from me just in the middle of the busy season? Very well, we'll see what the judge says to you about the cause of that assault."

The officer apparently thought this over for a moment, then he laughed. "You've got me dead to rights there, sister. I won't say a word about it if you won't. We'll let her rest right where she is and call it a job. What say?"

Connie deliberated for a moment. "All right," she finally agreed. "I won't say anything."

"Thanks. Then I guess I'll be goin' along after my murderer."

Never in all history had there been a better occasion for a pin to make itself heard by dropping on the floor than right then and there after the motorcycle policeman's announcement. The tension in the atmosphere tightened up like snares on an orchestra drum. Connie's heart missed two beats and then took up the business of pumping again reluctantly. A murderer! She had been sheltering a murderer! Had been trying to help him escape!

"Wait a minute!" she exclaimed as the officer opened the door. It wasn't too late yet for her to set herself right with the law. The policeman was still there; so was the shabby stranger whom she had protected. A word and the hunt would be over. Swiftly she recollected his behavior when the policeman had driven into the yard, how reluctant to be seen he had seemed. It was a clear case.

"Well?" The policeman was waiting.

She looked swiftly at the man whose life perhaps depended on her next sentence. She must give him up, of course. It was one thing to connive at the escape of a petty lawbreaker such as she had thought him at first and quite another to turn loose upon the community a man who was guilty of a capital crime. Her duty was plain.

But her swift glance at her prisoner unnerved her. What did he mean by that queer understanding smile? He knew what she was thinking and apparently did not care much what she did. Not that he was hopeless exactly but cynical surely and obviously more interested in her problem than in his own. A swift flush of shame came over her, too, as she recollected that he had stood by and played the gallant rescuer not ten minutes before when he might easily have been making his escape.

While she was thinking her tongue went on. "What did you mean by saying that you were on your way after a murderer?"

"Hain't you heard about what happened at the Beach last night?" he asked with the small town gossip's relish for the rôle of bearer of portentous news. "Neal Harmon and Pitner Blake,

two of the richest men in the colony, had a fight last night and one of 'em killed the other."

"Which killed which?" The stranger asked this intelligent question laughingly.

Both the motorcyclist and Connie stared disapprovingly at the questioner.

"We don't know yet," the policeman deliberated with official caution. "They've both disappeared and we suppose that one of 'em killed the other, hid the body and beat it. We know they quarreled and there was plenty of motive either way."

"Mr. Blake is the man whose wife is getting a divorce, isn't he?" Connie put in, still thinking, and anxious to delay the game.

"Yeh, only you're wrong about the 'getting' part. She got it yesterday. Neal Harmon is the man she was planning to marry next."



Do you get the angle? It's a sweet mix-up. It takes people with millions of dollars to think up things like that. Us poor folks are too busy paying rent and grocery bills."

"A chinful has been said," agreed the shabby stranger with considerable heartiness.

Connie was suffering now even more acutely from mental indigestion and cramp colic. Matters were complicated much by the statement that the murderer was one of the two richest men in the colony. Why, she delivered milk and eggs to both houses. True, she had never seen the master of either household but none the less she felt almost as if she knew them—she knew their signatures on checks. The educated speech of



"Oh, I'm sorry," John apologized. "I just blew into the end of this darn thing very gently but it blatted. I won't do it again."

"Good morning, Miss Colby. I'm out on a man hunt this morning and I thought I would stop and ask you if you had seen any mysterious characters. Have you?"

What prompted her reply Connie could never tell. Surely it was not sober reflection. There was no logical reason in the world why she should have said what she did.

"No, I don't believe I have seen a soul either here or on the road except a few truck gardeners like myself whom I know."

But once committed she might as well go the whole figure. She had lied and now it occurred to her that she had an opportunity to help the stranger escape.

"Won't you come in?" she invited, opening the door wide. "I'll give you a cup of coffee because I don't believe you've had any breakfast."

She had apparently guessed right. He came in.

"Sit right down there," she said loudly. "I guess there isn't any danger that anyone will steal your motorcycle while you're in here?"

If that wasn't hint enough for the stranger, presumably waiting outside the thin back door, she didn't know what further she could do.

She listened anxiously for the raucous explosions of a starting engine.

Meantime she poured a cup of coffee and brought it to the policeman.

The latter, as she stood beside him with the cup, slipped an arm carelessly about her waist and pulled her down until he could kiss her on the lips.

For an instant she was so surprised that she was paralyzed. Then her hand came up swiftly and she slapped him stingingly across the face.

"Why, you,——" He scraped his chair back noisily from the table as he rose. "Never mind. I like 'em wild. Come to me, sister, and heal the place that you hurt."

He had managed to capture her and now pressed her tightly against him although she fought like a wildcat to prevent him

from touching her lips again. Successfully too. Then suddenly his arms grew limp and she felt herself released as her assailant crumpled up and slipped to the floor. The shabby stranger stood over him with a piece of stovewood in his hand. The *modus operandi* of her rescue was simple and obvious.

"Have you killed him?" she asked.

"That's an interesting question that has already crossed my own brain."

"Why, oh why," she wailed, "did you hit him so hard, and with a piece of wood, too?"

"My dear young lady, I had to hit him hard because I didn't wish him to strike back. I used the piece of wood for the reason that my strength is not sufficient to do the business with my bare fists. I am not quite so strong as I was before——" He paused evidently considering whether or not to tell her and finished lamely by repeating—"as I was before."

He knelt down and felt the policeman's heart. It was reassuringly on duty.

"Your little suitor will be back with us again presently," he told her. "Smelling salts, whisky or even cold water might accelerate the doubtful advantage of his speedy recovery."

She went to the kitchen pail for the water, acknowledging the lack of the other two restoratives.

"Why did you come back?" she asked as they bent over the unconscious officer. "I gave you a chance to take his motorcycle and go. Why didn't you?"

"I can't ride a motorcycle," he admitted ruefully, "and you didn't want me to go off and leave you, did you, after you told him such a bully lie for me?"

"Sh, he's coming to."

The policeman opened his eyes with difficulty. The stranger was supporting his head while Connie bathed his temples.

The policeman managed to smile, "Gee, you pack a nasty wallop, kid." Then he caught sight of the stranger. "Oh, who's this?"

any woman who trips over him. Constance felt the instinctive urge to diagnose his case.

"Surely," she said, inserting the first probe, "you believe that some people are actuated by higher impulses—love, friendship, self-sacrifice."

"Love? Humph! Nothing but an instinctive attraction between sexes. It's no more noble than the fact that an electric spark will jump from a positive to a negative electrode."

It ought to have struck her that this was extraordinary language to come from a tramp. But then it ought to have struck him, too, that it was strange that a farmer's daughter should appear to understand what he was driving at.

"And friendship," he continued derisively; "God help you if you put your trust in a friend to save you if he thinks you will never be in a position to return the favor. And self-sacrifice, charity, heroism, all that sort of thing is merely grandstand stuff—gallery plays by persons longing for publicity. Even your Samaritan who does good secretly is working on a basis that some day he'll be found out and his credit will be all the greater because he has apparently not sought praise.

"Bah, we're a race of hypocrites, poseurs. Remove the rewards of virtue and honesty and see how many of us would go straight. There may have been gentlemen once, but now——"

He let the sentence hang incomplete and slid back into the mud of his own thoughts.

Constance stopped the Whanger at the farm and mercifully silenced the engine. The stranger got down and started to limp off.

"Oh, you're lame," she said in swift sympathy.

"A little stiff, but that's about all," he growled.

"Do you want another man?" John asked, and his voice was eager.

"And perhaps you're hungry," she continued "Have you had breakfast?"

"No, but——"

"Come into the kitchen and I'll give you a cup of coffee and some doughnuts. If you like you can carry in some wood to pay for it."

"Will you insist on being cheerful?" he asked.

"Not too darn cheerful if that's what you mean. I occasionally brighten the corner where I am but I'm not a professional at it."

"Then I'll drink your coffee," he concluded, "even though——" he paused.

"Even though you don't think it will be any good. That where I'll fool you. I'm the best amateur coffee conniver in this and six adjacent counties."

The stranger brought in the wood. He was clumsy in handling it but he seemed not-unwilling and would have piled the entire kitchen full if she had not stopped him.

The coffee was good. It ought to have mellowed the outlook of a rhinoceros with melancholia but the stranger seemed not to thaw.

Constance sat down, not at the kitchen table but at a distance while he pretended to eat. It was obvious that he had no appetite.

"Do you want to work?" she asked.

"I suppose I'll have to get something."

"Of course you will. Have you a trade?"

He shook his head.

"You're not too old to learn one."

"Yes, I am. I'm thirty-four."

Constance had thought he was older than that even. Her remark about learning a trade had been simply by way of encouragement.

"You must have some natural talent in some direction," she pursued thoughtfully. "You ought to try to find employment that will be congenial. What would you like to be?"

"Either a profiteer or a dishonest politician. I shouldn't care for minor criminal depredations such as house-breaking or mere highway robbery. I want to oppress the poor or steal money that ought to go toward paying the expenses of disabled soldiers. Socially I am ambitious to ruin the lives of as many young women as it is possible for me to become acquainted with."

He finished his hyperbole with a laugh, not quite so bitter as his former ones had been, and took a second cup of coffee without much urging. He had only just tasted it, however, when the abrupt barking of an unmuzzled motorcycle filled the barnyard with strident clatter.

Constance looked out of the kitchen window. "Why, it's the motorcycle policeman from the Beach. I wonder what he is doing here at this time in the morning."

"Is he coming in here?"

"It looks like it."

"I'd rather not see him." The stranger showed rather more interest in life than he had before. "If he comes in I'll step outside. Thanks for everything."

The motorcyclist was coming in. He rapped at the front door. The stranger rose abruptly and on catlike feet reached the back door which he opened and closed noiselessly, letting himself through it between the two operations.

When she was sure that her quondam guest was safely out of the room, Connie opened the front door. The uniformed policeman stood there grinning.



Frank R. Adams

Expert in

Love Stories

*Builds this one About
a Maid, a Man, and a
Chap who Always wanted
a Saxophone*

Gentlemen Once

Illustrations by

J. D. Gleason

"H AVEN'T you got a singletary bit of faith in anybody or anything?"
"Not a singletary bit."

He should have said it with a smile but instead he preserved his gloom and his voice like an echo from a deep cavern.

Now a woman who is soured is not a particularly interesting object, but a male misanthrope, unless he is too old even for golf, attracts a lot of attention. Witness the case of Herr Schopenhauer. All the members of the contrary sex regard a masculine mental dyspeptic as a challenging patient. Each one feels that his case is not hopeless until he has tried her own infallible specific.

Here was a case in point. Constance Colby had no business allowing her sympathetic interest to stray to the shabby stranger whom she had invited to share the driver's seat of the delivery truck which she was piloting back home from the beach. She had been on an early morning trip with a miscellaneous assortment of eggs, cream, carrots, squash, peas, beans, green corn, and what not. Heaven knows she had plenty of trials at home to use up all the milk of human kindness in her personal dairy without wasting commiseration on tramps.

There were the Twins, capital letter Twins, and the Kid, no relation to Jackie Coogan, but funnier if anything, and Bess and Daisy, both bovine, and Alisanda, mother of the Higglety-pigs, and the poor nameless chickens, and Grim and Malkin, the black cats, and Ivory, the ditto kitten who refused to be drowned, and Inspector, the police dog, and Nemesis, the mortgage.

The stranger was not entirely disreputable but he was dreadfully downcast. He went without a collar defiantly as if it were an unaccustomed badge of depression. His clothes were well worn out; strangely enough, there was a rather definitely defined crease along the front edge of the trousers. Constance did not notice that but another hobo would have spotted it and right away he would have scented and resented the coarse work of an amateur.

But his dejection was real enough. It was the way he was sitting on the stone by the dusty wayside, as if his feet and his soul were weary beyond endurance, which had prompted her suggestion that she give him a lift.



"I have no faith in anything or anybody," said the awfully downcast stranger.

"That is, if you're going my way," she added as an afterthought.

"I am," he admitted ungraciously, "if you are headed away from Wawnsockett in any direction."

Wawnsockett was the postoffice name for the Beach. Obviously he would not be going toward the Beach. Even stable-boys there wore collars and neckties. Probably he had applied for work there and had been rebuffed—hence the frown.

He had not seemed particularly grateful for the ride; had not been inclined to talk at all in fact. It was his pessimistic lack of responsiveness to her conventional enthusiasm about the weather and the joys of travel which had caused her exasperated question as to his lack of faith in everything.

After his reply she should have stopped the car and invited him to get out. His despondency was likely to be contaminating and Constance could not afford to let slip her grip on her own courage, not with Old Man Nemesis hovering in the offing waiting to be foreclosed if the interest were not paid on the twenty-first of the month.

But, as aforementioned, a masculine hypochondriac is, for some reason or other, an almost irresistible personal problem to

so absolutely hideous in feeling like this about a man whom I—

She broke off and sat down on a sofa abruptly, almost as if her limbs had given way under her.

"I quite understand that. I've just been with the fellow. I went to Mr. Garstin's studio to have a look at the portrait and say a word to him. While I was there Arabian called. Afterwards I walked with him to the building where he is living temporarily and went in."

Miss Van Tuyn looked at him without speaking. Her expression showed intense astonishment, amounting almost to incredulity.

"I had it out with him," said Sir Seymour grimly, after a pause. "And in the heat of the moment I told him something which I had not intended to tell him, which I had not meant to speak of at all."

"What? What?"

"I told him I knew about the theft of ten years ago."

"Oh!"

"And I told him also that you knew about it."

"That I—oh!—how did he take it? What did he say?"

"I didn't wait to hear. The flat was—well, scented, and I wanted to get out of it."

His face expressed such a stern and acute disgust that Miss Van Tuyn's eyes dropped beneath his.

"You may think—it would be natural to think that the fact of my having told the man about your knowledge of his crime would prevent him from ever attempting to see you again," Sir Seymour continued. "But I don't feel sure of that. I suggested to him that he had better clear out of the country at once. It's quite possible that he may take my view—and go; but in case he doesn't, and tries to bother you any more—"

"He's been! He's written! He says he *will* see me. He has guessed that something has turned me against him."

"He knows now what it is. Now I want you to write a note to him which I will leave at the desk in case he calls tonight or tomorrow morning."

"Yes."

She went to the writing table and sat down.

"If you will allow me, I will suggest the wording."

"Please—please do!"

She took up a pen and dipped it in the ink. Then Sir Seymour dictated:

Sir:

Sir Seymour Portman has told me of his meeting with you today and of what occurred at it. What he said to you about me is true. I *know*. If you call you will not see me. I refuse absolutely to see you or to have anything more to do with you, now or at any future time.

"And then your name at the end."

Miss Van Tuyn wrote with a hand that slightly trembled, "B. Van Tuyn."

"If you will put that into an envelope and address it I will take it down and leave it at the desk."

"Thank you."

Miss Van Tuyn put the note into an envelope, closed the envelope and addressed it.

"That's right."

Sir Seymour held out his hand and she gave him the note.

"Now good night."

"You are going! Thank you so very, very much! But I can never thank you properly."

He turned away to go, but when he was near the door he stopped and seemed hesitating.

"All you can do at present is to remain quietly up here in your comfortable rooms. Leave the rest to me."

"But if he gets in?"

"He won't. Even if he came upstairs—and he won't be allowed to—he has no key of your outer door. Now I'll go down and leave this note at the desk. If he comes back and receives it it will probably decide him to give the thing up. Tomorrow I shall go to Scotland Yard. We'll get him out of the country one way or another."

She accompanied him to the outer door of the apartment. When she had gone out she shut it behind him, and he heard the click of a bolt being pushed home.

Before leaving the hotel Sir Seymour again sought his discreet friend Henriques, to whom he gave Miss Van Tuyn's note.

"Has the fellow been here yet?" he said.

"Yes, Sir Seymour."

"Did you get rid of him easily?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Sir Seymour, he tried to be obstinate. I think—if you'll excuse me—I certainly think that he was slightly under the influence of drink."

"Yes—yes. If he comes back give him that note. And—do you think it would be wise to give him a hint that any further annoyance might lead to the intervention of the police? The young lady is very much upset and frightened. Do you think you might drop a word or two—at your discretion?"

"I'll manage it, Sir Seymour. Leave it to me."

"Very good of you, Henriques. Good night."

As Sir Seymour stepped out into Brook Street there was hesitation in his mind. The natural thing, he felt, would be to go at once to Berkeley Square and to have a talk with Adela. But—could he go to Adela just now? No; he couldn't. And he hailed a cab and drove home. Something the beast had said had made a horrible impression upon the faithful lover, an impression which remained with him, which seemed to be eating its way, like a powerful acid, into his very soul, corroding, destroying.

Adela—young Craven!

Was it possible? Was there, then, never to be an end to that mania which had been Adela's curse, and to the tragedy of the man who had loved her with the long love which is so rare among men?

There was bitterness in Sir Seymour's heart that night, and that bitterness sent him home, to the home that was no real home, to the solitude that *she* had given him.

On the following morning, true to his word, Sir Seymour visited Scotland Yard and had a talk with a certain authority there who was a very old friend of his. The sequel to this conversation was that a tall, thin, lemon-colored man, with tight lips and small, dull looking eyes which saw much more than most bright eyes ever see, accompanied Sir Seymour in a cab to Glebe Place. They arrived there about half-past eleven. Sir Seymour rang the bell and in a moment Dick Garstin opened the door.

"What's the matter?" was Sir Seymour's unconventional greeting to him.

For the painter's face was flushed in patches and his small eyes glowed fiercely.

"Who's this?" he said, looking at Sir Seymour's companion.

"Detective Inspector Horridge—Mr. Dick Carstin," said Sir Seymour.

"Oh, come to see the picture! Well, you're too late!" said Garstin in a harsh voice.

"Too late!"

"Yes, a damned sight too late! But come up."

They went in, and Garstin, without any more words, took them up to the studio.

"There you are!" he said, still in the harsh and unnatural voice.

He flung out his arm towards the easel which stood in the middle of the room. Sir Seymour and the Inspector went up to it. Part of the canvas on which Arabian's portrait had been painted was still there. But the head had been cleanly cut away. Only the torso remained.

"When was this done?" asked Sir Seymour, turning to the painter.

"Some time last night, I suppose. I didn't sleep here. I often don't, more often than not. But last night I was a fool to be away. Well, I've paid for my folly!"

"But how—"

"The fellow got in. It doesn't much matter how. With a false key, I suppose. For he didn't break anything."

"Does anyone know?"

"Not a soul, except us."

Sir Seymour was silent. He had realized at once that Miss Van Tuyn was safe now, safe even from further scandal unless Garstin chose to make trouble. He looked at the painter, and from him to the Inspector.

"What are you going to do?" he said to Dick Garstin.

"I don't know!" said Garstin.

And he flung himself down on the old sofa by the wall.

"I don't know!"

For a moment he put his hands up to his temples and stared at the floor. As he sat there thus he looked like a man who had just been thrashed. After a moment Sir Seymour went over to him and laid a hand on his shoulder.

Garstin looked up.

"What's that for?"

He stared into Sir Seymour's face for an instant. Perhaps he read something there. For he seemed to pull himself together and got up.

(Continued on page 122)



"Come, Miss Van Tuyn," said Sir Seymour. "You're not helpless, and you've got friends."

Arabian bared his teeth like an animal and half shut his eyes. "Miss Van Tuyn knows that you stole them!" Arabian drew in his breath sharply. His mouth opened wide. Sir Seymour turned and went out of the room. He shut the door behind him. In the little scented hall he caught up his coat and hat and went out of the flat.

When Sir Seymour left the building in which Arabian lived he took a taxicab for Claridge's Hotel. He went to the desk and inquired if Miss Van Tuyn was at home. The man at the desk, who knew him well, said that she was in. He would inquire at once if she were at home to visitors. After a moment at the telephone he asked Sir Seymour to go upstairs, and called a page boy to accompany him and show him the way.

"Henriques," said Sir Seymour, pausing as he was about to follow the page, "you're a discreet fellow I know."

"I hope so, Sir Seymour."

"If by any chance a man called Arabian should come here while I am upstairs, get rid of him, will you? I am speaking on Miss Van Tuyn's behalf and with her authority."

"I won't let the gentleman up, Sir Seymour."

"Has he called today?"

"Yes, Sir Seymour. He called early this afternoon. I had orders to say Miss Van Tuyn and Miss Cronin were both out. He wrote a note downstairs which was sent up."

"He may call again at any time. Get rid of him."

"Yes, Sir Seymour."

"Thanks. I rely on your discretion."

And Sir Seymour went towards the lift where the page boy was waiting.

Miss Van Tuyn met him at the threshold of her sitting room. She was very pale. She greeted him eagerly.

"How good of you to call again! Do come in. I haven't stirred. I haven't been out all day."

She shut the sitting room door.

"He has been here!"

"So I heard. I ventured to speak to Henriques, the young man at the desk, before coming up. I know him quite well. I took it on myself to give an order on your behalf."

"That he wasn't to be allowed to come up?"

"Yes. I told Henriques to get rid of him."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! I've been in misery all day thinking at every moment that he might open my door and walk in. I am horribly afraid. I can't help it. And it's so dreadful, not daring to move. It's—it's like living in a nightmare!"

"Come, Miss Van Tuyn!" said Sir Seymour, and in his voice and manner there was just a hint of the old disciplinarian, "pull yourself together. You're not helpless, and you've got friends."

"Oh, do forgive me! I know I have. But there's something

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"There's something so hideous in feeling like this about a man whom I—" Beryl broke off abruptly and sank down.



this young lady alone. Her acquaintance with you has stopped. It won't be renewed. If you call on her you will be sent off. If you write to her your letters will be burned without being read. If you try to persecute her in any way means will be found to protect her and to punish you. I shall see to that."

Arabian's mouth was still tightly shut and he was standing quite still and seemed to be thinking, or trying to think, deeply. At last he said:

"I fear I was rude just now. You startled me. I said it was impertinence. But—I see, I understand now. The women—they are clever. And when age comes—ah, we have no longer much defense against them."

And he smiled.

"What do you mean?" said Sir Seymour, longing to knock the fellow down and feeling an almost insuperable difficulty in retaining his self-control.

"This I mean! You say you come to me sent by Miss Van Tuyn. But I say—no! You come to me sent by Lady Sellingworth."

Sir Seymour was startled. Was the fellow so brazen that he was going to allude to what had happened over ten years ago? That seemed incredible, but with such a man perhaps everything was possible.

"It is like this," continued Arabian in a suave and explanatory voice: "Lady Sellingworth she hates Miss Van Tuyn. They have quarreled about a young man. His name is Craven. I have met him in a restaurant. I dine there with Miss Van Tuyn. He dines there that night with Lady Sellingworth, who is in love with him as old women are with nice looking boys, and——"

"Hold your tongue, you infernal blackguard!"

"Miss Van Tuyn calls Craven to us, and Lady Sellingworth is so jealous that she runs out of the restaurant so that he is obliged to follow her and leave Miss Van Tuyn——"

"You damned ruffian!" said Sir Seymour.

His face was congested with anger. He put out his arm as if he were going to seize Arabian by the collar of his jacket. For once in his life he "saw red"; for once he was forced by indignation into saying something he would never have said had he given himself time to think.

Arabian moved backwards with a swift, wary movement. Sir Seymour did not follow him. He stood where he was and said again:

"You damned ruffian! If you don't get out of the country I'll set the police on you."

"Indeed! What for—please?"

"For stealing Lady Sellingworth's jewels in Paris ten years ago!"



"You infernal blackguard!" cried Sir Seymour. Arabian bared his teeth like an animal.

"When I came into the studio," he said after a moment's silence, "I remembered your face, and—why is he here? That was my thought. Why is he here? Where did I see you?"

"That doesn't matter. You will give up your acquaintance with Miss Van Tuyn. You will get out of London. And then no measures will be taken against you."

"Where was it?" persisted Arabian. "Do you remember me?"

"Yes," said Sir Seymour.

He debated within himself for an instant and then took a decision.

"I saw you at the Ritz Hotel in Piccadilly ten years or more ago."

"At the Ritz!"

"I was lunching with a friend. I was lunching with Lady Sellingworth."

"Ah!" exclaimed Arabian. "That was it! I remember! So—she sent—I see! I see!"

He half shut his eyes and a vein in his forehead swelled, giving to his brow a look of violence.

"She has—she has——"

He shut his mouth with a snap of the teeth. Sir Seymour was aware of a struggle taking place in him. Something, urged on by drink, was fighting hard with his natural caution. But the caution, long trained no doubt and kept in almost perpetual use, was fighting hard, too.

"No one sent me," said Sir Seymour with contempt. "But that's no matter. You understand now that you are to leave

"I can't help that," said Garstin, totally unperturbed. "I'm going to exhibit that picture."

"No! No!" said Arabian.

And as he spoke he suddenly bared his teeth.

Garstin, without making any rejoinder to this almost brutally forcible exclamation, which was full of violent will, thrust a hand into his waistcoat pocket and pulled out a big gold watch.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry," he said, with a swift glance at Sir Seymour which the latter did not miss, "but I must turn you both out. I'm dining at the Arts Club tonight. Jinks—you know the Slade Jinks—is coming to pick me up. You'll forgive me, Sir Seymour?"

His voice was unusually gentle as he said the last words.

"Of course. I've stayed an unconscionable time. Are you going my way, Mr. Arabian?"

Garstin's mouth twitched. Before Arabian could reply, Garstin said:

"Look here, Arabian!"

"Yes—please?" said Arabian.

"You and I differ pretty badly about this business of your damned portrait."

"Ah yes!"

"Sir Seymour's a just man, a very just man. Let's hear what he has to say. Talk it over with Sir Seymour. Get his unbiased verdict. And let me hear from you any time tomorrow. He'll say what's fair and square. I know that."

While speaking he went towards the head of the stairs, followed by Sir Seymour and Arabian. As Arabian passed the place where the whisky stood he picked up his glass and drank it off at a gulp.

A minute later Sir Seymour and he were out in the night together.

"Which way do you go, please?" asked Arabian.

"I'll go your way if you like. I live in St. James's Palace. But I'm in no hurry. Do you live in my direction?"

"Oh, no! I live quite near in Chelsea."

"I can walk to your door, then, if you don't mind having my company," said Sir Seymour.

"Thank you."

And they walked on together in silence. Sir Seymour wondered what was passing in the mind of the man beside him. Sir Seymour made no allusion to the recent scene in the studio, or to Garstin's parting words. His instinct counseled silence on that point. So he talked of London, the theaters, the affairs of the day, trying to seem natural, like a man of the world with a casual acquaintance. He noticed that Arabian's answers and comments were brief. This state of things continued until they reached Rose Tree Gardens.

"This is it," said Arabian, stopping before the big porch.

Sir Seymour stopped too, hesitated, then said, "I'll say good night to you."

Arabian shot a piercing and morose glance at him, moved his right hand as if about to extend it, dropped it and said:

"Well, but we have not spoken any more about my picture!"

"No."

"But I should like to know what you think."

"Very good of you. But I'm an outsider. I wasn't there when you made what you say was a bargain."

"No. But—"

Again he sent a piercing glance at Sir Seymour, who received it with absolute sang-froid and stood looking completely detached, firm and simple. At that moment Sir Seymour felt positive that a struggle was going on in Arabian in which the drink he had taken was playing a part. The intensely suspicious nature of the enemy of society, always on the alert because always likely to be in danger, was at odds with the demon that steals away the wits of men, unchains their recklessness, unlocks their tongues, uncovers often their most secret inclinations. Arabian was hesitating. At that moment the least thing would turn him one way or the other.

Sir Seymour was sure that if he showed the slightest sign of wishing to push himself into Arabian's affairs the man would recoil at once, in spite of the drink which was slightly but definitely clouding his perceptions. So he took the contrary course. He forced himself to hold out his hand to the beast and said:

"Well—good night!"

But Arabian did not take his hand.

"Oh, but please come in for a moment!" he said. "Why go away?"

"It's getting late."

"But I will not keep you long. Dick Garstin said you should judge between us, that I was to come tomorrow and tell him.

I know you will say I have the right. Come up. I will explain to you."

"Very well," said Sir Seymour with apparant reluctance, "but really I must not stay long."

"No, no! You are very good. It is not your business. But really it is important."

As he got into the lift Sir Seymour wondered whether he could have tricked Arabian if the latter had not been drinking.

"Here it is!"

The lift had stopped. They got out on a landing and Arabian put a key into a door.

"Do please take off your coat. It is all warm in here!"

"Yes, and some brute's been burning scent in a shovel!" thought Sir Seymour as he stepped into the flat. He took his coat off, laid it on a chair and went into a room on the left, the door of which Arabian held open.

"Please sit down by the fire," said Arabian. "I will explain. I know you will be on my side. You must have a little whisky with me."

"No, thank you."

"Well, I must have some. I have got a cold. This climate in winter—it is awful!"

Sir Seymour sat down. Arabian stood with his back to the fire and his hands thrust into his trouser pockets.

"Now I will tell you exactly," Arabian said.

And he explained carefully and lucidly enough—though through occasional yawns—what had happened between Garstin and himself. He did not mention Miss Van Tuyn's name. As he was getting towards the end of his narrative he poured out some whisky, added a little soda and drank it.

"There! That is how we did!" he said at last. And he dropped softly, with an odd lightness, into a chair near Sir Seymour, and added:

"Now, have I not the right over the picture? Can I not send tomorrow and take it away? Is that not just?"

"Just!" said Sir Seymour. "Do you care so much about justice?"

"Eh?" said Arabian, suddenly leaning forward in his chair. "What is that?"

The bitter sarcasm which Sir Seymour had not been able to keep out of his voice had evidently startled Arabian.

"You are English," he said, as Sir Seymour said nothing. "Do you not care that a stranger in your country should have justice?"

"Oh, yes! I care very much about that. I thoroughly understand why you don't want Mr. Garstin to show people that picture," he said. "Mr. Garstin has uncovered your secret. A man such as you naturally would object to that." Arabian rose.

Sir Seymour got up slowly, very deliberately even, from his chair.

"What did you go to Dick Garstin for?"

"I went to ask him to allow me to bring two or three people to his studio to look at his portrait of you."

"My portrait! What is my portrait to you? Why should you bring people? What people?"

But Sir Seymour did not answer the question. Instead, he put one hand on the mantelpiece, leaned slightly towards Arabian, and said:

"You wanted my verdict on the rights of the case between you and Mr. Garstin. That isn't my affair. You must fight it out between you. But I should seriously advise you not to take too long over the quarrel. You said just now that the English climate was awful. Get out of it as soon as you can."

"Get out of it! What is it to you whether I stay or go?"

"I'm afraid if you delay here much longer you may be sorry for it."

"Who are you?" said Arabian fiercely.

"I'm a friend of Miss Van Tuyn—I saw her this morning—she wishes me to see to it that you leave her alone, get out of her life."

"Are you her father, a relation?"

"No."

"Then what have you to do with it? You—you impertinent old man!"

Sir Seymour's brick-red, weather beaten face took on a darker, almost a purplish hue, and the hand that was holding the mantelpiece tightened into a fist.

"You will leave this young lady alone," he said sternly. "Do you hear? You will leave her alone. She knows what you are."

Arabian had pushed out his full under lip and was staring now intently at Sir Seymour. His gaze was intense; and yet there was a cloudy look in his eyes.



"How you must hate me!" said Beryl in a broken voice. "Your masterpiece—ruined!"

picture when it was finished. That was the bargain between us. But I did not say I would allow you to exhibit my picture."

"But I told you before I ever put a smudge of paint on the canvas that I should want to exhibit it."

"That is quite true."

"Well, then?"

"Two must speak to make a bargain. Is it not so?" He spoke to Sir Seymour.

"I presume so," said the latter.

"Ah! You hear!"

"I do!" said Garstin composedly.

"Well, Dick Garstin, I did not say I would permit my picture to be exhibited by you. And that was on purpose. I intended to wait until I saw how you would make me appear. I have waited. There I am!" He pointed to the portrait. "It is fine, perhaps, as you say. But I do not choose that people should see that and be told, 'That is Nicolas Arabian.' I do not give you permission to show that portrait."

"You don't like it?"

"You have made of me a beast. That is what I say."

"Sorry you think so! But what's to be done? That picture

is worth from eight hundred to a thousand pounds at the very least. You don't suppose I am going to give it to you without letting the people who care about my stuff have a look at it? Why, where is your sense of fairness, my boy?"

"I do not know really what you mean by that!"

"Well, I ask you, Sir Seymour, would it be fair that I should have all my trouble for nothing? He can have the picture. But I want my kudos. Eh?"

"I quite understand that," said Sir Seymour calmly.

Arabian turned round and faced him. And as he did so Sir Seymour said to himself:

"The fellow's been drinking heavily."

"But, please, do you understand my feeling? Would you like to be made what you are not—a beast?"

Sir Seymour saw Garstin, perhaps with difficulty, shutting off a smile.

"I can't say I should," he answered with absolute gravity.

"Would you," pursued Arabian, apparently in desperate earnest, "would you allow a picture of you like this to be shown to all your friends?"

"I think," returned Sir Seymour, still with an absolute and simple gravity, "that I should object to that—strongly."

"You hear!" said Arabian to Garstin. "It is your own friend who says this."

The Dramatic Conclusion of December Love

*A Story of the Temptation
That Comes to a
Woman of Fifty*

By Robert Hichens

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens

LAST INSTALMENT

TWO or three minutes later Arabian walked into the studio with Garstin just behind him. When he saw Sir Seymour a slight look of surprise came into his face.

Sir Seymour realized that Garstin had not mentioned that there was a visitor in the studio.

"A friend of mine, Sir Seymour Portman," said Garstin. "Mr. Nicolas Arabian."

Arabian bowed and said formally:

"Very glad to meet you."

Sir Seymour bowed and said:

"Thanks."

"Sit down, my boy!" said Garstin with sudden heartiness, laying a hand on Arabian's shoulder. "And I know you'll put your lips to a whisky."

"Thank you," said Arabian.

And he sat down in a deep armchair. Sir Seymour saw his brown eyes, for a moment hard and inquiring, rest upon the visitor he had not expected to find, and wondered whether Arabian remembered having seen him before. If so Arabian would also remember that he, Seymour, was a friend of Adela Sellingworth, who had been with him at the Ritz on that day ten years ago.

"Say how much!" said Garstin, coming up with the whisky.

Sir Seymour noticed that Arabian took a great deal of the spirit and very little soda with it.

"A cigar?" said Garstin. "But I know without asking. There! Now we're cozy! How's Beryl, my boy?"

"I have not seen Miss Van Tuyn today," said Arabian. "But I hope to see her tomorrow."

He looked at Sir Seymour and there seemed to be a flicker of suspicion in his eyes.

"Do you know Miss Van Tuyn?" he asked.

"Very slightly," said Sir Seymour. "I have met her once or twice in London. She is a very beautiful creature."

There was a constraint in the room. Sir Seymour felt it strongly and feared that it came from something in him. Evidently he was not a very good actor.

Garstin got up to fetch some more whisky for Arabian, whose glass was now empty, and as he came back with the bottle he said to Arabian:

"Sir Seymour's had a good look at your portrait, Arabian."

"Indeed!" said Arabian.

"And he thinks it's damned fine. As I'm giving it to you I thought you'd like to know that it's appreciated."

There was an unmistakably malicious expression on Garstin's face as he spoke.

"In fact," added Garstin, lifting the bottle to pour the whisky into Arabian's glass, "Sir Seymour is so pleased with my work that I shouldn't wonder if he lets me paint him."

"Ah!" said Arabian, looking at Sir Seymour with a sudden hard intensity which strangely transformed his face, "this is good news. I am pleased. But—thank you!"—to Garstin



who poured out some whisky—"that will do, please! But you are not afraid of the drawback?"

"What drawback?" asked Sir Seymour.

"Mr. Dick Garstin makes us all look like *canaille*!"

"Indeed!"

"But have you not noticed this?" said Arabian. "With you, if you are painted, it will be the same. Dick Garstin must see bad in us all." He laughed, and his laugh was oddly shrill and ugly.

"It is an *idée fixe*," he said. "You see I am frank. I say what I think, Dick Garstin."

"No objection to that!" said Garstin with a mischievous smile. "But if you do not like your picture you won't want to have it. So let us consider our bargain canceled."

"Oh, no," said Arabian, "the picture is mine!"

"The bargain we made," said Garstin, turning to Sir Seymour, "was this. Mr. Arabian was to be kind enough to sit to me on two conditions. One was in my favor, the other in his. I was to have the right to exhibit the picture, and after that I was to hand it over as a present to Arabian."

"No, that was not the bargain, please!" said Arabian.

"Not the bargain?" said Garstin with an air of humorous surprise.

"Oh, no! You kindly said that if I gave up my time to you, as I have done—very much of my time—you would give me the

bare knees in the spotlight, sixteen was as blasé as a cigarette stub, twenty was hollow eyed with experience and twenty-four was cynically pushing for room at the very tail of the procession. Even Sublinia, he had seen, for all its petunia beds and its horse trough on Second Avenue, had its beaded eyelashes, its posters of the Gish girls, its Movie Chat in the Weekly Herald, its joy riders and its unsavory fringe of roadhouses, marks of the times. Girls like Dale Padgway were at twenty-six exhibited as high and dry between the warm, swimming waters of youth and the progressive stream of middle age and they could only move about unexpectedly.

On any newcomer to Sublinia the name of Padgway must perhaps have palled. It was so in evidence, with no big living presence to justify it.

There was to begin with the gray marble monument in the park; life size, with wide shoulders and a full, forceful face.

The granite and iron wrought fountain at the corner of Third Avenue bore in deep cut inscription: Presented to the City of Sublinia by the Honorable Timothy Padgway, March 25, 1905.

There was Padgway Avenue, best paved in town, maple lined. There was the Padgway office block, built with a flourish one boom year and sold almost immediately with profit by the congressman.

In the bank where Hugh McNett worked every day, an engraving in walnut frame bent composed, forceful eyes down upon him, pointed at him its underline: Timothy Padgway, Vice-President 1902-09.

There were monuments and reminders not of stone or wood as well.

In his new teller's hearing old Denwell Curtis one day exclaimed strongly over a school board squabble: "I wish Tim Padgway was not in his coffin! He knew how to settle an argument."

There still was voiced a lively appreciation of the appropriation which he got from his Congress one term for deepening certain of his State's waterways. There was a loud wish, one month-end, for Tim's opinion of an Eastern factory's request of the council board for a free site in Sublinia for a branch building.

"No man, or bunch of men, could put anything over on Tim when he had loosened his wits and was marshaling the facts." This from a little pudgy general merchant, Hed Sunberg, whose checking account was the bank's pet one.

And finally of course there was the steel safe deposit box in the bank's vaults. That was tangible evidence of a man's accomplishments and a young woman's holding. It measured eight by ten by twenty inches, that box.

In such a narrow steel space, a vast amount of property may lie flat and tempting. Toward this one Hugh McNett, whose years since his sixteenth had been spent in festering familiarity with such boxes, none of which had ever been his to open legitimately with thin key, felt his very fingers, as well as soul, itch and curve.

The feeling might not have grown upon him, almost by a leap and a bound, had not Dale Padgway from the beginning been inclined to be kind. It is called kindness—that pliant attitude of a woman.

He made acquaintance easily enough. There had been the formal introduction by Denwell Curtis one day in the bank. There followed a meeting and handshake from her at the musicale, held on the Padgway lawn the next Wednesday evening by the Baptist church, to which Merley Briggs had invited him, as helping a newcomer to feel at home in town.

The next evening on his walk downtown for an after supper cigarette he had coolly paused and then struck up across the smooth green slope to the flower mound where Dale in washed gingham dress and cotton garden gloves was bending a last daylight half hour on small weeds. A brief enough chat. He was in too deadly earnest to spatter the mud of boldness over a first wooing step.

But the next day it had seemed natural enough to fall in step with her on her way downtown to the municipal fund concert. Especially since old Mrs. Sloan was panting along behind with two other boarders, the middle-aged Brunkson brother and sister.

Perhaps his own burning (Continued on page 114)



It was just as well, as Dale thought over that kiss, that she could not see Hugh's twisted smile.

His Wife's Money

Mr. McNett"—conscientiously. "But the sheets clean. And, I believe, warm biscuits four mornings every week. Ellen Sloan is the widow of our late lamented Orris Sloan, the stone cutter. He cut the stone for the base for the Padgway monument which you may have noticed at the corner of Main as you turned from Second Avenue."

Even that first evening Hugh McNett knew that he would disregard any thinness of his boarding house's cream. The Sloan and Padgway places adjoined neighborly.

He drew a slow, covetous breath when after supper from the vine hung side window of Mrs. Sloan's dining room he viewed that Padgway place and got—old Mrs. Sloan knew of no reason for not eating hot bread every day or for not being as garrulous as nature bade her—the history of Dale Padgway.

It was a substantial and pleasant place. A man or a woman would like to call it home, to return to it evenings, go forth from it mornings. Against Hugh's own background of cheap Chicago flat and rooming house and lunchrooms, it loomed with striking charm.

The large, square, white stone house with its great gray eaves and wide, low silled windows, stood midway of a sloping lawn of at least two acres whose smooth green testified to thirty years of well oiled lawn mower. The great porch had a squat, easy balustrade clambered with flowering vines. It was set with hickory chairs to befit the gatherings of a hospitable congressman's friends. Clean, even-kept gravel walks ran past a tennis court to the rear and down to the two-foot stone wall which dropped to the street level in front.

"Timothy Padgway paid thirty-two dollars apiece for those big hickory chairs," said Mrs. Sloan, pausing on her way to his room with clean, pink bordered towels. "He said better to pay a good price and get what full sized men could sit in without creaking."

She smiled as in memory of an old, resonant and well liked voice.

Cannas, caladium and various

perennial lilies featured the sides and back of the grounds, while halfway up the green slope of front was a great round flower bed, rosy and fringed. Of almost autocratic charm, the rosiness of it fixed an eye no matter how indifferent.

"Dale Padgway always has good luck with her petunias," said Mrs. Sloan enviously. "They turn out mostly double, and fringed. No one else's in town do so well. Her pa always used to be proud of that bed."

Hugh McNett learned that Dale was twenty-six years old. The last of the family except for an old, ailing, family-proud aunt of Timothy's who made a home with her. Her mother died when she was young. She had been about the world a good deal. "Though she don't really look it, you could say," complained Mrs. Sloan. Washington for many years in season of course, Europe once, the Panama Canal, western and southern congressional junkets to inspect waterways.

Timothy Padgway's funeral was only three years back, and still an impressive memory in the town. Hugh gathered that he had been the big man of that part of the State. Bank director, circuit judge, congressman for six terms, head of boards and committees, favorite public speaker on the Fourth and Decoration Day. A big bodied, likable, charitable man. He had his enemies. Even in his own political party some accused him of hogging the limelight. But—runs old wisdom—a man with no enemies doesn't amount to much.

Some of Tim Padgway's enemies went to him when they wanted a good loan and easy interest. In addition to his other qualities, he had the money making.

No one would think to look at Dale—an old neighbor's voice held again a thin knife edge of complaint—that she had been left so well fixed by a father. But she was liked. No one expected her to fill her father's shoes. The shoes were wide of sole. And if she didn't spend much money on silk stockings and New York hats, she kept up all Timothy Padgway's pet donations. "Which some daughters wouldn't be particular to do."

No, she had never married. No, there wasn't any strong reason. She had had some chances. Joe Bullet, of the drug store, who afterward married one of the well fixed Moore girls. The oldest Sunberg boy who later fell in love with Saffy Graham's visiting cousin Lida from Pittsburgh. And even old Judge Curtis, brother of Denwell of the bank.

This last just after Timothy's death.

And a good thing old Clay Curtis had waited, said Mrs. Sloan significantly and in disapproval, as she described how the smoke of his great black cigar and his old booming voice in proposal had together come over a canna hedge one night to the edification of some of Dale's neighbors. "Marry me, Dale, and I'll look after you—" As if Timothy Padgway wouldn't have roared objection to one of his own gray haired clique marrying his daughter, even if she was well into her twenties.

Hugh McNett was shrewder than old Mrs. Sloan, intent upon her gossip and her boarders and her petunias. He could guess readily that in the years divided between Washington and pullmans, congressional junkets and petunia tending, Dale Padgway had slipped out of one circle and had not had sufficient personality or initiative to gain a good place in another smarter and larger.

He reflected that so many big forceful men have these colorless, unforceful women folks; as though nature with her bigoted love for contrasts, or for evening up, must often slap the thick beside the thin, apologize for excessful ability by placing anæmia against it. Furthermore, while the girl was accompanying a busy father here and there, times had changed. Once, twenty-six had been youth. Now, the fourteen year olds had their



"I don't fancy McNett's quiet ways," insisted Old Briggs.



Hugh was in too deadly earnest to spatter the mud of boldness over a first wooing step.

length were mended. Her white outing shoes had seen at least two summers' service. She was rather tall, thin, with pre-occupied gray eyes and an oval face which lacked vividity.

But old Denwell Curtis, the stout bank president, had risen cordially from his varnished swivel chair while he talked to her. Merley Briggs, the thin haired elderly cashier, was writing her a receipt with some importance of black penholder. Hugh afterward ascertained that it was for an annual gift of five hundred dollars to a struggling non-sectarian college in the next county. When alive, Congressman Timothy Padgway had made a hobby of certain annual donations. Since his death, his daughter had continued them.

He met Saffy Graham on his way to old Mrs. Sloan's wide old-fashioned red brick boarding house, which was recommended to

him by Merley Briggs. Saffy had blue eyes and wore a flame colored taffeta dress. She was on the way to the courthouse and her typewriter desk. Her skirt was short. Saffy wore no gloves. Her arms were bare to within four inches of white shoulder. To a newcomer in town, not old and wearing nicely creased summer trousers, she gave a lift of eyelash—well, Hugh McNett, recently of Jackson and La Salle intersection, recognized the lift. Back in the Commonwealth pink veined marble rotunda, the younger tellers dubbed it the come-hither-and-spend-money-on-me look. He had no difficulty in placing Saffy.

Merley Briggs, who had the pursed mouth of a careful man of bank affairs and the neat socks of a careful wife, had not unreservedly recommended the boarding house of an old friend and fellow townsman. "You'll find the cream thin, perhaps,

Today there whirled in succession past him, so close that tires dusted his shoes, an opera star from a station, with her sable furs, her jeweled ears, her three dogs, her two maids, her secretary, her perfume; a youngish wheat plunger riding his great black limousine as a younger Roman might have ridden his chariot; two ex-saloon keepers, complacent with their dollars, their gasoline fumes and their good clothes; an oil promoter irritably bidding his chauffeur try to get on faster; the owner of a string of de luxe hotels.

Behind these, a seventeen year old brat—so Hugh McNett with venom dubbed him—perfectly cravated and gloved, low rakish cap over smug, immature face, hand on a twenty thousand dollar imported wheel with as much nonchalance as, say, his progenitive American tradesman handled twine for a package of sugar.

Behind him, two duvetyn clad wives of prosperous city men. A phrase or two floated out their electric brougham.

"It isn't, that I grudge losing eighty dollars in an hour's play. But she cheats flagrantly—"

"Play? Good heavens, Milly, I can't afford cards any more—with that darn Caroline charging eighteen dollars for a simple facial treatment—"

Their shrill confidences merged into the grumble from a following roadster. A grumbler in his early thirties, clad in tweed and patent leather, his finger in impatient hover over accelerator.

"Ought to be a decent parking system—do away with this heathenish crush."

Grunt of assent from his companion. "Too many people owning cars anyway. That's what's the matter with this country. Property's getting into wrong hands."

For the two men's cool assumption that theirs were right hands, Hugh McNett sneered. A sneering that was interfered with by two young things on foot who smartly shoved him, as one who did not count, from their way.

About fourteen years old, with satin skirts that essayed but hardly made the goal of bare, rouged knees and with lips over-reddened in invitation of kisses or sloe gin fizzes, one was saying indignantly: "Listen, I found out he makes only thirty-five dollars a week. I said to him, Good by and make it snappy." The other, thoughtfully: "Say, I had a hunch he wasn't worth a kind look."

Hugh, making one hundred and ten dollars a month, knew smarting ears. Not that these especial two young things mattered to him. But they reminded him of other girls. In his life there had been other humiliations than second-year overcoats, cheap sandwiches and rebukes for tardiness. Letha, a typist, who was sullen when he put her in a balcony seat. Genevieve, little, not very pretty, who explained to him one Christmas that for ten dollars one could not get four pairs of gloves that a girl with self-respect could wear. Elizabeth, clever, earning her own twenty-five dollars a week, who said frankly that when she married she expected to quit riding in street cars.

Well, he had not exactly blamed any of them. He himself preferred orchestra rows to balcony. And he too had shrunk from life as many married ones were accepting it: four rooms, work, scrimp, pinch to pay rent and buy children's shoes. His own childhood had schooled him.

And today the crowning rancor of noon hour came when, at its end, he collided in the pink veined marble rotunda of his place of employment with big, booming Oscar Clughitt. Clughitt had been a teller. Now, with errand boys, typists, secretaries running at his heels, he owned two banks, half a street railway system and a wheat corner.

He scowled at the neat but awkward young man who bumped into him. Hugh quickly begged his pardon, disliking him the while.

Clughitt drove the nails of discontent excruciatingly deep. Clughitt was a standing rebuke to non-success. Clughitt was evidence that once a teller need not mean always a teller. Clughitt was the glorious exception that hurt. Hugh McNett, Holmes, Tierney, the rest—the rule. Fate or ability or audacity, perhaps all three, had lifted the one man from the rut. But the majority were not so lifted. And Hugh at thirty-three was morosely conscious that of himself he would never get out of his rut—not rise above mediocrity.

That was the word—mediocrity.

He had his share of egotism. Along with it, that which is its parent or child—a morbid tendency to self-pity. But he had his vision as well. He could place himself. With all the bitterness that an egotist and a self-pityer can put into such an admission,

he made the admission—he had not the ability, the flair, for success.

Some have it. Like piano fingers or auburn hair. What some men, and some women, can win for themselves when they have not inherited it, he had not the character or the guile to win for himself.

Whenever in the past he had saved even a hundred dollars or so to invest or to speculate, he had lost the money. All his small flyers were fiascos.

And he was thirty-three. He would presently be forty. Then fifty.

An underpaid, discontented old man without ever having tasted the rightful pleasures of a young man. This age, for one, concedes certain pleasures to be a man's rightful ones. Motor cars, leisure, fine linen, eye-turnings—registering envy—from one's fellows. Hugh McNett longed for these four in particular as some people long for bread.

And—he unrolled candor of admission to stinging length—although some who could not find or earn had the audacity to steal, he was denied by nature even that.

Beset by petty needs and strong desires, he had sometimes stared slyly at the greenbacks, orderly in high numerical piles in various cashiers' or tellers' booths, and his hands, hidden in his neat pockets of blue serge, had curled itchingly, tightened until the nails dug into palms from pure quivering desire. Almost he could have clutched a great green armful and run, run with it as a coyote runs with palpitating rabbit flesh.

But he knew that he would never clutch, never run. He had seen too much of that.

Your true embezzler has too much imagination and not enough. Hugh knew his statistics. Neither stripes nor expatriation, both of which he could picture plainly, appealed to him. And in all probability he would incur the one or the other. He was American asphalt-born, American asphalt-bred. The unextraditionable spots of the world, with their hot suns and snakes, did not call him any more than did gray stone walls with their clammy cells.

Hugh McNett indeed had less adventure in his soul than most. He was the kind—so tabulated in his immediate superiors' mental lists—who shook a neat barbered head laughingly when small town banks sent in a request to a bigger, obliging institution for a trustworthy young man who could be spared for a place where home talent for some reason was deemed inadvisable. There had been four or five such places in years past offered him.

And it is possible that if the Sublinia opening had been passed on to him—after having been declined for family reasons by Sprague, Holmes and others—on any day but his morose thirty-third birthday, he might have declined it in turn.

But the bitter brooding of the day demanded fruit, even if bitter fruit. Life in a small town seemed decidedly gnarled fruit. But his brooding that day had taken several wry twists. Even a sly twist toward—

The fourth way by which a man can make life comfortable for himself, when other ways have failed, is not a nice way. Perhaps Hugh McNett, having respectfully told a Commonwealth vice-president that he had changed his point of view about going permanently to a small town, did not look himself in the face while he cynically decided upon certain equipment.

He reddened under Carter's parting deduction and advice.

"Solomon in all his—perhaps you're walking into the land of promise, my boy," said Carter with his mechanical smile and gold fillings. "Small towns are honeycombed with fathers who've amassed loamy acres or government bonds for their unattractive daughters' husbands. City daughters"—Carter sighed disagreeably—"who have money these days are marrying for more money, being insatiable."

Equipment? He had bought a brown suit, with shoes, ties, shirts and gloves to harmonize. Some girl—he forgot which one—had once told him that he looked best in brown.

Behind in his Chicago rooming house he left his two volumes, bought years back on the monthly payment plan, of "Paragraphs to Young Tellers on Success."

Sublinia, Indiana, has three thousand of population.

Both Dale Padgway and Saffy Graham came under his sharp dark blue eyes the first day of his arrival.

Dale herself was in the bank when he entered from the train with his suitcase and credentials.

She wore a much washed white linen dress, longer of skirt than was the year's style. Her white chamoisette gloves of elbow

I d a
M.
E v a n s

*Is not Married but she
seems to know more about
Marriage than most*

Read Married Folks

His Wife's Money

Illustrations by Robert E. Johnston

LIKE an addled yolk, the purpose must have lain many years within the speckled shell of Hugh McNett's desires.

In this year of our Lord, as in any year, a man may acquire money in only, practically, four different ways. He may earn it, or find it, or steal it—or marry it. Hugh McNett came to decision between one P. M. and five minutes after one of a raw April day which happened to be his birthday. His thirty-third birthday.

To some men their thirty-third year is a vaulting board. To others it is a deadline. In the case of Hugh McNett, many years of mounting bitterness, a sense of failure that was turning to rancor, reached an intolerable apex in five minutes.

It was not that young Arkwright's promotion that day particularly embittered him.

In seventeen years—he had been sixteen when as messenger boy he first knew the great pink veined marble rotunda of the Commonwealth Mortgage and Trust Company—Hugh McNett had seen too many such promotions. Holmes, Ryley, Tierney, Sprague, Anderson—a long list. Poor Arkwright going blushing to have his hand shaken by president and vice-president!

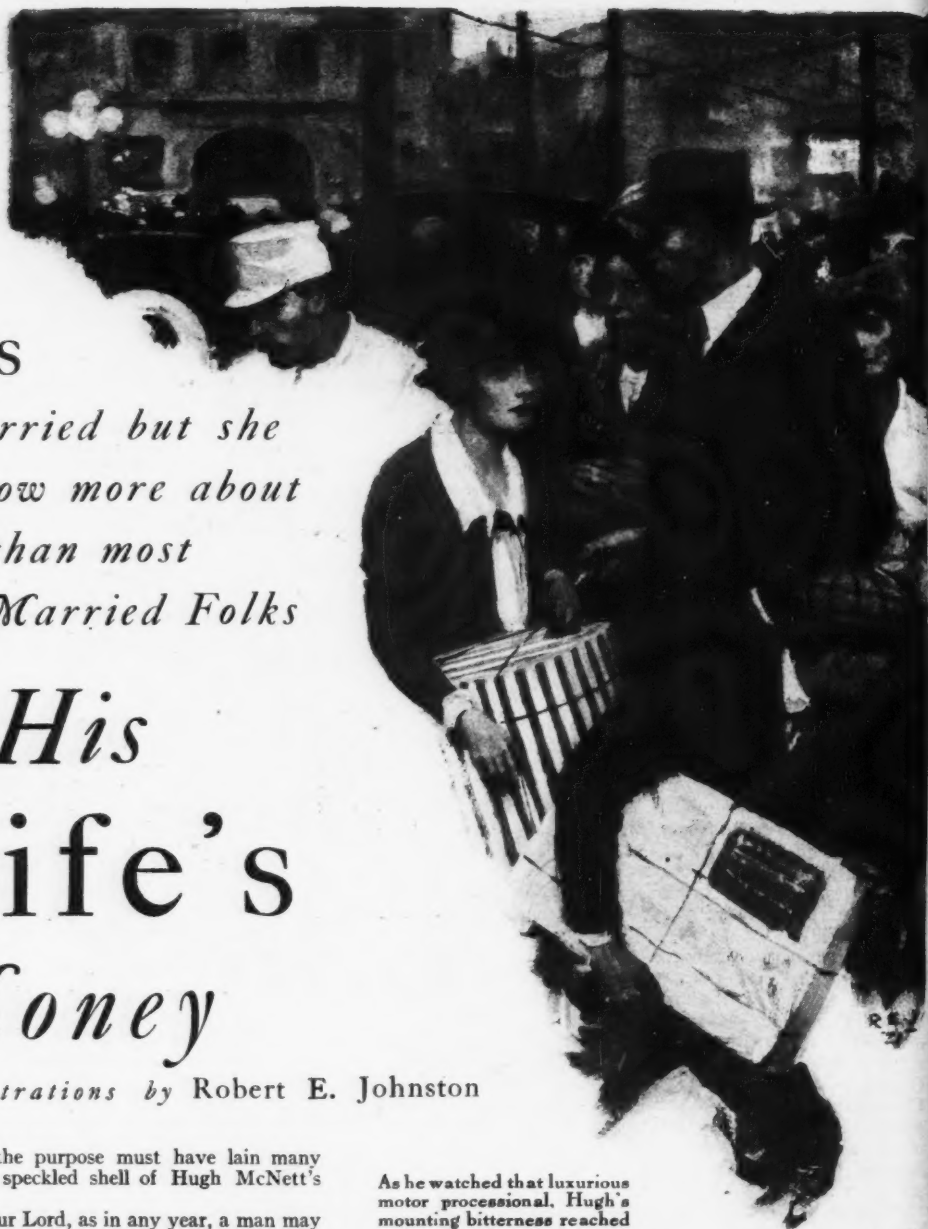
Holmes at the third assistant teller's cage still lived in a suburb and even while he bragged childishly of his raising of runt cucumbers, worried over monthly interest payments. Sprague at the fifth cage was trying to find a tonic that would keep his thin top hair from getting so thin as to attract the keen attention of his superiors. Tierney, whose name was bronze lettered on his cage, sighed helplessly pay days because one hundred and ninety dollars hardly reached for rent and two girls' and a boy's high school books. As for Carter of the me-

As he watched that luxurious motor processional, Hugh's mounting bitterness reached an intolerable apex in the space of five minutes.

chanical smile and the gold fillings, he had never married at all. And the others—Ryley, who took a hundred thousand and had not since been heard of. South America, likely. Altway, who took forty thousand and still had eight years of his sentence to run. Will Leaman, who took four hundred dollars—to spend on a silly little stenographer in the next building—had not been arrested but had been dismissed and branded.

Nine years back Hugh himself had gone blushing forward to have his new teller hand shaken. The chances were, he now cynically reflected, that if nothing worse happened nine years hence young Arkwright would be giving contemptuous pity to someone else going forward. And an hour later would, even as Hugh today, find his noon hour bitter because he was still hungry after his fifteen cent sandwich and coffee in a cheap white tiled lunchroom; because he was fearful that his winter overcoat made him conspicuous in a street of spring coats; because he was risking a tardy mark by a traffic officer's arm upraised unduly long while the motor processional, always interlocked at the intersection of Jackson Boulevard and La Salle Street, spun on and on.

It was really that motor processional which, encountered day by day, brought swelling discontent to putrid head. For so many people this is a motor age, a mad luxury age.





MARCELLA SWANSON, featured with her sister Beatrice in "The Blushing Bride," made her stage debut in that bevy of loveliness, the Sextette in the Shubert revival of the famous "Floradora."

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PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO



MARY HAY, the charming wife of Richard Barthelmess of screen fame, is one of the dainty delights of the delightful "Marjolaine."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

"To F
anted,
where a
They r
Nanett
e eyes-
Emery
Felix,
I should
ant to



"You took away my baby," the woman murmured, "and all the rest of my life I will suffer for it. Remember that, Mr. Emery, always. Carry it away with you."

"To France, real land of the free," Fred Emery supplemented, glancing with the lift of his glass at the girl next to him, where a man is not afraid to be himself!"

They rose, those who were seated, and eight glasses tilted. Nanette pouted. "In America, you drink now only with the eyes—*hein?*"

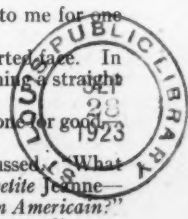
Emery laughed. "Not so that you could notice it!" Félix, the sculptor, swayed a bit uncertainly toward Jean. "I should not want to drink to your eyes, *mon ange*. I should want to drown myself in them!" His arm slipped round the

back of her chair, lips close to hers. "Give them to me for one little moment."

Emery leaned swiftly in front of her flushed, averted face. In spite of the laugh in his answer, his brows were forming a straight black line.

"If you try any more drowning, Félix, you'll be gone for good, never come up again, my friend."

"*Eh bien!*" Félix shrugged, not one whit nonplussed. "What more sublime death? The eyes—and arms—of *la petite Jeanne*—you have died and lived in them many times, eh, *mon Américain?*"



Emery started up. Jean's two hands went out to halt him. "Don't pay any attention, dear," she whispered hurriedly. "Can't you see, he's not responsible for what he's saying?"

"He's responsible to me!"

"Our Frederick is jealous, my friends!" sputtered the futurist Félix. "He thinks he is a modern! *Mon Dieu*, he is primitive—like the man of the cave, like the beast who snarls when one approaches his mate!" He looked up impudently at the towering American. "Should you not be flattered, my friend, that a Frenchman with the taste of a connoisseur bows to yours? Your little Jeanne is adorable—why should not another find her desirable—an artist who knows line better than you?" He made a flourishing, unsteady bow.

Emery's lips went white. Before the girl could stop him, his fist shot out and the little Frenchman, with a look of soggy astonishment, went rolling to the floor.

"Fred—don't!" Jean's frightened breath caught. "Don't make a scene! He doesn't mean anything—pick him up. Fred—please!"

The music intervened with an alluring tango and the rest of the party, except for Evelyn, seized the opportunity to hurry down the stairs. She sent the dart of an arrow from her eyes at the assailant of Félix and stooped over to help him to his chair. The sculptor's teeth were chattering with inarticulate Gallic rage.

"Fred," pleaded the girl in the Jeanne d'Arc warrior costume, "don't say anything more to him! Let's go! I'm tired anyway and it's almost daylight. Dear—won't you?"

Without a word, Emery took her arm and they went down the steps, she trembling a bit as she clung to him. They pushed through the swaying crowd. She was still trembling as he lifted her into a cab and gave their address.

"If that dog hadn't been drunk I'd have killed him," he muttered, arms going round her. "Darling, you're all unnerved."

"It's nothing—nothing! Only, Fred, he felt he had the right to talk to me that way. He's been sweet and chivalrous every time he's called but he showed tonight the class he really puts me in—with Nanette and—"

"Forget him!" Emery broke in. "We both will—the whole episode. It's not worth thinking about. Tomorrow he'll come over to the flat and apologize. He'll be all contrition. Jean—dearest, tell me you're not going to let the thing bother you!"

"Fred—am I in that class? The sort that can be insulted? Isn't our love the beautiful thing we thought it would be? Tell me—tell me!"

"Of course it is!" And anxiously he answered her question with another. "Haven't we had a perfect time? Haven't these months together been heaven?"

"Yes—they have. I didn't think there could be such happiness."

"And aren't you glad we came—that we're here? Aren't you?"

"You know I am!"

"We've been so free—able to come and go exactly as we pleased—yet we haven't wanted to do a thing apart. Suppose we'd stayed in New York—married and settled down—listened to the dictum of our conventional ancestors! By this time we'd be living in a conventional apartment, probably north of Fifty-ninth Street, doing the movies every night for diversion or sitting at either side of the gas logs, you with your evening paper and I with mine. Every now and then I'd grunt out some news or you'd regale me with servant troubles. Domesticity—it's a dirge!"

For the first time since the encounter at the table a smile touched her lips. "I think I'd be happy with you, even married and north of Fifty-ninth Street. That's the way I love you. It doesn't matter how or where—so long as we're together."

"You think that because we've found romance—this way. Wedding bells are its knell."

She did not answer and the anxious look swept once more across his dark, intense face.

"You're not sorry, sweetheart?"

"No—of course not! Why, when your arms close round me, all the rest of the world is shut out. As if it and its laws had never been made! As if you and I were alone—for always—in eternity."

"And you're all I want!" came from him. "Without you, there's nothing for me. Beloved!"

The cab creaked as it stumbled through the curious gray light that is the veil dropped by night before the dawn. Inside there was stillness. Outside all Paris danced.

They stopped before a house that leaned forward out of the shadows like a weary old ghost. It was of wood, with a pointed roof and casement windows, a rickety relic of old Paris. He got

out, lifted her down, paid the sleepy *cocher* and led the way through a small courtyard and up two flights of wailing wooden steps. At the top he unlocked the door to a large studio room. The draught of air reached out long arms and drew them in. Emery looked toward the stove that stood before the mantel. The fire had gone out. He shivered as he picked up a brass scuttle and heaped coal into its yawning mouth.

"Dearest, I wish you'd let us move into more sensible quarters. This decrepit old place is artistic but nerve-racking. It's so draughty that the fire's always going out."

Jean went to the windows and stuffed strips of newspaper into the cracks where they closed.

"Don't forget that we took it not for art but for the price."

"And that's so unnecessary," he protested, "when I could give you everything. When I want to give you everything!"

"You're giving me things all the time—every chance you can make to buy me presents. I can't stop you from doing that. I—I don't want to. But you know our agreement—you must let me pay my own way, we must share equally the expense of living—and this is all I can afford."

"But it's so galling, when I want to spend all the money I have on you."

"Then spend it on my lessons, dear. You know—there's one thing that troubles me a lot. I've wanted to talk to you about it."

"Yes?" he prompted, going to her as she paused in the act of putting a match to the wick of the lamp on a small table. The flame flared up and traveled along the stick until it almost burned her fingers.

"Well?" He blew it out, struck one of his own, and lighted the lamp. Then he cupped a hand under her chin, lifting the vibrant face to his.

"No—wait! I can't tell you if you kiss me. And it has been bothering me—the only thing our coming here has interfered with!"

"What is it, my love?"

"That's just it! Your love! Being your love has made me neglect everything else. If we'd stayed in New York, I should have gone on studying. I wouldn't have let anything in the world keep me from my singing lessons. Not even you, dear, could have made me neglect the thing that for so many years has been my one aim—my one goal. But here—living in this dream-world, with everything about me so new and wonderful, I keep putting off my arrangements. We're sure to say, either you or I, that we'll wait until tomorrow—and tomorrow there's always something else to do."

"But you do practice."

"No—I sing for you when you want to hear me—during the day for an hour or at night when we're not going out. Practicing is going over monotonous little scales again and again and again—tuning up the voice exactly as one tunes up a violin. It would drive you insane—that's why I haven't done much of it."

"Don't worry, sweetheart! I'll get a studio outside soon—only I hate to be away from you all day. Let's have this wonderful, carefree dream of ours a while longer. Your voice will be more beautiful for it. We'll have de Reszke take you in hand then. Promise not to worry—promise!"

She went into his arms, lifting her lips.

"I always promise what you want, don't I?"

"And when we both begin work seriously, you can practice those scales from dawn till dark. They'll be music because it's your voice!"

The first faint rays of morning touched like timid fingers the black painted floor. Jean drew back presently and went toward the little hall that led to the rear room.

"We must get some sleep—and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the bedroom were an icebox, too. Stay in here while I light the stove. Thank heaven it's an oil one!"

When he was alone, Fred Emery went to the casement windows, in his troubadour costume fitting curiously into the frame they made. Paris had stretched her beautiful body for a final nap before dawn. The streets were somnolent, deadly quiet, much as they had been that night in the Square when he and Jean decided to come away to live their own life according to their own will.

He raised his two hands and pushed back the heavy shock of hair that swept over his eyes. It had been heavenly, this long stretch of holiday, months without a care, without a thought of the world outside themselves. But the incident at the ball tonight disturbed him. That was because he knew it was disturbing Jean. He had sensed in the cab her tense, nervous recoil from Félix's insult, the surge of (Continued on page 100)



LILLIAN RUSSELL

In the *Good Old Days* of Weber and Fields

WHILE I was at the Casino singing in "La Belle Helène," I signed a contract with Weber and Fields for one season at their Music Hall at Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway, New York.

I considered that the combination of Weber and Fields was a perfect one. I had enjoyed their performances from the front of the house long before I had had any thought of joining their forces. Mr. Fields is a wonderfully sympathetic man because he is an actor. He has greater talent than he has ever had the opportunity to express, because the public always expects him to be funny. He has a depth of feeling that, were he to have a play similar to those with which Mr. Belasco furnishes Mr. Warfield, would enable him to enjoy the same results that Mr. Warfield enjoys.

Mr. Weber is just as clever in his way as Mr. Fields. He is a great business manager and producer. He never aspired to be an actor—he was the managing member of the firm. They were a wonderful combination, and have been ever since they were brought up together as boys, downtown in New York. I have heard them tell of the first partnership they ever formed, and I also heard Joe's mother, Mrs. Weber, tell the same story.

When the boys were about eight years of age she set them up in business. She made a lot of gingersnaps every Saturday night. She was the factory and they were the salesmen. On Sunday, Joe and Lew would go up to 129th Street and the Harlem River where excursionists took the boat to Highbridge, with mother's gingersnaps; they would sell them and take home the profits to Mrs. Weber. Thus she made business men of them while they were still children.

Weber and Fields's Music Hall was a business and a most reliable and lucrative one, as all New York knows. For five

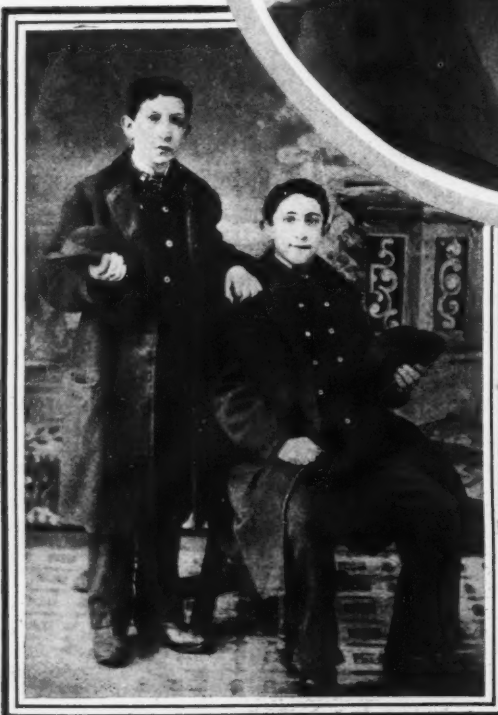
years we remained at the Music Hall on Broadway, beginning our season on the first Thursday in September. You will wonder why Weber and Fields always started their seasons on Thursday nights. I often wondered myself, but I never thought to ask. I surmised that they began their partnership on one Thursday, made a success and had just that little superstition as to Thursday's being the luckiest day in the week for them.

I remember one season when the opening was delayed by the non-arrival of some costumes which Mr. Charles Joseph had purchased for them in Paris. The costumes arrived on Saturday after the advertised opening, but nothing would induce Weber and Fields to open the season on the following Monday night, although everything was in readiness and waiting. They postponed the opening until the following Thursday.

My first season at the Music Hall was vastly more important to me than any other that followed, as it was the means of changing the whole method of my line of work on the stage. I had always played comic opera, singing only the highest class music and speaking serious lines. Mr. Edgar Smith, who wrote all of the comedy material that was played at the Music Hall, was in my opinion the most clever burlesque writer of the day. I met Mr. Smith, the author, and Mr. John Stromberg, the composer of the music, at Weber and Fields's Music Hall on the day the managers had called the company together to hear Mr. Smith read the new play which was to open the season. This was very amusing to me, for Mr. Smith read these burlesque sketches as seriously and with as much dignity as Mr. Augustus Thomas would have read a tragedy to his company. The first reading of most plays as a rule is not interesting, but we always enjoyed our first readings, and we were a wonderful audience for Smith. He often remarked that he hoped the paying pu



The good old days.
Standing (left to right):
Frank Langley; E. V.
Nichols; George B.
Beban; John T.
Kelly; Gus Sohlke;
Dabney Smith;
William H. Oviatt;
Charles Mitchell;
William R. Sill.
Seated: Frankie
Bailey; Ada
Lewis; Lew Fields;
Fay Templeton;
Edgar Smith
(reading); Lillian
Russell; Joe Web-
er; Willie Collier;
Helen Collier.



From an old tintype. Even as lads Weber
sh and Fields were business partners, selling
re Mrs. Weber's gingersnaps to excursionists.

would laugh as much
when they heard the
comedies on the stage
as we did when we
heard them read in
an empty theater—
and they invariably
did, as there were
no failures at Web-
er and Fields's.

Among the wonder-
fully clever people
engaged by Weber
and Fields were Mr.
Charley Ross and
Mabel Fenton, Mr.
David Warfield, Mr.
Peter Dailey, Mr. John
T. Kelly, Mr. Julian
Mitchell, Miss Bessie
Clayton, Mr. Lee Harrison,
Miss Bonnie Maginn and
Miss Belle Robinson, and
the well known star chorus of girls.

During that first season I enjoyed
the scene in a café with Mr. Warfield
and Mr. Fields. Mr. Warfield played a
Jewish merchant, Fields played a waiter.

I was supposed to be an adventuress. Mr. War-
field was giving me a little dinner in a fashionable
café. He allowed me to order the dinner, which
order I gave in French, ending with "and a demi
tasse." Mr. Warfield then said, "Lady, don't eat
yourself sick 'cause you get it for nothing"; then

turning to Fields, "Give me the same and a cup of coffee." Fields asked,
"But have you got the money?" to which Warfield answered: "I don't
care if it costs a hundred dollars."

Then Fields fell full length on the stage!

That scene was followed by one between Mr. Warfield and myself which
we called the "Bohemia scene." I had a nice little serious speech:
"Bohemia, you know, is a little dwelling of fancy where all the inhabitants
are kings and queens in imagination, with a trunk for a throne and a
beer glass for a scepter—a land where no thought of tomorrow ever
enters; where every true Bohemian would rather have a hundred dollars
occasionally than twenty dollars a week continuously. What do they
do for a living? They scorn the thought and live only for art." I
always liked that little speech.

But David always caused a laugh from the audience while I was
delivering it. I could not see his face, but I saw the faces of the audience.
If you remember the scene, Mr. Warfield was dressed in a ridiculous
bathing suit and wore a pair of large false bare feet. That alone was
irresistible enough to keep an audience laughing as long as he remained
on the stage. I begged him, before we opened that season, to let me
have that Bohemia speech and not to do anything to make the audience
laugh while I was delivering it. He promised he would stand perfectly

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A favorite portrait
of Lillian Russell.

Lillian Russell

still and let me have that "bit"; but two or three nights after the opening I saw the audience laughing during my speech, and I reminded David of his promise. He swore he would never do it again, but the very next night the audience laughed more than ever. I turned in the middle of the speech and looked at David.

There he stood, perfectly still, in that ridiculous make-up, looking sadder than I had ever seen him look before, while big tears were rolling down his cheeks. Then everything was finished for me. I laughed and I simply could not finish that scene. He did stop kidding, however, after that. But I learned a secret of Mr. Warfield's at that minute which prevented me from crying at any of his wonderfully serious scenes in any of his later great successes. I discovered that he could draw tears to his eyes by simply working some muscle in his face.

The first year I was at the Music Hall David and I both played in the burlesque on "Arizona," that charming play by Augustus Thomas which was playing then at the Herald Square Theater. We had quite a long wait behind the scenes and generally sat together back of the stage. It was in those intervals that he told his hopes and ambitions. He

would place his hands together in front of him, touching the tips of his artistic white fingers together, and dream. I can see him now, always building. His first idea was a home for his mother and father in California where he began his theatrical career. He had seen some character on the street which appealed to him as funny, and he had made up an act imitating that person. He built upon that idea continually, adding any scene he might see enacted in the streets of San Francisco that appealed to him as funny. His celebrated "hat scene" was one of the real scenes he had witnessed on the streets in California. One-third of his interpretation of it was real; two-thirds of it was built by his imagination and his art. Finally he came East and made his first appearance in New York at the Casino in "Gay New York," by Gustave Kerker and Hugh Morton. He did several specialties in that play at the Casino, and gave a rather remarkable imitation of Henry Irving which called forth much praise. He was then engaged for Weber and Fields's Music Hall. When I came upon the scene he had just married and was enjoying a real home and home cooking for the first time since he had been a child—and David would become as rhapsodical over some delicious new dish his wife had prepared for him as he would over playing Shylock.



To Peter Dailey life was a bubble, and he made it seem so to everyone about him.

A scene from "Whirligig" with Lillian Russell that will conjure up memories of laughter.

The next season Weber and Fields produced a burlesque of "Barbara Frietchie"; they called it "Barbara Fidgety." David Warfield played the part which was played in the Faversham and Marlowe production by Arnold Daly, that of a country boy who became crazy. David was wonderful in that crazy scene! Mr. Belasco and Mrs. Carter were in a box at a matinee of "Barbara Fidgety" one afternoon, and as I was not playing in the burlesque I went out and sat in the box with them. Mr. Belasco turned to me after David's crazy scene and said: "How clever that man is! He has endless possibilities. I would like to meet him." And he did meet him, and you all know the results.

After David Warfield left the Weber and Fields Company I saw him only occasionally, for he was playing continually and I was doing likewise. During the war, however, when that wonderful "Over There" company of stars went on a tour of one night stands in the large cities for the benefit of the Red Cross and was about to appear in Pittsburgh where I live, Mr. Warfield came there to help me with the auction of the boxes and seats for the performance. He was as good an auctioneer off the stage as on. He sold the first box to Mr. Andrew W. Mellon for \$5,000.

My second season at Weber and Fields's, Mr. Charles Ross and Miss Mabel Fenton retired from the cast, and Miss Fay Templeton returned to the Music Hall. Mr. Sam Bernard, Mr. Willie Collier and his wife, Louise Allen, joined the company. Pete Dailey was always there.

I am sure that to theater-goers acquainted with the stage of those days the name of Peter Dailey will conjure up a whole host of remembrances of laughter, for he was continually "stopping the show" with ridiculous things that came to his mind on the spur of the moment. Peter was that rarest of all comedians—the natural one to whom all things are funny. Life to him was a bubble, and he made it seem that way to everyone about him.

He never learned any part that was handed to him. He said he didn't have to; nor did he. His humor was so natural, so genuine, so spontaneous, that it sprouted like a living thing in his footsteps. He never took himself any more seriously than he took his work or his friends, or life itself.

He never learned a rôle, as I have said. In fact I doubt if he ever learned three consecutive lines in their right order. He was our despair at rehearsals, for he never studied and never did the same thing twice. But he made us laugh, even in our despair, harder than he made audiences laugh on the stage; and we all loved him. He was always obliged to dance, and although he was one of the best dancers for a fat man that I have ever seen, he refused to learn a dance and preferred to add his own steps just as the fancy took him.

One of the ushers of the little theater would tell us his prize story of a man who came to see our performance every night for a month. He always sat in the same seat and left the theater after the second act.

"Got a friend in the show?" asked Harry of the patron one night.

"No," said the man, "but I've made up my mind I'm going to see Peter Dailey finish that dance in the second act. He never has yet, and this is the third week I've been coming here."

But Peter never did finish the dance. He knew the first few steps of it and that was all. When he had danced a minute or so he always stopped, walked up and down the stage in time to the music and watched the chorus girls do the dance while he made admiring remarks.

Songs were the same. He flatly refused to bother learning words.

"Life's too short to waste that way," he would say lightly.

I remember one song he had to sing, the chorus of which ran, "For that they call me Colonel." Peter sang that song for a whole season, and I do not believe he ever knew more than four lines of it. When he could not remember what came next, he would make up a line that would fit in with the lilt of the song, and most often it would not be a rhyme—and sometimes he would sing, "For that they made me Colonel, tum, tum, tum"; and the audience laughed and begged for more each time he stopped.

That was the incredible part of it; no matter what Peter Dailey did, he was always funny—and if he did not do it, it was funnier still! People began laughing the minute he appeared on the stage, and he was universally loved. When he did not break up the rest of the company by making us laugh at him, he did so by changing whole situations. He would walk on in a serious scene and turn it into a hurricane of laughter. We were always in a state of fearful expectancy, but we were never vexed, for no one could be cross with Peter Dailey.

One Christmas night I was presented with a beautiful diamond crown, and of course I wore it at the performance. During one of my songs the incorrigible Peter walked on and stopped me.

"Tell me, Lillian," he said anxiously, "have you a headache?"

"Of course not," I replied indignantly. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, if you haven't a headache, why are you wearing all that cracked ice on your head?" he demanded and walked off, leaving me to finish the song as best I could.

His jests were as clean as his own clean, keen mind and his joyous heart. That heart was a big one, too. No story of distress ever reached him without causing him to make an effort to relieve it. He hated being thanked for his kindnesses, which were like the sands of the sea. When a poor chorus girl fell ill or met with any kind of misfortune and he was asked to contribute, Peter's hand went automatically into his pocket.

He would come to me in great confidence.

"Here's ten dollars, Lillian," he would say. "Add it to the fund for that girl, but for heaven's sake don't tell her I sent her money—or she'll be wanting me to marry her!"

Peter never wanted to go home at night. It was always a delight to him to go from party to party after the theater, remaining only a short time at each one, eating, and drinking beer—the only liquor he ever touched. He was perfectly happy just to be in a crowd of kindred spirits who could be made to laugh at his never ending jests.

His wife, Mary Dailey, was devoted to him and he to her. She used to prepare a lunch for him every night, and when Peter arrived home about daylight each morning he would find her waiting for him. She would have a cold supper on the table and a pitcher of milk. He would sleep all day.

There was one comedian with our company, Mr. Charley Bigelow, who was a fine actor with an excellent sense of humor as far as his rôles were concerned, but exceedingly nervous and temperamental; the slightest annoyance or unusual incident was likely to throw all remembrance of his lines completely out of his head. It was always the joy of Peter Dailey's life to "rag" poor Charley Bigelow.

On one occasion Charley Bigelow played the rôle of a Spanish grandee. He had a beautiful costume of yellow velvet embroidered with gold spangles, knee breeches, a yellow embroidered bolero and yellow stockings, a red silk handkerchief around his head, and a beautiful gold embroidered sombrero. He wore a long red silk necktie that reached to the waist.

Peter walked on the stage as Charley was beginning to speak.

"What are you made up for?" he demanded in his accustomed informal manner, "a banana?"

Charley immediately forgot the remainder of his lines. Then Peter walked off the stage, leaving Bigelow to face a shrieking audience.

The last time I saw Peter Dailey was at a little supper party given in Philadelphia to several members of the Weber and Fields Company. Peter came in late—as usual—laughing and jesting—as always. There were twelve of us seated at the table.

"Peter, Peter, you are the thirteenth," somebody cried.

"Am I?" he said rather carelessly. "Well, I'm glad I am. I am a living example of how lucky thirteen may be for the rest of you."

Peter Dailey died a few months later in Chicago, and all of us remembered when we heard of his death that he had been the thirteenth at supper the season before, and most of us shuddered; for those who live by chance cannot fail to find in their hearts a touch of superstition, and Peter had belonged to the time that has gone; driven out by the money changers in the temple of art and laughter. But it is a comfort to have lived in that time, for there were giants in those days, and he was one of them.

He died in harness as he would have wished to do. Had he stopped to consider himself when ill instead of his manager and the public, and remained in his hotel instead of going to the theater with a temperature of 103, he would most likely be with us now, lightening the hearts of the American public in his own inimitable manner.

Fay Templeton returned to Weber and Fields the second season I was with them. She and I had been acquainted previously, but in the Weber and Fields engagement we learned to appreciate each other. Our friendship has been a rare one. We have been closer, I think, than most women, for the days of rehearsing together and playing in the same theater count in the hundreds. And yet there have been long periods when we did not see one another or hear from one another. Two or three years would pass, and Fay and I would not meet. But mutual friends would tell me of meeting her and chatting with her of me, and had been delegated to carry all sorts of messages. (Continued on page 110)

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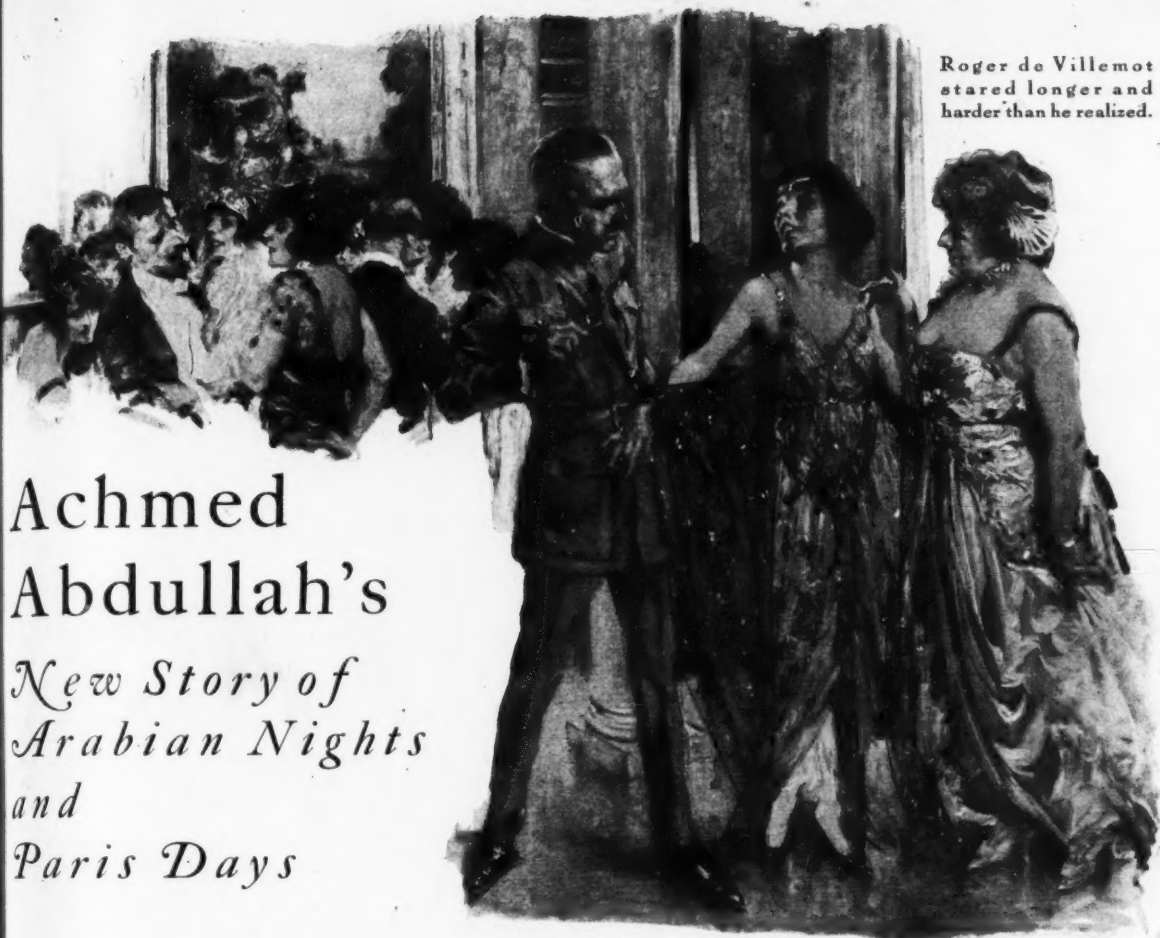
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Roger de Villemot
stared longer and
harder than he realized.

Achmed Abdullah's *New Story of Arabian Nights and Paris Days*

Most Just Among Moslems

Illustrations by A. I. Keller

"A NAÏVE worshiper at the shrine of self," old Made-moiselle Marie de Tourcoing used to characterize her nephew, the Marquis Roger de Villemot. "The sort who is jealous when he sees a pretty woman whom he doesn't know stroll down the boulevards with a man whom he doesn't know either. Pathological? A—what's that new word—a complex? No, no. Simply a virulent form of the disease called youth—"

Sidi Mahmoud Chedli, on the other hand, was more metaphorical in his judgment, being an Arab; also, by the same token of race and faith, was he less tolerant. After he had arranged with some of his household for an alibi which would confound even the chilly logic of a French prosecuting attorney, he said quite casually to his negro pipe-servant:

"Tell me, Zaid! Where is the religion of robbers? Where is the forbearance of a fool? Where is the affection of a courtesan? Where is the truth of a liar?"

"The All-Merciful alone knows," Zaid mumbled piously.

"There are moments," smiled Sidi Mahmoud, "when I wonder if the All-Merciful does know."

Then, very calmly, he sent for Lella Fathouma, his youngest wife.

He was sure that, this last half hour, she had been behind the brocaded curtains which divided the reception salon from the *haremluk*. For this was a Moslem house. No privacy was here for either joy or despair. There was always the watching of invisible eyes, the listening of invisible ears. Twice while talking to Roger de Villemot he had heard a rustle of silken

garments, a pattering of bare feet, a suppressed, staccato breathing.

And once he had heard the laughter of women, low, tinkly, malicious; doubtless his other two wives, he thought, Lella Meryem and Lella Nefoussa bent-Daoud.

"Ask her to come, fearing naught," he added.

The negro salaamed. "Listen is obey, *yah Sidi*."

"I shall wait for her on the balcony."

He stepped out.

The evening was streaming to the west in a ripple of red; beneath the glow, outlined against the naked, dead white tenuity of the little Arab houses, the palm fronds were strewn like roses.

Always, at sunset, he would stand here and look over the town, drinking in its beauty, its peace and its mazed riddles. Here he would say his *ishat*, his vesper prayers, smoke three cigarettes, never more and never less, and then for an hour meditate on his favorite philosophical doctrines. It had developed into a habit, from the prayers which meant little to the philosophic musings which meant less, a daily episode, almost a rite which had become stronger as he had grown older; and he hated to have his habits upset—as Roger de Villemot had upset them a few minutes earlier.

"Allah!" He shrugged his shoulders with rather ungracious resignation.

Presently Fathouma would come. Then he would have to chide her—

He leaned over the balcony. He could hear the songs of joy



At the last moment Roger de Villemot understood. But it was too late.

which, at the end of *tchebiah*, the Hebrew month of grief, rose from the synagogue at the corner of the Street of the Lizard with extravagant fervor:

*Elo elo yano
Elo elo chad
Shoomir Israel . . .*

The *chammach*, the guardian of the synagogue, happened to look up. Both men smiled, bowed. They exchanged courteous greetings.

"May the All-Merciful bless thy feastings, O son of Israel!"

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"May thy destiny be as honey in thy mouth, O most just among Moslems!"

Again Sidi Mahmoud watched the coiling throng of Algerian and Moroccan Jews in festive garb; the older men in the statuesque simplicity of turbans and swathing *gehchebiah* robes, the younger aping Piccadilly and Rotten Row; the older women in the full, orthodox dignity of *kaftans* heavily embroidered with gold, Moorish, silver stitched slippers on their feet and fringed foulard kerchiefs completely covering their hair; the young girls' sardonic caricatures of Paris fashions.

He tried to smile; tried to forget the task which would be his

when Fathouma came to him; tried to force himself to enjoy the motley scene at his feet: the triumphant shouts of "yoo-yoo-yoo"; the riot of the vendors of *kous-kous*, and bread dusted with anise and poppy seeds, and sugared drinks, clanging their metal cups and plates and yelling out the nature and quality and price of their wares; the exaggerated greetings as friend met friend, throwing arms about shoulders like wrestlers and flipping kisses into the air with apparent relish; the laughing, grotesque exchange of repartee:

"Ah, Esther, my life! One would imagine a rose of Hebron—at least the thorn of it!"

"May the thorn choke thee and thy talking!"

"Thy upper lip is smooth today, Deborah! Long life to thy barber!"

"*Jahneh ikheudaq!* May Shaitan blacken thy chance, unclean Egyptian!"

"Hush, hush!" warned the *chammach* in a sibilant whisper. "Here is Aaron Azoubib, the man of God!"

Once more Sidi Mahmoud bowed courteously as from the synagogue, accompanied by a dozen Talmudists, came an old rabbi.

The latter raised both hands in sign of blessing.

"Jahveh's mercy on thy head, O most just among Moslems!"

"Amen, O teacher in Israel!"

It was not that Sidi Mahmoud Chedli loved Jews. But years ago he had been educated in Paris, where he had steeped himself in European wisdom and ideals. Unconscious of his ethical limitations, he prided himself on his lack of medieval prejudices, his freedom from religious and racial bias, his absolute perception of four-square justice; liked to think of himself as thoroughly westernized, thoroughly modernized. And it was, if not exactly this quality as such, then at least the interesting result of this quality, which had attracted the Marquis de Villemot to the middle-aged Arab who, though not good looking, wore that inalienable stamp called pedigree and blood, that savor, elusive and indefinable like the bouquet of old wine, in his cold gray eyes, his hawkish nose, his thin lips, the wide sweep of his shoulders and the extraordinary smallness of his hands and feet.

They had met during one of the Arab's periodic visits to Paris and while the Frenchman, whose regiment had been stationed in Indo-China for several years, was on long furlough, in the house of old Mademoiselle de Tourcoing.

There, in that salon which breathed the gentle, rather anemic elegance of the past with its simple carpet of taupe and claret velvet, the sad, light gray panelings of tulip wood, the ceiling in Lebrun's best manner with Titans pursued by Jove's thunderbolts, the tortoise shell boxes and Buhl tables and fine old enameled plates framed in dark green plush—amidst all that pathetic mixture of old maid precision and grand dame coquetry, Sidi Mahmoud Chedli had at first cut an incongruous figure, according to Roger de Villemot, who had jested about it with typical Parisian sharpness, saying that the man was entirely too dramatic for the prosy chic of the twentieth century.

"I like him," Mademoiselle de Tourcoing had insisted. "He is the soul of justice. Everybody in Algiers says so. And he is tremendously good natured."

"Good natured? Oh, yes! I suppose even his dogs call him by his first name," the Marquis had laughed.

"But—"

"Really, I know the Arabs. I served a year in Morocco before I was transferred to Indo-China. And, for my personal taste, the Arabs are too—oh!—quite too unexpected in their reactions."

"Don't be so prejudiced, Roger. I met Sidi Mahmoud while you were away. I grew to like him very much. He is absolutely modern—a perfect darling—"

"How many wives has the darling?"

"Three."

"There you are! Polygamous, eh? And you call him modern, my beloved aunt!"

"Can anything be more up to date—in Paris?" Mademoiselle de Tourcoing had smiled. "And the Sidi shows such exquisite taste in choosing his wives."

"How do you know?"

"Last year I was in Algiers for a few weeks. I met his youngest wife. Fathouma. Adorable name, don't you think?"

"Does she do it justice?"

"Rather. She is delicious. And she speaks such charming French."

"That won't do me any good. No chance of my ever meeting

her, I'm afraid, except with her face covered by a horsehair veil and an obese eunuch standing by with five and a half foot of naked blade."

"Quite wrong."

"Oh—?"

"Didn't I tell you that Sidi Mahmoud Chedli is thoroughly westernized? His wives wear the veil at home, in Algiers. Of course. He wouldn't care to outrage his countrymen's prejudices. But in Paris—"

"Why—?" Roger de Villemot had looked up, a sudden gleam of interest in his hazel-brown eyes. "Do they ever come here?"

"Fathouma does."

"When?"

"Eager to meet her?" Mademoiselle de Tourcoing had teased. "Well—you can ask her for a tango three weeks from next Saturday. I am giving a dance in her honor. You'll come, won't you?"

"Delighted!"

"And—please—don't play the flippant, blasé young Parisian. Be nice to her. She is such a dear little thing."

"I'll try my best. In the meantime"—for there were moments when Roger de Villemot's egotism was sublime in its transparent ingenuousness—"don't you think I had better drop in on her husband?"

"By all means!"

That same afternoon he called on the other. Resignedly expectant to be bored, he was pleasantly disappointed when he discovered that his aunt was right, and that Sidi Mahmoud Chedli was not only imbued with the deeper essence of western culture and ideals but also familiar with every up to date twist of speech and view, truly Parisian in his art of lending glamour to the fleeting fad of the moment or dazzling a modish trick into an epoch making, esthetic dogma.

Thus—and this had happened about a year earlier, and perhaps Sidi Mahmoud, looking from the balcony out on the Street of the Lizard and exchanging courteous greetings with *chammach* and rabbi, was thinking of it subconsciously—a certain friendship sprang up between the Frenchman and the Arab. Perhaps it was because, the ice once broken, the Marquis de Villemot took a genuine liking to the other; perhaps because he was intrigued by the idea that he would meet the Sidi's young wife, an Arab woman, on terms of social equality and ease, without her veil and all the inhibitions which the veil stood for.

He saw her for the first time on the evening of Mademoiselle de Tourcoing's ball.

Entering by the side of her hostess, who was built on the generous, broad beamed lines of a Dutch frigate and dressed in orthodox lavender taffeta and rose-point lace, she presented a charming contrast, with her silken, raven-black hair folded like wings over tiny ears; her ivory-white complexion, different from that of European women, thicker, like heavy satin with a dull sheen; her profile clear as a cameo; her eyes, large and ice-green, with golden highlights beneath hooded brows; her supple young body in a low cut, creamy gown of slender Grecian lines and with a loosely draped girdle that was woven in a confused pattern of peacock-blues and greens and strange pottery-reds. She wore a single jewel, a huge emerald that fell over her forehead like a drop of liquid green fire.

He was introduced to her, bowed over her hand, mumbled a few banalities, stared at her. He stared longer and harder than he realized.

Suddenly she broke into laughter.

"Monsieur le Marquis is short sighted?" she queried with gentle irony.

For the first time in his life Roger de Villemot blushed.

"I—I beg your pardon—" he stammered.

"Granted"—with a wave of her narrow hand toward the palm screened orchestra that was brushing out with a hiccuppy, slapstick American jazz dance—"if you will show me how to fox trot."

It was his turn to laugh.

"How deliciously out of season and reason!" he mocked.

"Why, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"To fox trot with a woman called—oh!—" He hesitated.

"Fathouma—"

"Teach me how to pronounce it with that adorable lisp," he smiled, "and I shall teach you all the latest steps."

So they danced; and late that night at his club, the Cercle Richelieu in the Avenue Malakoff, he confided to Captain Ducastel of his regiment that, when it came to flirting, the Orient had nothing to learn from the Occident.



"Give way for the household of Sidi Mahmoud Chedli!" they cried. An impetuous yearning leaped

"Right!" agreed the other. "Woman has not changed since Ananias told Sapphira that she had the neatest ankles in Jerusalem."

"Yes. All women are alike."

"But the trouble is that all men are not. Be careful, my little Roger," interrupted the old Count Gérard de Pontmartin, who in his youth had been French *chargé d'affaires* at the Court of His Highness Si-Ali Hamouda Bey, regent of Tunis. "Arabs have a peculiar code of honor."

"But"—unconsciously Roger de Villemot used his aunt's very words and intonation—"Sidi Mahmoud is thoroughly westernized."

"Is he?" Count de Pontmartin smiled thinly. "And yet I remember a saying of the Moroccan Jews that one should not trust a Moslem where woman is concerned—even after he has been dead and buried for forty years."

"Sidi Mahmoud is French, ultra-European, in his every viewpoint. And he is tremendously fair minded, tremendously just—I know—I've discussed all sorts of things with him—"

"Justice is largely a matter of climate and geography. And—as to his being ultra-European—I suppose he knows all about golden mocha spoons and the home policy of the ancient Peruvians and the latest drama at the Gymnase and how not to trump his partner's ace. Oh, yes! I have no doubt. And still . . ." He squinted at the other over the rim of his mild nightcap of grenadine-au-kirsch. "If you will forgive me for being an old

bore who lives mostly in the past, I remember yet another Moroccan saying—something about the tragic futility of anointing a snake's head with attar of roses—"

"Our modern Arabs have forgotten all about attar of roses," laughed the Marquis. "They use the perfumes made in Paris. I tell you this particular Arab is westernized."

"In theory!"

"Watch me prove the theory!"

He did so the next morning when he called at Sidi Mahmoud's hotel and asked permission to take his wife for a canter—"unless," he smiled, "you insist on the Moslem equivalent for a chaperon?"

"Not a bit."

"I would ask you to come with us," the Frenchman went on, "but I only brought a couple of Tonkinese fillies from the Far East. Splendid animals, though." He was an enthusiastic cavalryman. "Cut neat about the muzzles and with dainty hocks like a ballerina. They can take a fence in the open and waltz across the tan like circus ponies."

"You do like horses, don't you, Monsieur le Marquis?" asked Fathouma.

"Best in all the world—next to women!" All three laughed. "Of course you ride?"

"Yes," her husband replied for her. "She was born in the desert, among the Black Tents, you know."

"Hard to believe."

"Oh—?"



into the Marquis's blood full fledged.

"Indeed, madame. You seem the perfect little Parisienne, from your—"

"Monsieur le Marquis!" she interrupted. "Don't spoil it all by becoming horsy again and saying 'from muzzle to hock'!"

"But," he countered, "I do adore horses!"

She curtsied. "Then I feel flattered because of the comparison," she replied; and again all three laughed gaily.

They went for their ride, stopped at a restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne for lunch, tangoed the same night at the Duke de Belleville's dinner dance, went for another canter the following morning; and during the weeks to come—weeks perfumed with comradeship and flirtation and easy intimacy, then, on his part, with sentiment and finally with a stirring of passion—he saw a great deal of her, while Sidi Mahmoud Chedli smiled upon them benignly when he found time to look up from his bridge table, his light conversations with dowager and débutante or his grave political discussions with the older men.

There seemed not even a trace of jealousy or suspicion in his nature; nor was there a trace of that characteristic Oriental reticence when speaking about the women of his house, about his *haremlik*.

He even jested about it and, when the Countess de Kergoualez asked him why he did not bring his other two wives to Paris, he replied with a smile that they were what was called "old turban" in Algiers—old-fashioned people. "Mid-Victorian they would call them in England," he added, "taken up with

the Arab variants for vapors and simpering. Why—even the Lotus Petal doesn't quite approve of my Paris jaunts!"

"And who may the Lotus Petal be?" asked the Countess.

"Oh—just a little dancing girl."

"I hardly think you need her. Haven't you three wives already?"

He laughed. "You know how it is," he rejoined. "You go down the Rue Royale. You see a charming hat in a shop window. You go in and buy it, though the chances are that you'll never wear it—though you don't really need it . . ."

"Well? Am I right?" whispered Roger de Ville-mot to the old Count de Pontmartin. "Is he westernized or not?"

"Quite. On the surface. And yet—there is a Moroccan saying—"

"Never mind! Never mind!" the Marquis cut in impatiently and, crossing the ballroom, asked Lella Fathouma for the next fox trot.

It is a moot point if, at least in this one instance, Mademoiselle de Tourcoing's psychological estimate of her nephew was just. Perhaps he was indeed a naive worshiper at the shrine of self, apt to view all things from his own angle of vision. But he himself—and there had been many women in his life—believed implicitly that, for the first time, real love had come to him and that, in the ice-green depths of Fathouma's eyes, there lurked for him the answer to the old, eternal, tremulous mysteries, that here was a soul to surrender, and not only the body.

He told her so one evening when, on the occasion of a ball, they had escaped from the house in his touring car and were driving through the Bois—it was wintry and crisp, throbbing with the low hum of a sleeping world. The perfume from her corsage intoxicated him. Suddenly he took her in his arms. He kissed her on the lips.

"I love you," he said; and the trite words seemed to him to hold the essence of all the world's truth and beauty. "I love you with all my heart and soul. I—I cannot live without you . . ."

She kissed him back, once, rapidly. Then she laughed. It was a clear laugh, unaffected, childlike.

"I'm afraid you'll have to live without me," she said. "You see—we are returning to Algiers."

"When?"

"Tomorrow."

"But—you didn't tell me—I didn't know—"

"The Sidi made up his mind this morning. It's a business matter—something to do with his vineyards, I think. So I believe you will have to fall in love with somebody else, Roger dear."

"Fathouma! Please! Don't say such things! You hurt my feelings!"

"I am sorry. And really"—she took his hand—"I shall miss you."

"You won't have to. I am going to Algiers myself. I have an uncle in the ministry of war. I'll get transferred to another regiment. No, no!" as he raised her hand to his lips. "I shall not let you get away from me now I know that you—" He slurred; stopped.

"That I—what?"

"That you love me, too!"

"Are you sure I do, Roger?"

"You"—he caught himself stammering absurdly—"you kissed me back!"

"Did I?"

"You did!"

"Oh . . ." She seemed utterly Parisian in her flippancy. "Perhaps my lips slipped." Again she was sorry when she saw the look of distress that filmed his eyes. She told him so. "But," she went on, "even if you came to Algiers, what good would that do, dear? Why—Algiers means—"

"Paradise to me!"

"But a paradise with the doors locked and bolted. You see—over there everything is so different from Paris. There is the veil—the *haremlik* . . ."

"Sidi Mahmoud is westernized."

"But he is a just man—so just! He would not wound his countrymen's prejudices. And then there are his other two wives—the wives of his youth, older than I. They are jealous of me. They do not like me. Really, Roger—"

"Love will find a way," he said with boyish assurance, "unless, of course, you forbid me to come."

"And"—there was a Mona Lisa smile in her eyes—"suppose I did forbid you, would you obey?"

"No!"

"There you are!" she laughed. But when he tried to kiss her once more she resisted. "No, no!" she said.

"But—"

"I don't want to!"

"Please—"

"No!"

"All right. I'll ask you again in Algiers, when I see you—"

"When you see me—or if you see me?"

"I am going to see you!" he insisted with a certain keen exultation.

A month later he arrived in Algiers. The next day he went to the house of Sidi Mahmoud Chedli.

He was not an imaginative man, nor was he high strung, self-searching, given to screwing his emotions into test tubes. He was just the average combination of courage and cowardice, weakness and strength, good and bad impulses, with a hot Latin sensuousness perhaps the dominant motive of his character. These last four weeks he had looked forward to seeing Fathouma again, had thought of her with motley imaginings, both soft and brutal. But he felt, somehow, slightly depressed as he saw the low, flat roofed house that faced the Street of the Lizard with a dead white wall, unbroken but for a birds' nest balcony, and that was surrounded on the other three sides by a garden; a garden of the tropics, extravagant, flaunting, faintly miasmatic and corrupt, of many flowers and grotesque grasses, with a screen in back of strongly scented frangipani, scarlet hibiscus, tall oleanders and perversely exquisite, feathery cinnamon trees.

It was different from Paris, he thought with a nostalgic sinking of the heart, different in aroma, in soul, in the vital riddle of its psychology.

Left and right zigzagged streets—streets silent with the afternoon heat siesta—yet streets mysteriously, subterraneously alive. For they were of the Orient, thus impregnated with memories of countless weary years, netted with forgotten life and feelings.

Not a soul was in sight; not even an animal, except a swarm of blue-winged flies greedily buzzing about the sticky remains of a dish of *kous-kous* on a table in front of an open air Arab café, and a carrion hawk poised high in the quivering air on stiffly extended pinions. Yet there was that eternal, subtilized Oriental sense of multitude—persistently, indelibly distinct.

He dropped the knocker.

From the inside of the house, through the door of age darkened *kuhrud* wood, drifted the splashing, sucking protest of a water-pipe in full blast; and once, suddenly, a woman's high pitched laughter—laughter as typically, exaggeratedly Eastern as the pavilioned mosque minaret, square with a greenly iridescent cube above and tipped by gilt balls and crescent, that haunted the horizon in the orange west.

"*Yaheel Yawalal! Errahman, irrahmin!*" came a falsetto scream.

"*Elli khleqqa*," squeaked a second voice, spitting hate and contempt, "*ma idia!*"

Then a third, low, musical, rippling with merriment: "*Ta gueule, vieille crapule!*" telling the others in picturesque, strictly colloquial French to be quiet.

The Marquis smiled. The third voice had been Fathouma's. There was no doubt of it. He remembered what she had told him about the jealousy of Sidi Mahmoud's two older wives. He gave a short laugh. And his uneasiness decreased a little. But when a few moments later the door opened and a solemn, plum-colored negro ushered him into an upstairs apartment, saying the Sidi would be here immediately, his feeling of depression returned. The room stifled him with the grave, heavy dignity of its furnishings, its walls, wiped over by the hand of time, shining duskily, dreamily, with the browns and yellows and greens of half obliterated faience tiles, the thick rugs in dull purples and crimsons; and the atmosphere of the place, while clean, even perfumed with pleasantly acrid sandalwood smoke that rose from an incense bowl in a thin blue spiral, seemed, somehow, like the scent of about three centuries behind the

present. Somehow, too, it made him nervous, made him feel like an intruder. It caused the skin upon his back to stir little—stir and crawl.

He gave a start when a curtain that covered an arched doorway slid apart with a tiny click of metal rings and Sidi Mahmoud came in, a man different from the one he had known in Paris, dressed now Arab fashion in a *djebba* of yellow silk opening over a long undergarment of snowy muslin, sandals of mandarin blue on bare feet, and about his head a loose *dulband* of orange gauze that fell in simple, straight folds about his ears, giving him a queer Egyptian look, rather different rather unhuman.

But it was not only the dress. It was also as if with it he had put on a distinguishing set of manners and customs, other modes of speech and points of view, another soul, other fundamental motives and emotions.

Yet the impression, instantaneous, unreasonable, passed with the Arab's first words:

"Delighted to see you, my dear Marquis!"

Once more he appeared thoroughly westernized. His voice was French, so were his gestures, the graciousness and ease of his welcome, his vivacity, as he shook his visitor's hand, inquired after mutual friends in France, repeated his delight at seeing the other. "Going to stay a few weeks, I hope?"

"A few years, I expect. I've been transferred to the Chasseurs d'Afrique."

"I am charmed. Please consider my house your own. And you must visit my country place. We'll go hunting together if my old bones permit me. You know"—apologetically—"I am getting on in years."

"You don't look it."

"Oh—that's because I take excellent care of myself. I can recommend my system."

"What is it?"

"When I am here in Algiers I regulate my life minutely. I make each day an exquisite mosaic of gentle little habits, dovetailing into one another, each a guarantee for the happiness of the entire day—"

"Arab materialism, Sidi?"

"No, Monsieur le Marquis! Just the logic which France taught me!"

Again they gossiped about Paris. But Roger de Villemot's psychic uneasiness, his feeling that here he was an intruder, returned when Sidi Mahmoud struck the small *darbouqa* drum at his elbow and shortly afterwards a lithe, golden-skinned girl, not much older than a child, entered in answer to the summons. He addressed her as Lotus Petal.

"*Gaze'i*—my hashish pipe!" he commanded, and then: "Care for a whiff?" to the Frenchman who shook his head and lighted a cigarette.

The Lotus Petal prepared the drug, filled the pipe and presented it to her master, holding the charcoal stick in her slender fingers. He smiled. Impersonally, almost mechanically, he took her hand and brushed its palm with his lips, then sent her from the room with a short word.

"Speaking about your gentle little habits," said the Frenchman with forced gaiety as she left, "is the Lotus Petal another one of them?"

"Oh"—there was a fleeting nuance of stiffness in the reply—"you might call it that, I suppose. By the way, how is the new Revue at the Folies Marigny?" And he led the talk back to the glittering banalities of the boulevards, while the Marquis, giving automatic answers, tried to muster words for the real object of his visit, Lella Fathouma.

In Paris it would have been the most natural thing in the world to draw her name into the conversation. But here something seemed to check him. It was not fear. Nor was it social gaucherie. It was rather as if the atmosphere of the house, terribly remote, yet terribly intimate with its racial closeness which excluded him, prevented him from doing so.

He had already risen, had already said *au revoir*, when he mentioned her finally.

"How is Madame Fathouma?" he asked.

"Quite well," came the measured answer and, immediately dismissing the subject, "you will lunch with me tomorrow at the Belvedere?"

"Gladly!" murmured Roger de Villemot. And again, as he crossed the Arab quarter, he felt prey to a curious depression, very deep seated, ludicrously unreasonable; and the next day, when he had to argue himself into a (Continued on page 11)

Another P. G. Wodehouse Story

In which,
as usual,
Jeeves
and the
Reader
Laugh Last

The Purity of the Turf

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore



"Don't rub it in, old thing." I pleaded. "You've hit on a painful subject."

WHEN the thing was over, I made my mind up. "Jeeves," I said. "Sir?" "Never again! The strain is too great. I don't say I shall chuck betting altogether—if I get hold of a good thing or one of the big races no doubt I shall have my bit on as aforetime—but you won't catch me mixing myself up with one of these minor country meetings again. They're too hot." "I think perhaps you are right, sir," said Jeeves. It was young Bingo Little who lured me into the thing. About the third week of my visit at Twing Hall, he blew into my bedroom one morning while I was toying with a bit of breakfast and thinking of this and that. "Bertie!" he said in an earnest kind of voice. I decided to take a firm line from the start. Young Bingo, if you remember, was at a pretty low ebb at about this juncture. He had not only failed to put his finances on a sound basis over the recent Sermon Handicap, but he had also discovered that Cynthia Wick loved another. These things had jarred the unfortunate mutt, and he had developed a habit of dropping in on me at all hours and decanting his anguished soul on me. I could stand this all right after dinner and even after lunch; but after breakfast, no. We Woosters are amiability itself, but there is a limit. "Now look here, old friend," I said, "I know your bally heart is broken and all that, and at some future time I shall be delighted to hear all about it, but—" "I didn't come to talk about that." "No? Good egg!" "The past," said young Bingo, "is dead. Let us say no more about it." "Right-o!" "I have been wounded to the very depths of my soul, but I won't speak about it."

"I won't." "Ignore it. Forget it." "Absolutely!" I hadn't seen him so dashed reasonable for weeks. "What I came to see you about this morning, Bertie," he said, fishing a sheet of paper out of his pocket, "was to ask if you would care to come in on another little flutter." If there is one thing we Woosters are simply dripping with, it is sporting blood. I bolted the rest of my sausage and sat up and took notice immediately. "Proceed," I said. "You interest me strangely, old bird." Bingo laid the paper on the bed. "On Monday week," he said, "you may or may not know, the annual village school treat takes place. Lord Wickhammersley lends the Hall grounds for the purpose. There will be games and a conjurer and cocoanut shies and tea in a tent. And also sports." "I know. Cynthia was telling me." Young Bingo winced. "Would you mind not mentioning that name? I am not made of marble." "Sorry." "Well, as I was saying, this jamboree is slated for Monday week. The question is, are we on?" "How do you mean, are we on?" "I am referring to the sports. Steggles did so well out of the Sermon Handicap that he has decided to make a book on these sports. Punters can be accommodated at ante-post odds or starting price, according to their preference." Steggles, I don't know if you remember, was one of the gang of youths who were reading for some examination or other with

old Heppenstall down at the vicarage. He was the fellow who had promoted the Sermon Handicap. A bird of considerable enterprise and vast riches, being the only son of one of the biggest bookies in London, but no pal of mine. I never liked the chap. He was a ferret-faced egg with a shifty eye and not a few pimples. On the whole, a nasty growth.

"I think we ought to look into it," said young Bingo.

I pressed the bell.

"I'll consult Jeeves. I don't touch any sporting proposition without his advice. Jeeves," I said, as he drifted in, "rally round."

"Sir?"

"What's that?"

"Rather sporting," said young Bingo. "The competitors enter in couples, each couple being assigned an animal cry and a potato. For instance, let's suppose that you and Jeeves entered. Jeeves would stand at a fixed point holding a potato. You would have your head in a sack and you would grope about trying to find Jeeves and making a noise like a cat. Jeeves also making a noise like a cat. Other competitors would be making noises like cows and pigs and dogs and so on and groping about for their potato holders, who would also be making noises like cows and pigs and dogs and so on—"

I stopped the poor fish.

"Jolly, if you're fond of animals," I said, "but on the whole—"

"Precisely, sir," said Jeeves. "I wouldn't touch it."

"Too open, what?"

"Exactly, sir. Very hard to estimate form."

"Carry on, Bingo. Where do we go from there?"

"Mothers' sack race."



"Stand by. We want your advice."

"Very good, sir."

"State your case, Bingo."

Bingo stated his case.

"What about it, Jeeves?" I said.

"Do we go in?"

Jeeves pondered to some extent.

"I am inclined to favor the idea, sir."

That was good enough for me.

"Right," I said. "Then we will form a syndicate and bust the ring. I supply the money, you supply the brains, and Bingo—what do you supply, Bingo?"

"If you will carry me and let me settle up later," said young Bingo, "I think I can put you in the way of winning a parcel on the mothers' sack race."

"All right. We will put you down as Inside Information. Now, what are the events?"

Bingo reached for his paper and consulted it.

"Girls' under fourteen fifty yard dash' seems to open the proceedings."

"Anything to say about that, Jeeves?"

"No sir. I have no information."

"What's the next?"

"Boys' and girls' mixed animal potato race, all ages."

This was a new one to me. I had never heard of it at any of the big meetings.

The red haired kid tripped and shot her egg on to the turf thirty yards from the tape.

"Ah! That's better. This is where you know something."
 "A gift for Mrs. Penworthy, the tobacconist's wife," said Bingo confidently. "I was in at her shop yesterday buying cigarettes, and she told me she had won three times at fairs in Worcestershire. She only moved to these parts a short time ago, so nobody knows about her. She promised me she would keep herself dark, and I think we could get a good price."

"Risk a tenner each way, Jeeves, what?"

"I think so, sir."

"Girls' open egg and spoon race," read Bingo.

"How about that?"

"I doubt if it would be worth while to invest, sir," said Jeeves.

"I am told it is a certainty for last year's winner, Sarah Mills, who will doubtless start an odds-on favorite."

"Good, is she?"

"They tell me in the village that she carries a beautiful egg, sir."

"Then there's the obstacle race," said Bingo.

"Risky, in my opinion."

Like betting on the Grand National. 'Fathers' hat trimming contest'—another speculative event. That's all, except the choir boys' hundred yards handicap for a pewter mug presented by the vicar—open to all whose voices have not broken before the second Sunday in Epiphany. Willie Chambers won last year, in a canter, receiving fifteen yards. This time he will probably be handicapped out of the race. I don't know what to advise."

"If I might make a suggestion, sir."

I eyed Jeeves with interest. I don't know that I'd ever seen him look so nearly excited.

"You've got something up your sleeve?"

"I have, sir."

"Red-hot?"

"That precisely describes it, sir. I think I may confidently assert that we have the winner of the choir boys' handicap under this very roof, sir. Harold, the page boy."

"Page boy? Do you mean the tubby little chap in buttons one sees bobbing about here and there? Why, dash it, Jeeves, nobody has a greater respect for your knowledge of form than I have, but I'm hanged if I can see Harold catching the judge's eye. He's practically circular, and every time I've seen him he's been leaning up against something, half asleep."

"He receives thirty yards, sir, and could win from scratch. The boy is a flier."

"How do you know?"

Jeeves coughed and there was a dreamy look in his eye.

"I was as much astonished as yourself, sir, when I first became aware of the lad's capabilities. I happened to pursue him one morning with the intention of fetching him a clip on the side of the head—"

"Great Scott, Jeeves! You!"

"Yes, sir. The boy is of an outspoken disposition and had made an opprobrious remark respecting my personal appearance."

"What did he say about your appearance?"

"I have forgotten, sir," said Jeeves with a touch of austerity.

"But it was opprobrious. I endeavored to correct him, but he outdistanced me by yards and made good his escape."

"But I say, Jeeves, this is sensational. And yet—if he's such a sprinter, why hasn't anybody in the village found it out? Surely he plays with the other boys?"

"No, sir. As his lordship's page boy, Harold does not mix with the village lads."

"Bit of a snob, what?"

"He is somewhat acutely alive to the existence of class distinctions, sir."

"You're absolutely certain he's such a wonder?" said Bingo. "I mean, it wouldn't do to plunge unless you're sure."

"If you desire to ascertain the boy's form by personal inspection, sir, it will be a simple matter to arrange a secret trial."

"I'm bound to say I should feel easier in my mind," I said.

"Then if I may take a shilling from the money on your dressing table—"

"What for?"

"I propose to bribe the lad to speak slightly of the second footman's squint, sir. Charles is somewhat sensitive on the point and should undoubtedly make the lad extend himself. If you will be at the first floor passage window, overlooking the back door, in half an hour's time—"

I don't know when I've dressed in such a hurry. As a rule I'm what you might call a slow and careful dresser—I like to linger over the tie and see that the trousers are just so—but this morning I was all worked up. I just shoved on my things anyhow and joined Bingo at the window with a quarter of an hour to spare.

The passage window looked down on to a broad sort of paved courtyard which ended after

about twenty yards in an archway through a high wall. Beyond this archway you got on to a strip of the drive, which curved round for another thirty yards or so till it was lost behind a thick shrubbery. I put myself in

the stripling's place and thought what steps I would take with a second footman after me. There was only one thing to do—leg it for the shrubbery and take cover, which meant that at least fifty yards would have to be covered—an excellent test. If good old Harold could fight off the second footman's challenge long enough to allow him to reach the bushes, there wasn't a choir boy in England who could give him thirty yards in the hundred. I waited, all of a twitter, for what seemed hours, and then suddenly there was a confused noise without and something round and blue and buttony shot through the back door and buzzed for the archway like a mustang. And about two seconds later out came the second footman, going his hardest.

There was nothing to it. Absolutely nothing. The field never had a chance. Long before the footman reached the half way mark, Harold was in the bushes, throwing stones. I came away from the window thrilled to the marrow; and when I met Jeeves on the stairs I was so moved that I nearly grasped his hand.

"Jeeves," I said, "no discussion! The Wooster shirt goes on this boy!"

"Very good, sir," said Jeeves.



The Purity of the Turf

The worst of these country meetings is that you can't plunge as heavily as you would like when you get a good thing because it alarms the ring. Steggle, though pimpled, was, as I have indicated, no chump, and if I had invested all I wanted to he would have put two and two together. I managed to get a good solid bet down for the syndicate, however, though it did make him look thoughtful. I heard in the next few days that he had been making searching inquiries in the village concerning Harold; but nobody could tell him anything and eventually he came to the conclusion, I suppose, that I must be having a long shot on the strength of that thirty yards' start. Public opinion wavered between Jimmy Goode, receiving ten yards, at seven to two, and Alexander Bartlett, with six yards' start, at eleven to four. Willie Chambers, scratch, was offered to the public at two to one but found no takers.

We were taking no chances on the big event, and directly we had got our money on at a nice hundred to twelve Harold was put into strict training. It was a wearing business, and I can understand now why most of the big trainers are grim, silent men who look as though they had suffered. The kid wanted constant watching. It was no good talking to him about honor and glory and how proud his mother would be when he wrote and told her he had won a real cup—the moment blighted Harold discovered that training meant knocking off pastry, taking exercise and keeping away from the cigarettes, he was all against it; and it was only by unceasing vigilance that we managed to keep him in any shape at all. It was the diet that was the stumbling block. As far as exercise went, we could generally arrange for a sharp dash every morning with the assistance of the second footman. It ran into money, of course, but that couldn't be helped. Still, when a kid has simply to wait till the butler's back is turned to have the run of the pantry and has only to nip into the smoking room to collect a handful of the best Turkish, training becomes a rocky job. We could only hope that on the day his natural stamina would pull him through.

And then one evening young Bingo came back from the links with a disturbing story. He had been in the habit of giving Harold mild exercise in the afternoons by taking him out as a caddy.

At first he seemed to think it humorous, the poor chump. He bubbled over with merry mirth as he began his tale.

"I say, rather funny this afternoon," he said. "You ought to have seen Steggle's face!"

"Seen Steggle's face? What for?"

"When he saw young Harold sprint, I mean."

I was filled with a grim foreboding of an awful doom.

"Good heavens! You didn't let Harold sprint in front of Steggle!"

Young Bingo's jaw dropped.

"I never thought of that," he said gloomily. "It wasn't my fault. I was playing a round with Steggle, and after we'd finished we went into the club house for a drink, leaving Harold with the clubs outside. In about five minutes we came out and there was the kid on the gravel practicing swings with Steggle's driver and a stone. When he saw us coming the kid dropped the club and was over the horizon like a streak. Steggle was absolutely dumbfounded. And I must say it was a revelation even to me. The kid certainly gave of his best. Of course it's a nuisance in a way, but I don't see on second thoughts," said Bingo, brightening up, "what it matters. We're on at a good price. We've nothing to lose by the kid's form becoming known. I take it he will start odds-on, but that doesn't affect us."

I looked at Jeeves. Jeeves looked at me.

"It affects us all right if he doesn't start at all."

"Precisely, sir."

"What do you mean?" asked Bingo.

"If you ask me," I said, "I think Steggle will try to nobble him before the race."

"Good Lord! I never thought of that." Bingo blenched. "You don't think he would really do it?"

"I think he would have a jolly good try. Steggle is a bad man. From now on, Jeeves, we must watch Harold like hawks."

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"Ceaseless vigilance, what?"

"Precisely, sir."

"You wouldn't care to sleep in his room, Jeeves?"

"No, sir, I should not."

"No, nor would I if it comes to that. But dash it all," I said, "we're letting ourselves get rattled. We're losing our nerve. This won't do. How can Steggle possibly get at Harold, even if he wants to?"

There was no cheering young Bingo up. He's one of those birds who simply leap at the morbid view if you give them half a chance.

"There are all sorts of ways of nobbling favorites," he said in a sort of death bed voice. "You ought to read some of these racing novels. In 'Pipped on the Post,' Lord Jasper Mauleverer as near as a toucher outed Bonny Betsy by bribing the head lad to slip a cobra into her stable the night before the Derby."

"What are the chances of a cobra biting Harold, Jeeves?"

"Slight, I should imagine, sir. And in such an event, knowing the boy as intimately as I do, my anxiety would be entirely for the snake."

"Still, unceasing vigilance, Jeeves."

"Most certainly, sir."

I must say I got a bit fed with young Bingo in the next few days. It's all very well for a fellow with a big winner in his stable to exercise proper care, but in my opinion Bingo overdid it. The blighter's mind appeared to be absolutely saturated with racing fiction; and in stories of that kind, as far as I could make out, no horse is ever allowed to start in a race without at least a dozen attempts to put it out of action. He stuck to Harold like a plaster. Never let the unfortunate kid out of his sight. Of course it meant a lot to the poor old egg if he could collect on this race, because it would give him enough money to chuck his tutoring job and get back to London; but all the same he needn't have waked me up at three in the morning twice running—once to tell me we ought to cook Harold's food ourselves to prevent doping; the other time to say that he had heard mysterious noises in the shrubbery. But he reached the limit, in my opinion, when he insisted on my going to evening service on Sunday, the day before the sports.

"Why on earth?" I said, never being much of a lad for even-song.

"Well, I can't go myself. I shan't be here." I've got to go to London today with young Egbert." Egbert was Lord Wickhammersley's son, the one Bingo was tutoring. "He's going for a visit down in Kent, and I've got to see him off at Charing Cross. It's an infernal nuisance. I shan't be back till Monday afternoon. In fact, I shall miss most of the sports, I expect. Everything, therefore, depends on you, Bertie."

"But why should either of us go to evening service?"

"Ass! Harold sings in the choir, doesn't he?"

"What about it? I can't stop him dislocating his neck over a high note, if that's what you're afraid of."

"Fool! Steggle sings in the choir too. There may be dirty work after the service."

"What absolute rot!"

"Is it!" said young Bingo. "Well, let me tell you that in 'Jenny, the Girl Jockey,' the villain kidnapped the boy who was to ride the favorite the night before the big race, and he was the only one who understood and could control the horse, and if the heroine hadn't dressed up in riding things and—"

"Oh, all right, all right. But if there's any danger it seems to me the simplest thing would be for Harold not to turn out on Sunday evening."

"He must turn out. You seem to think the infernal kid is a monument of rectitude, beloved by all. He's got the shakiest reputation of any kid in the village. His name is as near being mud as it can jolly well stick. He's played hookey from the choir so often that the vicar told him if one more thing happened he would fire him out. Nice chumps we should look if he was scratched the night before the race!"

Well, of course, that being so there was nothing for it but to toddle along.

There's something about evening service in a country church that makes a fellow feel drowsy and peaceful. Sort of end of a perfect day feeling. Old Heppenstall, the vicar, was up in the pulpit, and he has a kind of regular, bleating delivery that assists thought. They had left the door open and the air was full of a mixed scent of trees and honeysuckle and mildew and villagers' Sunday clothes. As far as the eye could reach you could see farmers propped up in restful attitudes, breathing heavily; and the children in the congregation who had fidgeted during the earlier part of the proceedings were now lying back in a surfeited sort of coma. The last rays of the setting sun shone through the stained glass windows; birds were twittering in the trees; the women's dresses crackled gently in the stillness. Peaceful. That's what I'm driving at. I felt peaceful. Everybody felt peaceful. And that is why the explosion, when it came, sounded like the end of all things.

I call it an explosion because that was what it seemed like

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Five minutes before the race that blighter Steggles so weighed her down with cake and tea that she blew up in the first fifty yards.

T.D. SKIDMORE

when it broke loose. One moment a dreamy hush was all over the place, broken only by old Heppenstall talking about our duty to our neighbors; and then suddenly a sort of piercing, shrieking squeal that got you right between the eyes and ran all the way down to your spine and out at the soles of the feet.

"Ee-ee-ee-ee! Oo-ee! Ee-ee-ee-ee!" It sounded like about six hundred pigs having their tails twisted simultaneously, but it was simply the kid Harold, who appeared to be having some species of fit. He was jumping up and down and slapping at the back of his neck. And about every other second he would take a deep breath and give out another of the squeals.

Well, I mean, you can't do that sort of thing in the middle of the sermon during evening service without exciting remark. The congregation came out of its trance with a jerk and climbed on the pews to get a better view. Old Heppenstall stopped in the middle of a sentence and spun round. And a couple of vergers with great presence of mind bounded up the aisle like

leopards, collected Harold, still squealing, and marched him out. They disappeared into the vestry and I grabbed my hat and legged it round to the stage door, full of apprehension and what not. I couldn't think what the deuce could have happened, but somewhere dimly behind the proceedings there seemed to me to lurk the hand of the blighter Steggles.

By the time I got there and managed to get someone to open the door, which was locked, the service seemed to be over. Old Heppenstall was standing in the middle of a crowd of choir boys and vergers and sextons and what not, putting the wretched Harold through it with no little vim. I had come in at the tail end of what must have been a fairly fruity oration.

"Wretched boy! How dare you——"

"I got a sensitive skin!"

"This is no time to talk about your skin——"

"Somebody put a beetle down my back!"

"Absurd!"

"I felt it wriggling——"

(Continued on page 158)

MONTAGUE GLASS TELLS



STORIES THAT HAVE

IN THE library of the house which I rent furnished for the season there are books which were bought to be read and other books which one can only believe were bought as household furniture to fill up wall space. Among these I reckon sets of "The World's Best Humor" and "The World's Best Short Stories."

In reading one of these volumes of what the anthologist professed to believe was the World's Best Humor, I came across a clipping pressed between the leaves. It begins by saying, "Berry Wall is telling a good story," etc. This is enough to designate its age. Stripped of Mr. Wall's ornamentation, it is as follows:

An Ex-confederate officer is walking down Twenty-third

Street and meets a beggar who is minus both legs, one arm and an eye. Around his neck is hanging a placard reading:

I AM A GRAND ARMY MAN DISABLED AT GETTYSBURG

The officer immediately hands him a small wad of bills.

"Excuse me, sir," says the beggar, "but you've given me more than ten dollars."

"Keep it," says the Ex-confederate officer. "You're the first damned Yankee soldier I ever saw that was trimmed to suit me."

YOU will recall the story of the English soldier who was asked how it felt to go over the top and said:

"All I can remember abaht it was a 'orrible bang, and the next thing I knew I was in bed and a lady was saying to me, 'Try to drink a little of this.'"

Anyone who desires a similar experience will patronize the aviation fields where tourists are given an airplane ride of five minutes for five dollars. The sensation is that of a horrible roaring noise and immediately afterward a voice says, "Five dollars please." A ten minute trip, however, offers a better opportunity to realize the novel experience of being up in the air, but it is hardly worth the ten dollars. At any rate that is what a Scotsman thought who wanted to treat himself and his wife to the advertised trip of Ten Minutes in the Air for Ten Dollars. He accordingly offered the aviator five dollars for ten minutes.

"I tell you what I'll do," the aviator said. "I'll take you and your wife up for ten minutes, and if from the time we start till the time we land neither you nor your wife make a sound, I'll charge you only five dollars."

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The Scotsman and his wife agreed to it and the trip began. Almost immediately after leaving the ground, the aviator began to do many alarming stunts. When the plane was high enough in the air, he looped the loop, did the falling leaf and in fact tried every difficult feat imaginable to make his passengers protest; but there wasn't a peep out of the Scotsman or his wife. At last the aviator descended to the ground and when he stopped the engine, the Scotsman tapped him on the shoulder.

"Can I speak now?" the Scotsman asked.

"Sure you can," the aviator replied.

"A-weel, I wad like to tell you," the Scotsman said, "that the gude woman fell out five minutes ago."

IN MAX BEERBOHM'S "Even Now" is a chapter called How Shall I Word It containing form letters to be used on various occasions. The following is entitled:

LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY IN ANSWER TO INVITATION FROM OLD SCHOOLMISTRESS*

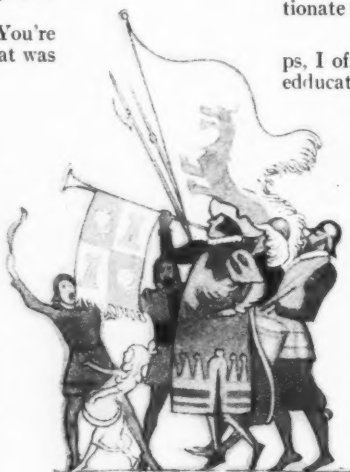
My dear Miss Price:

How awfully sweet of you to ask me to stay with you for a few days but how *can* you think I may have forgotten you for of course I think of you so very often and of the three ears I spent at your school because it is such a joy not to be there any longer and if one is at all down it bucks one up directly to remember that *thats* all over atanyrate and that one has enough food to nurrish one and not that awful monotanny of life and not the petty fogging daily tiranny you went in for and I can imagine no greater thrill and luxury in a way than to come and see the whole dismal grind still going on but without me being in it but this would be *rather* beastly of me wouldnt it so please dear Miss Price dont expect me and do excuse mistakes of English

Composition and Spelling and etcetra in your affectionate old pupil,

Emily Therese Lynn-Royston

ps, I often rite to people telling them where I was eddicated and highly rekommening you.



IN THE same book Beerbohm tells a story about Mr. Wilson Barrett, the author who wrote plays for Wilson Barrett the actor, to act in, and by no means gave himself the worst of it. Beerbohm tells how Barrett used to build up his own entrance in the first act and says, to use his own words:

"I remember particularly a first night of his at which I happened to be sitting next to a clever but not very successful and rather sardonic old actor. I forget just what great historic or mythic personage Mr. Barrett was to represent, but I know that the earlier scenes of the play resounded with rumors of him—accounts of the great deeds that were expected of him. And at length there was a procession: white-bearded priests bearing wands; maidens playing upon the sackbut; guards in full armor; a pell-mell of unofficial citizens ever prancing along the edge of the pageant, huzzaing and hosannaing, mostly looking back over their shoulders and shading their eyes; maidens strewing roseleaves; and at last the orchestra

crashed to a climax in the nick of which my neighbor turned to me and, with an assumption of innocent enthusiasm whispered, 'I shouldn't wonder if this were Barrett.'"

The Famous Humorist



M A D E M E L A U G H

KNIFE throwers and sharpshooters are the subject of numerous anecdotes in the Lambs Club.

There is the familiar one of the knife thrower who was assisted in his act by his elderly, ugly wife. She stood against a board facing the audience while the husband stood twenty feet away and threw bowie knives at her. The trick was to escape hitting her, until at the end of the act the board was stuck full of bowie knives, from the midst of which the lady stepped absolutely unharmed.

The act never failed to elicit shrieks from the ladies of the audience in cities east of the Rockies, but at the opening performance in Tonopah, Nevada, in the days when the mining population of that city contained no women, knife after knife was thrown at the lady by her husband and throughout a respectful silence was maintained by the audience. At the thirtieth throw, however, a voice was heard from the back of the hall.

"My God!" it said. "He missed her again."

"Don't trouble to show me anything else," the imaginary customer would say, "I was only looking for a friend."

"Well, if you think she's in any of those little black boxes on the top shelf," Dan would reply, "I'll bring them down for you."

He also sang a song about a caretaker and praised the simplicity of a caretaker's life.

"I've no use for feather mattresses," he would explain confidentially to the audience between the verse and the refrain. "My idea of a good shake-down is putting the front door over the bathtub, and a very comfortable bed it makes too—barring a little bit draughty around the letter box."

AN OLD woman knocked at the door of an English suburban villa on an extremely hot summer day.

"Can you spare a couple of coppers for a poor woman 'oo's 'usband is out of work?" she said to the householder.

"What is your husband anyway?" asked the householder. "A snow shoveler?"

The old woman shook her head sadly.

"Well, no sir, 'e ain't a snow shoveler exactly," she said. "I wish 'e was a snow shoveler. As a matter of fact," she concluded, "'e's only a snow shoveler's laborer."

THERE has been much cry of late and exceedingly little wool in connection with the night life in Hollywood, California, where moving pictures are manufactured. As the evenings are rather quiet only ten miles away in Pasadena it would be a boon to some of Pasadena's winter visitors, of whom I am one, if the accusers of Hollywood were to indicate the street and number where this gay night life is to be found. It takes quite a bit of finding in the fashion of the two old maids who lived on the Marine Parade of the small English seaside resort.

They were much shocked by the spectacle of two gentlemen who were accustomed to take a sea bath every morning at day-break. The two old maids complained to the vicar that if this proceeding, which was conducted within at least a half a mile of their front windows, were to continue they would hardly rank as old maids at all. The vicar promised to speak to the two gentlemen about it, with the result that the following morning they rowed a mile and a half out to sea for their morning plunge. They felt satisfied that as far as anybody living on the Marine Parade was concerned they were mere spots on the horizon. They were disillusioned, however, when next they met the vicar.

"Well," they said, "are the two ladies satisfied now?"

The vicar raised his eyes to heaven and made a hopeless gesture with both hands.

"I regret to say," he replied, "that with the aid of a strong pair of binoculars they can still see you fairly well."

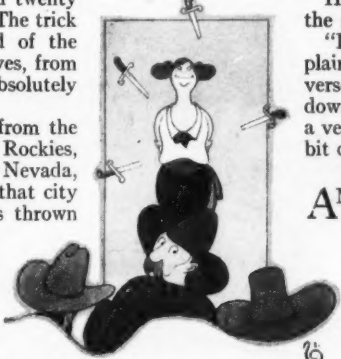
THE extreme prudery of the Mid-victorian "perfect lady" which made her refer to piano legs as limbs was outdone by her sister of the eighteenth century. I have

Mr. George C. O'Donnell's word for it that the following example appears in the Athenæum (No. 2930, December 22, 1883):

Mr. Abraham Hayward and Lord Lyndhurst were talking about Madame de Genlis, who at the end of the eighteenth century wrote a number of works in the combined styles of Florence Barclay and Dr. Frank Crane. Mr. Hayward, to illustrate her prudery, said that she kept her books in detached cases, the male authors in one and the female authors in the other.

"I suppose," Lord Lyndhurst remarked, "she did not want to add to her library."

THE name of Dan Leno appended to a story, like that of Berry Wall, guarantees its ripe old age, but as you may not remember Dan, who was a celebrated music hall artist, let me tell you about him. He was what the vaudeville people call a great single handed entertainer, and by merely imitating their voices and manners he could people the stage upon which he stood with a host of imaginary characters. He sang one song about a tired drapery assistant and between stanzas would wait on a large throng of non-existent customers. One of them would be an indefatigable shopper, and Dan would run up and down imaginary stepladders and display bolts of imaginary cloth until he became entirely exhausted.



Lillian Russell's Reminiscences

(Continued from page 96)

to me. We are such good friends that we do not need to be constantly reassured of one another's affection.

Mrs. Patterson, as Fay is known in private life, is one of the most gifted women I have ever known. She was known chiefly as a comedienne and a delightful singer on the stage—and she was successful in both lines. But few people realize that she is also a poet and song writer. She writes verse which is more than acceptable and which frequently exhibits the genuine fire.

Personally, she is exceedingly quiet and retiring. While she has hosts of friends in the theatrical world, few people know her intimately. There is a certain reserve and shyness about her which will always make a barrier about the real Fay, although on the stage she is utterly free from self-consciousness. Her charities are enormous and utterly self-effacing; and soldiers in the hospitals about Pittsburgh regard her as an especial fairy god-mother. I wish I might tell more of the good she has done and is doing—but she will be vexed with me for telling this much.

When De Wolf Hopper came to the Music Hall he came for a rest, he told me; a respite from traveling for a whole year appealed to him. He was elected Shepherd of the Lambs Club early in that season, but from what I observed as an outsider I am quite sure his duties in New York were quite as arduous, if not more so, than they had ever been on the road.

Mr. Hopper is a figure in New York. He has been one for many years, and he always will be one. He is as perennial as the spring, as delightful, too, and as refreshing. He is one of the most deeply educated men in our profession. He not only is a thinker but he is a scholar and a student as well, with his knowledge divided between books and human nature about as equally as it is possible to find. As a public speaker De Wolf Hopper has no equal. I never heard such a flow of language as he can send forth without the slightest effort. It comes as naturally as water from a spring; it never tires and it never grows monotonous. He can hold one hearer with the spell of his voice as easily as he can hold a thousand.

That heart of his is the biggest in America! He is as spontaneous in his enthusiasms as in his sympathies, for he is the most sensitive man in the world; sensitive to beauty, sensitive to suffering,

and sensitive to every excellence. When traveling on trains with him on one of our spring trips of a few weeks with Weber and Fields, it was always a delight to the company to watch him taste something especially good, for they knew it would provoke a burst of enthusiasm which would be transplanted into phrases such as nobody else could have expressed—and all

apparently nothing to do with the manuscript.

For instance, one night during a scene with Willie Collier my long string of pearls broke, and about five of the large pearls rolled down to the footlights. The performance immediately stopped while we both looked for the pearls, and Mr. Stromberg, the musical conductor, helped us. Willie held the audience in convulsions while he asked me questions about where I got the pearls and whether

they were really worth the trouble of picking up. When I said they certainly were worth a great deal,

then he asked if I didn't think I was wasting perfectly good

interest money by wearing

real pearls. And so on

until we had gathered

up all of the pearls

and counted them

before the audience

and satisfied them

that I had not

lost a pearl.

Then Willie

said, "Now we

will go back to

the manuscript

and finish the

scene." But

that little acci-

dent taught me

a lesson. I

never wore my

long string of

pearls on the

stage again.

The fifth season

at the Weber and

Fields Music Hall in

New York came to an

abrupt end in March

owing to the Chicago

Iroquois Theater disaster.

Weber and Fields arranged a

tour, opening in California.

That San Francisco engagement

was my third trip to California, and

I was greeted like an old friend. We

played in the old Grand Opera House to



Lillian Russell, Weber and Fields and William Collier (center) in the "Hokey-Posky" card scene.

of it utterly without pose, with the same lack of self-consciousness as a brilliant child would have displayed.

Mr. William Collier and his wife, Louise Allen, came to the Music Hall for a season, and Willie's wit fitted into that burlesque line of work wonderfully. In fact he wrote a great amount of the material he used there. Mr. Collier is always a joy to work with. I reveled in the scenes we had together. He would not always keep strictly to the lines which Edgar Smith had written, nor to those he himself had written. I had to be prepared to answer any question he would ask me in a scene in some way, and he had his answer to me always ready. It was a continual study and practice in quick thought and repartee which I enjoyed as much as the audience did. It is strange that an audience always responds to a little repartee among the actors that has

That San Francisco engagement

was my third trip to California, and

I was greeted like an old friend. We

played in the old Grand Opera House to

its enormous capacity for four weeks.

There, in that city, began the quarrel that

separated the two life-long partners, Weber

and Fields. Men are only grown-up boys,

and knowing the reason of their separation

I can only say that the breaking up of the

institution of Weber and Fields's Music

Hall in New York was like tearing down

one of its most interesting landmarks.

Nothing but boyish temper caused by

listening to the foolish gossip of outsiders

destroyed that temple of real amusement.

I cannot leave my little history of five

years without mentioning Julian Mitchell,

who produced all of the clever plays that

were done so wonderfully on the little stage

of the Music Hall. Not only all of the

scenery and costumes were selected by

him, but all of the dancing which was so

great a part of every performance, was

arranged and rehearsed by him personally.

Bessie Clayton, the première danseuse, was

his wife, and no greater dancer ever lived

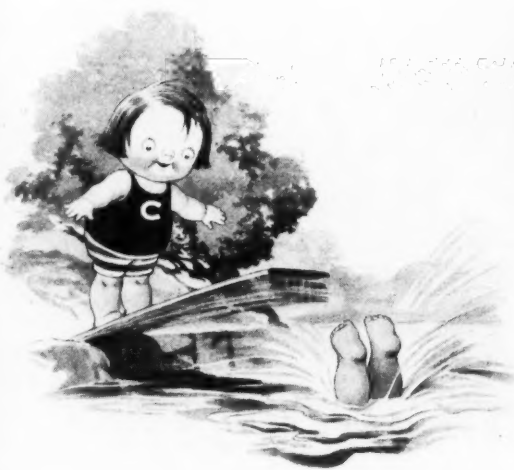
than Bessie. And last but very far from

the least was John Stromberg, who wrote

all of the lovely songs that were sung at

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the Music Hall. We all loved Mr. Stromberg and called him Honey. He was so gentle and kind to everyone in the company.

Alas! Poor Honey! He became a victim to rheumatism, and suffered terribly. He had taken every cure that anyone suggested to him, from carrying a lucky stone in his pocket to the baking process. When the rehearsals started for the fourth season I was with Weber and Fields, Mr. Stromberg was too ill to attend the rehearsals of the new show, much less to conduct them. He was obliged to stay in his Freeport home and write the music and send it to Mr. William Francis, the conductor of the orchestra, who had been engaged to take his place. This fairly broke his heart. I went out to see him one afternoon and he showed me the words of the song, "Come Down, My Evening Star," written by Robert Smith, brother of Edgar Smith, who wrote

all of the burlesques we produced at the Music Hall. He said, "Lillian, I will write you the prettiest song you ever sang."

A few days later Honey, in his desperation, took some Paris green which he had been sprinkling on the potato patch. And when Mr. Francis handed me the copy of "Come Down, My Evening Star" that I had to use to learn the song, there were brown spots all over it. They took that little manuscript out of his coat pocket after he died. We could never rehearse that song. We would start and the chorus girls would immediately begin to cry. Julian Mitchell would say, "All right, pass that number today." And that same situation was repeated at every rehearsal until the dress rehearsal when Julian became cross and out of patience with us and shouted: "Now then, Miss Russell, we will have that song as you and the chorus are going to do it tomorrow night! See that you all sing it"; and he

taught the chorus the action for the song in that one rehearsal. I always thought of Honey Stromberg whenever I sang that song. And strange to say, no one ever sang it in public but me.

At the end of my fifth season with Weber and Fields, in order to close the tour and at the same time end the partnership, they arranged to play the last two weeks in New York at the New Amsterdam Theater on our return from California. Mr. Dailey, Mr. Ross and I tried our very best and even entered into a conspiracy to bring the boys together in friendship again. They worked together on the stage all right but they did not speak to one another even though they dressed in one dressing room at the theaters. During our two weeks' engagement of the final season we all hoped the boys would shake hands at the last night's performance; but that night arrived and they were bitter to each other to the end.

Lillian Russell tells of her fascinating "open house" on Long Island and describes the life of those whose only home is the Pullman, in August COSMOPOLITAN.

Keep Men in their Place

(Continued from page 45)

If the question as to the place of man were asked the neuter-women, the majority would find it difficult to put their feeling about the matter into words. What they would hope to express would be that man should be made to realize that she is his equal mentally and so deserves the same rights and privileges materially. And to make the thing perfect they would like his place to be on a lower rung of the ladder than their own—holding the belief that in many respects woman is man's superior. The neuter-women never rule men—they conquer them sometimes through their pertinacity so that the men give way on the principle of "anything for a quiet life." Neuter-women are seldom loved and never worshiped. They have no influence over men except as a tiresome enemy has influence—a bore to be resisted or when very strong to be fought with. They want things for themselves or for what they conceive to be a principle. They are not interested in men or children in the concrete. The highest and most finely developed among them are interested in human beings in the abstract, and in ideals and practical benefits for them. This section is more tolerant in its views towards men, feeling a comradeship with them and desiring to prove not that they are men's superiors but that both are equal.

Everyone has neuter-women among his acquaintances. They are generally positive and arresting. They have leanings towards men's games as well as men's work. If they are young and good looking they often attract the weaker type of male and make him a good, autocratic wife.

Then there are many women who might be called combinations of some or all of the three main types. Ultimately, therefore, with all these different ideals, to define the "place" of a man is an impossibility.

Indeed, the nature of the human male is such that he would find the world a very dull place if all females were mother-women; and it would become impossible were they all lover-women; while I tremble to think what would occur were there only

the neuters! So that we can very well be grateful for the trinity; and we can decide to which type each one of us belongs and then use intelligence to guide aright the instincts which belong to that type. To which type a girl belongs can, in fact, very easily be ascertained while she is still quite young; and it would seem to be a sensible plan if she were then educated to attain the highest level to which her type can reach. This would eliminate the failures due to ignorance and mistaken attempts to alter natural instincts.

As all female animals of whatever species prefer their offspring to their mates, it is evident that the passion of motherhood is the strong primitive one, and that those women who are markedly mother-women are fundamentally normal and not completely influenced by the onrush of evolution. And since we cannot say a thing is bad if it is caused by evolution, there can be no reflection upon the women who have lover-women instincts; they are part of the scheme and quite as necessary to men for stimulation to the imagination and mental sympathy as are the mothers. Man has not yet admittedly found a use for the declared neuter-woman, except in a half hearted, rather contemptuous way for her to lighten part of his own tiresome jobs. But his appreciation of her will grow, and she was evidently intended in the Almighty's scheme of the evolution of humanity.

The old Greeks were a people unhampered by over-sentiment or a dogmatic religion. They thought it was wiser to leave the girl children who were to become wives and mothers more or less uneducated except in the spinning of flax and other domestic duties, but that the lover-women should be highly trained in mental accomplishments and the arts of pleasing men.

While such an arrangement now would be impossible, it might act as a hint for a sensible point of view to take so that the mother-women could be left in peace to pursue their motherhood and the lover-women could follow their vocation of being

men's sympathetic companions; and above all so that the increasing body of the "worker bees"—the neuter-women—should not have to fight men but should be welcomed as comrades in the toil of the day and treated with respect as such.

Most men have a vague, abstract idea that they wish their wives to be good, motherly women. But by the eternal law of change and the ever present recreative instinct in man, they generally gravitate afterwards towards the type of woman who gives them personal pleasure.

The lover-women must not neglect their children and grow too much absorbed in men—and the mother-women must not become merely moral nursery maids and governesses, neglecting all the attractions which are necessary to keep men's imaginations active. And as for the neuters: they should abandon all antagonistic feelings towards men, and by polishing and improving their own mentalities and increasing their power to work at men's jobs they should convince the intelligence of mankind that they do deserve equality.

It is perfectly useless for the mother-women to expect that they will receive that slavish worship which they may see being lavished upon the lover-women. And it is still more futile for the neuters to imagine that they will draw the tender respect and protection which the mother-women draw, or the passion which the lover-women arouse. And unjust as it may seem to the end of time, I fear it will be the lover-woman who will secure most of the plums, and whether they are worthy or unworthy will retain the power to call forth devotion, tenderness, passion and even respect and appreciation from men. For men of all grades of mind and soul cannot escape the eternal law which has decreed that the recreative instinct must always be active in them.

So it is wisest for women to make the best of things and to accept the fates inevitable to their types. Then each one will find that men take the places they wish them to occupy.



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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

His Wife's Money

(Continued from page 73)

intentions toward her singed away any barrier of time and hastened intimacy. Or, from the beginning, something about him found its way to a heart which heretofore had been unoccupied or by nature passive, and struck a spark.

He was not unpersonable—Hugh McNett. Neatly dressed and very courteous by training in a big cosmopolite establishment, he did not look his thirty-three years. His black hair was soft. His dark blue eyes, although a little too narrowly set for the best eyes, had as yet taken on from secret spleen only an intent gleam which did not mar or betray him. His mouth was a little tight, it is true, each side cleaved by a heavy, sullen line down from nostril. A few years more and, with his thoughts and attitude toward life, it would be too tight by far and a signpost to onlookers, as in a few years his eyes would be repellantly covetous.

An evening or so later it had seemed natural enough to forego the after supper walk downtown and sit in one big hickory armchair talking to her in another.

They talked on several subjects that evening; found mutual tastes. He and she had a common nervousness in automobiles. After his death, she had disposed of her father's two cars.

Taking into consideration her years in Washington, Hugh drew on his recollections of magazine and newspaper articles read by him, and quoted pertinent bits of Samuel Blythe, John Keynes and others. To her evident appreciation.

The ten o'clock stars were sprinkling the sky like fireflies when finally he said good night. If they glanced down upon him a little disdainfully, as stars may look down upon petty men of earth, their glance was too far and too impersonal to trouble Hugh McNett.

He could not say afterward what was the chief factor in his dislike of Dale Padgway. It was a dislike that mounted, for all his effort to subdue it.

There was Saffy Graham, of course, with her blue eyes and her unabashed use of them. In Chicago or New York a bank teller is not a great white social light. But in towns like Sublinia the position carries a certain importance. To the Sublinia set which included Saffy Graham—it was the joy riding set—Hugh found from the start that he had pleasant entrée.

Saffy was at the musicale, in peach colored organdie. Mrs. Sloan explicated tartly that Saffy paid her married brother, a salesman, only a nominal sum for board and put her earnings mostly into taffeta and organdie and silk stockings. But Saffy, toddling behind a clump of caladium with young Jimmy Sunberg, and later offering, blue eyes all alive and shameless, to teach the new teller, was not the kindest contrast to a serious eyed hostess in much washed white linen dress.

Oh, Saffy was from the start a factor. And another factor in the dislike which filled his heart was Timothy Padgway. Indeed, a hatred such as he had often felt for men in the flesh—Clughitt, for instance—took Hugh McNett for this dead man who had been so flush of power and property when living. It was such a

man that he himself longed, with an intensity that corroded, to be—and knew that he never would, never could be. Nature had forbidden him, barred him back with his own inferiority, and hence the constant sight and hearing of Timothy Padgway's name was constant irritant.

He presently guessed that this envy of a man was partial cause of his dislike of a woman. But he said that Dale herself furnished cause enough for a growing dislike. Her colorless way of life! when she had all opportunity for colorful way.

It was the day after the musicale that she came into the bank to make out her annual check for two hundred dollars to an orphanage. Denwell Curtis attended to its forwarding, almost paternally. A day or so later there passed through Hugh's own hands her regular yearly check for six hundred dollars to a nearby Old Men's Home. Almost half, this last one, as much as he himself earned in a whole year of attentive obedience to his superiors. The comparison was rankling.

It served perhaps to make rankling to him her habitual carelessness of expenditure. Her mended gloves, her washed out skirts, halting a season or two behind the styles, her worn shoes—bah! He began to feel wronged as the days went on. She belonged to those who possessed. The economies which, practiced by him and his kind, were matters for other people's contemptuous comment, she could indulge in scathless. She possessed enough to do as she pleased. Thrift with her was a pose, a play.

But Hugh did not allow his dislike to interfere with his course of procedure. One Saturday afternoon he insisted upon helping Dale mow her great lawn. Finding her mending the tennis net—which younger Sublinia used more than she did—he helped in that. If his sharp dark blue eyes had narrowly the while observed a carriage and tool house and mentally transformed it into an up to date garage, a man's thoughts are his own until he chooses to share them with a world.

And not many men would choose to let a world know that in thought they were debating just how much a settled dislike of one's wife would interfere with an enjoyment of life in a comfortable house with all its appendages.

Dale's big white stone house, the extravagant sweep of green lawn, that great squat, balustraded porch—

For all his secret desires and clutch of soul he had not known that a man could so soon become possessively attached to mere things. Those cheap white tiled lunchrooms of Chicago were a reminiscent horror with the cool dark wainscoting of the Padgway hall. He presently found himself regarding hall and porch and grounds possessively, resenting, even while Dale's hand touched his in mending tennis net and she flushed, small touches of neglect which, as eye became accustomed, showed in her care of her property.

And even later when over dinner Dale and her quiet, white-haired great-aunt showed themselves almost painfully anxious to please him, he would not have cared to disclose his plans for a future which included colorless Dale.

Not altogether colorless. She had changed into a blue dress, semi-evening, which Hugh guessed had taken a good many dollars from Timothy Padgway's pocket in some place like New York. But he felt that she was slight accompaniment to the heavy table silver which must have been in Padgway possession for more than her generation. It was heavier than modern taste likes, and showed a little stubborn black in the crevices of its intricate fleur de lis pattern.

Old Miss Padgway apologized—polish of it had been neglected since her nephew Timothy had died and no longer filled the house with his friends. Hugh McNett knew secret sullen envy of the man who had been able to buy and bring home those knives and forks with their massive petaled handles which matched the great tankard and tea service standing unused—Miss Padgway the elder showed them to him—in a secret recess back of the great, carved sideboard.

"It's worth only what it weighs," said Dale dispassionately. "It's so out of style. And silver bullion has dropped again."

She was not only colorless, she was stupid as well. That speech showed it. But when he left that night, Hugh McNett deliberately kissed her.

There is nothing particularly entrancing about the pink color which at his kiss rushes into the face of a girl for whom a man does not particularly care, whom indeed he dislikes. It was just as well that Dale Padgway, thin, tall, rather thoughtful, undressing later in a room which had massive mahogany bedstead but old and much mended lace curtains, could not see the wry, derisive smile which Hugh McNett wore while he made ready for bed. He felt that he had a man's own justification for accepting Jimmy Sunberg's invitation the next evening to form one of a motor party, Jimmy providing the motor.

Saffy was in the back seat with two other girls. During the evening he did not change his original opinion of Saffy. Saffy was one of those bright, unshy dandelions which have, over night it seems, sprung up countlessly over the world's front yard, pushing the neater, desired grass out of root room; pretty weeds they are, but weeds and a nuisance for all their bright prettiness.

He regretted later that motor party with its roystering roadhouse end. Naturally enough, it was followed by others. Jimmy Sunberg and others were glad of a not unpersonable addition to their crowd. But for all his hospitality, Jimmy was a little patronizing, as possessor of a car, to a young man who could not own one. And against his will Saffy somehow got into Hugh McNett's blood. With Dale in the background, he wanted her, and with Dale in the background he didn't want her. So he put it to himself.

He knew well enough what life would be with her. Passion and spats. Until some recriminatory day when she taunted him with his small income and took it as perfectly valid excuse and reason for her own unfaithfulness to him.

Provided of course she went so far as

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to take any vows of fidelity. He doubted if she would take them at all. She was cool of head. She laughed one night, "It's a pity you nice ones are always poor."

Indeed, she was entirely too cool of head to please his vanity. Passing the Padgway place one Sunday evening while he sat there talking, as one at home, to Dale, Saffy's eyes had lighted with surprise first and then with comprehension which was touched with amusement.

Later she and some others of the crowd chaffed him and offered mock good wishes. He was angered but dared not show his anger. He could not help his slow, growing dislike of Dale taking strength from his very anger over the chaffing to which he was subjected.

And since Sublinia was no larger, he could not help guessing that a group of older men, Denwell Curtis himself and Merley Briggs, had caught a hint of his intimacy with Dale as well as his rides with Saffy. So, since they were of Timothy Padgway's class, he included them in the small, secret dislike which he felt for many men.

Not altogether secret. Something in the cool, contemptuous gaze which Denwell gave him as he entered the bank one Monday morning got past Hugh's barriers. He returned it almost with insolence. What need the judgment of an old small town banker matter to him? He was derisively sure that advice from her elders would not be invited by Dale. She had been too quiescent, for all her pretense at confusion, under his one kiss.

Yet for all his confidence that such did not matter, he found himself annoyed enough when as he passed one noon, three old men on a corner paused in their absorbed talk to bend united and unfriendly scrutiny on him even while they politely returned his nod. He knew that they had been discussing him and would continue when he was out of earshot. In confirmation, a phrase or two caught his sharp, resentful ears as he went on.

Old Clay Curtis, who had boasted once in Hugh's hearing that he and Tim Padgway knew more about the poker games, church boards and politics of Sublinia County than any other man alive or dead, was chewing the end of a cigar in displeasure.

"I don't like his looks too well. Better keep an eye, Den—"

Denwell Curtis, who had small bright eyes set deep in an unmoving face, shrugged impatiently. "Oh, depositors' money is safe. He isn't the embezzling kind. Too careful—too knowing. He might like to."

"Close eyes," said Clay.

"I don't fancy his quiet ways," said old Merley Briggs with distaste.

"He might like to," said old Denwell. "But he'd think too often of what might happen to him."

"Mrs. Sloan told Hattie Brunkson who told Mrs. Briggs," said Merley Briggs painfully, "that he didn't get in bed till two o'clock last Saturday night. It was young Sunberg's crowd, and that Graham girl—"

Old Clay Curtis whirled. "What's that? Why, he spent Sunday afternoon on the Padgway porch! And old Laura Padgway told me—"

"I don't like a man who has such quiet ways and can ride two roads at the same time," repeated Merley Briggs sternly. "I'm afraid Dale—"

"No man can ride two roads at the same time," declared Judge Clay Curtis—at least he had once been a judge. "He is not the right man for Dale. You better tell her, Denwell."

"I think it's more your place, Clay, to have a talk with her."

"No, Den. It's yours."

"Go to her and say this fellow's going to marry you because he wants your money?" queried a brother with heat. "I can't go to a girl and say that when she—she—"

"When she seems to like him," finished Merley Briggs uncomfortably. "I wish we had not told Hed Sunberg when he asked for the position for his son Jimmy that we'd promised it to a young man out of town."

"Well, what else could we do?" demanded Denwell with temper. "Offend Hed? And if we'd hired that young rooster of his, we'd had to sleep in the bank to watch the safe!"

"I wish Tim was alive," said old Clay worriedly.

"But Tim's dead," said Denwell shortly. "And most of us will soon be, and Dale will be left alone to look after herself."

Later in the bank he began to treat his teller with a courtesy so fine and icy that the recipient flushed with resentment. Merley Briggs was not capable of the same fine iciness, but he drew himself into a chill of acquaintance that was not pleasant.

It remained, however, for Saffy Graham to inject vanity and coquetry into a situation which did not need them. It became evident to Hugh that she was using him to draw young Jimmy Sunberg on. Jimmy seemed amused and wary. Hugh was the only person annoyed. Whereat Saffy laughed at him one night.

"Don't be silly. I might like you better if you had a great big house to invite me to. Or a lovely large car to ride me around in."

The inference was obvious. So was Saffy.

The following evening, which was Sunday, Hugh chose a brown tie with particular care. He chose it with hands that were frankly contemptuous.

But he said to himself that he saw what he wanted in life and meant to have it. Nor was there need to delay taking it.

He saw very clearly the danger ahead of himself. To do him justice he wished, almost sincerely, that Saffy did not exist. At least not in Sublinia, and need not be a present excitement and a future temptation. He tried to say to himself that he hoped she would marry. Or leave his town. His town it had come to be.

But he knew that he was not entirely sincere, even with his own self.

Even before marrying Dale Padgway, he was being unfaithful to her in deliberate thought if not in deed. He admitted that against her colorlessness another girl's eyes were a blue beckon. Temptation of the future did not present itself in altogether unpleasant light. Well, since Saffy was one of those who would not be too particular, provided she had plenty of taffeta and organdie, and since the age was what it was, and he would be no worse than a great many other men—

It went to the bone, the inferiority of soul which Hugh McNett cynically admitted himself to possess. And all that redeemed him was that, asking Dale to



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greasy but just the oiliness you know your skin will welcome. Just after you come in from any trip and every night before retiring, smooth this delicate cream on your face. See how lightly it works in.

Then wipe it off gently being careful to use a soft cloth. You will be astonished at the grime on the cloth. This kind of cleansing actually restores freshness and life to a fatigued and dulled skin.

WHEN the first fine lines appear is the time to be most careful of your skin. You will find that the nightly use of this soft oil cream will keep your skin supple. It is when skin ceases to be supple that wrinkles take hold. Smooth Pond's Cold Cream on the little lines, being careful to rub with and not across them.

But no one cream can take perfect care of your skin. As a base for powder and a protection against exposure you need a cream without any oil—Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Use both these creams every day. They will keep your skin looking its best. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair nor clog the pores. Get them in convenient sizes of jars or tubes at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

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Cold Cream for cleansing
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Only one-fifth of the buildings owned by the Bell System are shown in this picture.

A Telephone City

Above is an imaginary city, made by grouping together one-fifth of the buildings owned by the Bell System, and used in telephone service. Picture to yourself a city five times as great and you will have an idea of the amount of real estate owned by the Bell System throughout the country.

If all these buildings were grouped together, they would make a business community with 400 more buildings than the total number of office buildings in New York City, as classified by the Department of Taxes and Assessments.


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AURORA, ILL. Dept. 40

marry him that Sunday night after he had walked back from church, he had twice to clear his throat before the words would come. In uttering them there was a muscular difficulty.

But he uttered them.

If the impulsive and betraying response she made in the instant putting out of her two hands, the quick color, not denying that swept her face, left him curious and unmoved for a lover, no one knew that. And he was almost immediately conscious of a rush of elation. After all, life would be good. He reached eagerly enough to take the two hands put out.

Before he could take them, however, she had drawn them back. "Wait," she said. "I want to tell you something, Hugh."

It was with averted face, and almost breathless in her nervous haste, that she told him.

When she had told him—

At first he did not believe her. It was fiction and in fact, the story is a work of test of avowed devotion. But he knew almost at once that only cold facts had been given him. Naked truth carries its own calling card, and one does not so long mistake it.

Her averted and unhappy face, the nervous rush of color, were truth. And her communication was like the bright glare of motor headlights meeting one's own; momentarily he was blinded. A white glare that did not distinguish but beat upon past incidents.

Presently his gaze grew somewhat accustomed to the glare, or it dimmed a little, and allowed matters to stand out clearly.

There stood out clearly the mended dresses, the mended gloves, the maid in the big house, Dale's and his aunt's worn shoes and work roughened hands—

"But since I have come to town you have paid over two thousand dollars to charity." Instinctively he had drawn impassivity quickly over the dismay in his eyes, but he could not help this quivering statement.

"There are only a few hundreds of those donations," she explained as though anxiously. "And if I did not keep them up, the town would know—people—"

"Why don't you want them to know?"

"Everyone considered him such a wonderful man." Her voice was low and unhappy but stubborn as the hills of earth are old. "Some who—who didn't like him. I won't have men laugh at—his mistakes. Toward the end, the poor old fellow made a muddle of so many business deals. He had given away so much money."

She went on defensively: "The last year of all, when he saw how things were going, he felt so bad over his Old Men's Home and that poor college and some others. He cried. He asked me to always try to give them a little each year out of what was left. He thought he was leaving me more than was actually the case." Her voice was very stubborn. "And I will always give those donations, if there is nothing left for me."

Hugh McNett sat motionless in his wide hickory chair and saw a big house of cards fallen down. Prostrate, atop each other, the cards lay.



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"Denwell Curtis surely—Merley Briggs is cashier—"

"They know. They won't tell. They were his friends. And old Judge Clay, poor old dear"—with a hint of nervous laugh—"who offered to marry me and help out. The rest of the town"—there was a little composed scorn in her tone—"is stupid. As long as I give money away, they take for granted that I must have plenty! I own this house and grounds of course. But that safe deposit box of mine is—is a poor thing."

Still motionless, and glad that the porch was roofed into comparative darkness, he watched a beautiful illusion of a future fade into ugly gray fact. It had been a very lovely illusion, soft, pink and fringed as a prize petunia blossom. But no more substantial, it seemed, than the texture of a petunia's corolla.

Something of his thoughts must have communicated itself to her.

"My petunias," she said, not so irrelevantly as it seemed, "aren't the best blooming in town. They seem so—because of the great smooth slope on which the bed is set. And—because of other setting."

He was moved to ask in curious voice: "Do you like to wear mended gloves and—the rest?"

"I don't mind. That is"—with honesty—"very much."

She added: "It is more pleasant not to have to wear them, of course."

He nodded. He could agree. It is more pleasant not to have to wear them.

"Are you nervous in automobiles?" he was moved in turn to put.

"No." She said it simply.

He could have laughed aloud. There would be no carriage house made over, by him, into an up to date garage. No men employed to care for a big handsome lawn. No remodeling of a great stone house. No flinging about of dollars, as he had enviously watched other men fling them about. Pullmans, city jaunts, finer linen—the dream!

He recalled one moody day when he had resentfully handled a check signed by her and had disliked her for her power to sign it and carelessly hand it to old Denwell Curtis. It had been half his yearly earnings. Yes, he could now laugh aloud. Why, cheap, silly Saffy had, potentially, as much money to spend on herself as had this older, quieter girl.

He knew afterward that it was at this moment, checking that laugh, there came to him a sudden realization that whatever a man felt toward Dale Padgway as wife, he would not despise her. She would have his respect for her stubborn, quixotic course. A stubbornly strong nature she must have—

"I would have gone away, somewhere, and worked, except for Aunt Laura," she said in constraint. "I planned this year even—" She broke off. Without words, even a stupider man could have understood that she had changed her mind after he came to town.

"Why have you told me?" he asked with constraint of his own.

She did not reply. He was ashamed of having asked.

He wondered what Saffy, the others in town, would say. He was glad the porch was dark and concealed his face. He had blushed. Because of course he had not

in mind to betray a confidence made to him, no matter how it changed his own future. Saffy and others would at first refuse to believe, then laugh. One would relish the telling. But he was not altogether a small man. He would keep the secret put in his possession.

Oddly enough, he knew that his dislike of Dale had lessened. There seemed nothing tangible about her to arouse one's dislike.

He would be a good deal amused hereafter when he watched a town make obeisance to a thin, quiet girl who had an unsuspected stock of stubbornness and quixotism. In effect, obeisance was what a town made to her. She had some of the tangible results of money, if not the money itself. Or was it intangible—

For the moment he was confused. Tangibility and intangibility, illusion and substance, which did Dale have? The four seemed to dance before him in curious change. Certainly her life partook in a measure of substance. For all her little outflinging of hands over economies of dress and labor, she did not taste the bitterness of real poverty. She had not the reputation of poverty.

Quite involuntarily, perhaps because the picture had been so long in his mind that its dislodgment came hard, he pictured himself as her husband under the changed facts. It would be an amusing position. The town would make obeisance to him too. Figuratively speaking, Sublinia, being no different from other towns, would tip its hat to him. Despire him of course, for marrying a woman for her money—

Well, that would be amusing, too. Because he wouldn't have married her for her money if she had none!

He could see himself rather enjoying the situation, getting a secret healthy amusement out of a town's misapprehension. For instance, he would have to mow his own lawn—

"Dale," they would say, "has certainly not married a spendthrift." With a toss of town's head and a disapproving purse of lips. Any town likes its bone and considers itself misused when a good bone is taken from it. It would be strangely unnatural for Dale to have married a moneyless man who would not squander her fortune. The annals of fact and of fiction forbid such procedure.

As for Saffy—

He did not know afterward why unfelt by him there could have fallen a certain amount of charm from that blue-eyed young person. Dale herself had not perceptibly changed. Sitting there, quiet, she was the same person. Possessed of a stubbornness and quixotism that one had not guessed she could know, he admitted. Not a person whom a man could dislike, much less despise. He had retracted a certain opinion of her.

But into his thoughts there had crept a sudden change toward Saffy. Saffy was one of the common and tawdry persons of life. There are a great many. There runs along with their prettiness a self-seeking that did not show up well against—the curious strength of character of such as Dale.

"If you have enough to eat and wear and a place to live, the rest doesn't matter so much," she now said in a low, almost pleading voice.

Well, no, he admitted. Involuntarily he continued to picture himself as her

husband. Old Mrs. Sloan, Denwell Curtis, Merley Briggs would change front, be sycophantic to him as well as to Dale—

Stay. The last two knew the facts. And since they knew, one could not impute sycophancy to them. It was merely affection and respect. And toward him—

With a curious pleasure he allowed himself to dwell upon the new figure which he would cut in the sharp eyes of an old shrewd clique of men. He had his own smaller shrewdness. He knew well enough that they had a present opinion of him. It would not hurt a man's feelings, the quick turnabout which they must make. He could fancy them saying to each other, puzzled, "We must have been mistaken in him." And he would be admitted into a queer loyal partnership, to help a stubborn loving girl protect the memory of a man whom personally he had never known. He drew a quick, deep breath. No need of him, for all his lack, to waste good hours in envy of Timothy Padgway. Illusion—substance—

And if a town discovered the truth, no one could laugh or despise him any more than Dale. It would not be an unworthy partnership. The picture drew him, began to obsess him. In the bank he would be admitted to an intimacy, a trust, that he had never before known. It would partly compensate—the thought drifted into his mind with penetrating pleasure—for the lack of actual money. While Dale—

He said again to himself, rather unnecessarily, that one could not despise Dale. If there had threaded his dislike of her, like a staying woof which will not be raveled, the notion that one must inevitably despise the woman one had married for her possessions, the thread must have fallen out. There seemed now, about life with her, to be a sense of comfort and endurance.

He remembered that once while she replaced a lawn mower he had noticed that for all their shabby sleeves, her arms were strong and white. It came slowly but surely to him that a man might not mind what kind of clothes a wife wore provided she was very stubborn and loyal, with a tenacity of will, lovingly mistaken though it might be, which blooms rarely in this weedy world. One would feel that she would be faithful. One need not fear that she would snatch at a husband's small income as an excuse for infidelity. And children by her—

He made a wry face in the darkness. It was at thought of children by Saffy Graham! He did not understand just how it had happened, but there seemed to have passed from the one girl to the other all of beauty, all of charm that a man would need.

He wondered with abrupt humility, and was too absorbed by it to wonder at himself, just what Dale had seen in his plotting, planning self. He got the words out hastily—"If you think you—we—can manage on what I make?" With regret—"I'll likely never make a lot—"

He held her hands tightly in his own. Hers relaxed as though in a wait which had been almost too long they had clenched unwittingly in the dark of the porch.

By starlight alone no one could see a sore doubt drop quickly out of her eyes, while content came instead.

DODGE BROTHERS ANNOUNCE

A Business Coupe
Conservative changes
in body design
of all other types



December Love

(Continued from page 80)

"Well, Inspector," he said, "you've had your visit for nothing. It wasn't a bad picture, either. I should like you to have had a squint at it. But—perhaps I'll do better yet. Who knows? Perhaps I've stuck to those Café Royal types too long. Perhaps I'd better make a start in a new line. Have a whisky?"

"Thank you. But it's rather too early," said the lemon-colored man. "Do you wish—"

"No, I don't!" said Garstin. "We'll leave it at that!" Again he flung out his arm towards the mutilated canvas.

"I made a bargain with the fellow whose portrait that was. I was to paint it and exhibit it, and then he was to have it. Well, I suppose we're about quits. I can't exhibit it, but I'm damned if he can make money out of it. We're quits!"

Sir Seymour turned to the Inspector.

"Well, Inspector, I'm very sorry to have given you this trouble for nothing," he said. "I know you're a busy man. You take the cab back to Scotland Yard. Here—you must allow me to pay the shot. I'll stay on for a few minutes. And"—he glanced towards Garstin—"we may as well keep this matter between us, if Mr. Garstin agrees."

"I agree! I agree!" said Garstin.

"Very well," said the Inspector. "Good morning, gentlemen."

"Back in a moment," said Garstin to Sir Seymour. And he went downstairs to let the Inspector out.

"So that's how it ends!" said Sir Seymour to himself when he was alone.

And he went over to what had been Arabian's portrait and gazed at the hole which surmounted the magnificent torso. He had no doubt that Arabian had gone out of Miss Van Tuyn's life forever. Probably, almost certainly, he had returned to the hotel on the previous evening, had been given the note Miss Van Tuyn had written to dictation and also a hint from that very discreet and capable fellow, Henriques, of what might happen if he persisted in trying to force himself upon her. And then he had come to the decision which had led to the outrage in the studio. Where was he now?

"The morning boat to Paris and—the underworld!" Sir Seymour muttered to himself.

"Not much to look at now, is it?" said Garstin's voice behind him.

He turned round quickly, went up to Garstin and held out his hand.

"I know I don't understand what you feel about this. No one could but a fellow painter as big as you are. But I wish I could make you understand what I feel about something else."

"And what's that?" said Garstin as he took Sir Seymour's hand.

"About the way you've taken it and your letting the blackguard off."

"Beryl wanted me to paint him but I painted him to please myself. I'm a selfish brute, like most painters, I suppose."

"But you're letting him go because of Miss Van Tuyn."

"Damn it, I believe I am. I say, are you ever coming here again?"

"If I may."

"I've spent half my life in showing

people up on canvas," he said. "I should like to try something else."

"And what's that?"

"I should like to try to reveal the underneath fine instead of the underneath filth. It'd be a new experiment for me." He laughed. "Perhaps I should make a failure of it. But—if you'd allow me—I would try to make a start with you."

"I can only say I shall be honored," said Sir Seymour. "I'm a good bit battered, but such as I am I am always at your service—out of work hours."

His last words to Garstin at the street door were:

"You've taught an old soldier how to take a hard knock."

Sir Seymour usually called on Lady Sellingworth about five o'clock in the afternoon when he was not detained by work or inevitable engagements. On the day of his visit to Garstin's studio he felt that he owed it to Adela to go and tell her what had happened in connection with Arabian since he had last seen her.

But as he walked he was conscious of a strange reluctance to pay the customary visit, the visit which had been the bright spot in his day for so long. He had interfered with the design of Arabian. But Arabian unconsciously had stabbed him to the heart with a sentence, meant to be malicious, about Adela, but surely not intended to pierce him.

Young Craven! Young Craven!

When he reached the familiar door he hesitated to press the bell. He feared that he would not be perfectly natural with Adela. He feared that he would be constrained. But after a moment of uneasy waiting, he put his hand to the bell.

Murgatroyd opened the door.

"Good day, Murgatroyd. Is her Ladyship at home?"

"Yes, Sir Seymour."

A moment later Murgatroyd opened the drawing room door and made the familiar announcement.

"Sir Seymour Portman."

Adela was as usual on the sofa by the tea table, near to the fireplace. She got up to greet him and looked at him eagerly, almost anxiously. "I was hoping you would come. Has anything happened?"

"Yes, a great deal," he said as he took her hand.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she asked.

"But in what way?"

"As if you wanted to know something, as if—have you changed towards me?"

"My dear Adela! What a question from you after all these years!"

"You might change."

"Nonsense, my dear."

"No, no, it is not! Anyone may change."

She sat down again, but there was an almost terrified expression in her eyes.

"You haven't seen—him?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You have! I felt it! He has said something about me, something horrible!"

"Adela, do you really think I would take an opinion of you from a blackguard like that?"

"Please tell me everything," she said.

She looked painfully agitated, and some-

thing in her agitation made him feel very tender.

"Seymour, you are hiding something from me," she said.

"Adela, give me a little time! I am going to tell you my news."

"Yes, yes, please do!"

"I really want my tea," he said with a smile.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

And then he began to relate to her, swiftly, the events of his mission. While she listened she sat very still. Her eyes were fixed upon him. Presently he reached the point in his narrative where Arabian walked into Dick Garstin's studio. Then she moved. She seemed suddenly seized with an uncontrollable restlessness. He knew she was suffering intensely. But he went on till he came to the scene in the flat in Rose Tree Gardens.

He told what had happened in the flat, but not fully. He said nothing of Arabian's mention of her name, but he did tell her that he himself had spoken of her, had said that he was a friend of hers. And finally he told her how he had spoken of his, and Miss Van Tuyn's, knowledge that Arabian had stolen her jewels.

"I didn't mean to tell him that," he added, "but—well, it came out. I—I hope you forgive me?"

He did not wait for her answer but told her of his abrupt departure from the flat and of his subsequent visit to Miss Van Tuyn, of what he had learned at the hotel, and of what he had done there.

"The police!" she said, as if startled. "But if—if there should be a scandal! Oh—Seymour, that would be too horrible! I couldn't bear that! He might—it might come out! And my name—"

She got up from the sofa. Her face looked drawn with an anxiety that was like agony. He got up too.

"It was only a threat. But in any case it will be all right, Adela."

And then he told her of the outrage in the studio. He saw by her face that she had grasped at once what Arabian's action implied.

Flight!

"You see—he's done with. We've done with the fellow!" he said at last, as she did not speak.

"Yes."

Her face, when not interfered with, was always pale. But now it looked horribly, unnaturally white. Relief, he believed, had shaken her to the very soul.

"Adela, did you think your good deed was going to recoil on you?" he said. "Did you really think it was going to bring punishment on you? I don't believe things go like that even in this distracted, inexplicable old world."

"Don't they? Mightn't they?"

"Surely not. You have saved that terrified girl. You have paid back that scoundrel. And you have nothing to fear."

"Haven't I? Why did you look at me like that when you came into the room?"

"But you are—"

"No. You haven't told me something. Be happy in the good result of your self-sacrifice, Adela."

"I want you to tell me. There is something. I know there is."

The Right of Way to Tire Leadership

A year or so ago, the American public placed the leadership of the tire business in the hands of the men who make U. S. Royal Cords

THE first Royal Cord Tires were made and sold in 1916. No cut-and-dried story could possibly account for their position of command today—earned in a short

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One symptom they don't discuss

NO matter how well you know a person—maybe even your very closest friend—there is one subject you instinctively avoid.

You may discuss the most intimate things about your family, your business and your most personal affairs, but this one topic you dodge. There is something about halitosis (the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) that seems to forbid honest conversation about it.

Yet the insidious thing about halitosis is the unfortunate fact that any one may suffer from it and in nine cases out of ten you are not conscious of it yourself. So unless you use some sensible scientific precaution you may go through your day or evening uncomfortable and concerned, wondering whether or not you are offending people about you.

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Start using Listerine today. Put your mind at ease. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



"I'm afraid if I speak quite frankly I shall hurt you, my dear."

"Be frank with me. I have been very frank with you. I have told you."

"Yes, indeed. You have been nobly, gloriously frank. Well, then—that horrible fellow did say something that—I confess it—has upset me. He alluded to a friend of yours. He mentioned that nice boy I met here, young Craven."

"Yes?"

"I really can't get what he said over my lips, Adela."

"I know what he said. You needn't tell me."

They were both silent for a minute. Then she came close to him.

"Seymour, perhaps you want to ask me a question about Mr. Craven. But—don't! You needn't. I have done, absolutely done with all the side of my life which you hate. A part of my nature has persecuted me. It has often led me into follies and worse, as you know. But I have done with it. Indeed, indeed I can answer for myself. I wouldn't dare to speak like this to you, the soul of sincerity, if I couldn't. But I'll prove it to you. Seymour, you know what I am. I dare say you have always known. But the other night I told you myself."

"Yes."

"If I hadn't I shouldn't dare now to ask you what I am going to ask you. Is it possible that you still love me enough to care to be more than the friend you have always been to me?"

"Do you mean—"

"Yes," she said.

"I ask nothing more of life than that, Adela."

"Nor do I, dear Seymour."

That evening Miss Van Tuyn learned through the telephone from Lady Sellingworth what had happened in Garstin's studio during the previous night. The following morning she learned from Sir Seymour that the flat in Rose Tree Gardens had been abruptly deserted by its tenant, who had left very early the day before.

She was free from persecution, and of course she realized her freedom; but, so strange are human impulses, she was at first unable to be happy in her knowledge that the burden of fear had been lifted from her. The misfortune which had fallen on Dick Garstin obsessed her mind. Her egoism was drowned in her anger at what Arabian had done. She went early to the studio and found Garstin alone.

"Hello, Beryl, my girl!" he said in his usual offhand manner. "Come round to see the remains?"

"Oh, Dick!" she exclaimed, grasping his hand. "Oh, I'm so grieved, so horrified! And it's all my fault! Where—what have you done with—"

"What's left, do you mean? Go and see for yourself."

She hurried upstairs. When he followed he found her standing before the mutilated picture, which was still in its place, with tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Good God, Beryl! What's up?"

"How you must hate me!" she said in a broken voice. "How you must hate me!"

"Rubbish! What for?"

"If it hadn't been for me you would never have painted him."

"I painted the fellow to please myself."

"Dick, I never thought you could be like this," she said. "How can you take it so

Cosmopolitan for July, 1922

calmly? Your masterpiece—ruined! For you'll never do anything like it again."

"That's probably gospel truth. My girl, you are standing in front of my epitaph on the Café Royal. There it is. Look well on it! I've buried my past and I'm going to start again. And who do you think is to be my next victim?"

"Who?"

"You'll never guess—a gentleman!"

"A gentleman? What do you mean, Dick? The word has gone out."

"But not the thing, thank God, so long as Sir Seymour Portman keeps about on his dear old pins."

"You are going to paint Sir Seymour?"

"I am! Think I can do him?"

She looked at him for a moment, and her blue eyes searched him as if to see whether he were worthy. Then she said soberly, "Yes, Dick!"

"Then let's turn the damned epitaph with its hole to the wall!"

One evening some ten days later, before any rumor of Lady Sellingworth's new decision had got about in the world of London, on coming home from the Foreign Office Craven found a note lying on the table in the tiny hall of his flat. He picked it up and saw Miss Van Tuyn's handwriting. He had not seen either her or Lady Sellingworth since the evening when they had met in the Bella Napoli. Both women had come into his life together. And it seemed to him that both had gone out of it together. His acquaintance, or friendship, with them had been a short episode in his pilgrimage, and apparently the episode was definitely over.

But now—here was a letter from the beautiful girl! He took it up, carried it into his sitting room and tore open the envelope.

Claridge's

Thursday

My dear Mr. Craven:
I am going back to Paris almost directly and should very much like to see you if possible to say good by. Have you a few minutes to spare any time? If so do come round to the hotel and let us have a last little talk.

Yours sincerely,
Beryl Van Tuyn

When he had read this brief note Craven was struck, as he had been struck when he had read Lady Sellingworth's letter to him, by a certain finality in the wording. Good by—a last little talk! Miss Van Tuyn might have put "au revoir," might have omitted the word "last."

He looked at the clock. It was not very late, only half-past five. He decided to go at once to the hotel. Miss Van Tuyn was at home. He went up in the lift and was shown into her sitting room. He waited there for a few minutes. Then the door opened and she came in smiling.

"How good of you to come so soon! I hardly expected you."

"But—why not?" he said as he took her hand. She glanced at him, inquiringly he thought, then said:

"Oh, I don't know! You're a busy man and have lots of engagements."

They sat down and there was a moment of silence. For once Miss Van Tuyn seemed slightly embarrassed, not quite at her ease. Craven did not help her. He still remembered the encounter in Glebe Place with a feeling of anger. He still felt that he moved in a certain darkness,

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that both Lady Sellingworth and Miss Van Tuyn had been unkind to him, had treated him if not badly at any rate in a way that was unfriendly and, to him, inexplicable. He did not want to seem hurt, but on the other hand he did not feel that it was incumbent upon him to rush forward with gracious eagerness or to show any keen desire for the old, intimate relations.

"Have you seen Adela lately?" Miss Van Tuyn said at last, breaking the silence.

"No," he said, "not since that night when we met in the Bella Napoli."

"Oh! That's too bad? I thought you were such friends!"

"Scarcely that, I think," replied Craven in his most definitely English manner. "I like Lady Sellingworth very much, but she has swarms of friends, and I can't expect her to bother very much about me."

"But I don't think she has swarms of friends."

"Perhaps nobody has. Still, she knows a tremendous number of people."

"I am sure she likes you," said Miss Van Tuyn. "Do go and see her sometimes. I think—I think she would appreciate it." Suddenly she leaned forward, almost impulsively, and said, "You remember I had a sort of cult for Adela?"

"Had you?"

"But you know I had! Well, I only want to tell you that it isn't a cult now. I have got to know Adela better, to know her really. I used to admire her as a great lady. Now I love her as a great woman. She's rare. That is the word for her. Once—not long ago—I was talking to a man who knows what people are. And he summed Adela up in a phrase. He said she was a thoroughbred. We young ones—modern, I suppose we are—we can learn something from her. I have learned something. Isn't that an admission? For the young generation to acknowledge that it has something to learn from—that are sometimes called the 'has-beens'!"

Craven looked at her and noticed with surprise that her violet eyes were clouded for a moment, as if some moisture had found its way into them. Perhaps she saw that look of his. For she laughed, changed the conversation and from that moment talked in her usual lively way about less intimate topics. Only when Craven presently got up to go did she return for a moment to her former more serious mood. As he took her hand to say good by she said:

"Perhaps we shall meet again—perhaps not. I don't know when I shall be back in London. I'm soon going over to America with Fanny. But don't think too badly of me."

"If? How could I think badly of you?"

"Oh yes—you might! There are things I can't explain which may easily have given you a nasty impression of me. If I could explain them perhaps you would remember me more pleasantly. Anyhow I shall always think of you as one of my friends. Good by."

And then she moved away and he went to the door.

But just as he was going out he turned round and said:

"Au revoir!"

She made a little kind gesture with her left hand, but she said nothing.

At that moment she was thinking of Adela.

THE END.

Gentlemen Once

(Continued from page 86)

discovered that the weird noises were issuing out of the ground, from the old cistern, in fact. The heavy lid was in place. Apparently John was laboring under the delusion that it is possible to smother a saxophone.

From under and around the lid seeped tenor wailings, barytone groans, and sudden deep bass bleats.

Connie applied her eye to a thin crack between the boards in the cover. John was sitting cross-legged on the floor of the cistern with the instruction book propped up against the wall and a candle between him and it, practicing gravely on the alleged Bluebells of Scotland.

Connie never told him that his secret had leaked out and although he spent several dreadful hours each evening in his self-constructed prison she never so much as hinted that she knew what he was up to.

IV

JOHN did not seem to care about going to town during his spare hours and if anyone called he always managed to have business in a remote part of the field or in the barn. And he was growing a beard. It was in that first painful fringe-like stage that young doctors go through shortly after getting their medical degrees.

But he certainly picked up truck farming with amazing speed. Perhaps it was because, unlike other hired hands, he had not the constant itch to get away from his job. Whatever the reason he was a success. His disposition and mental outlook were vinegary still but he was the next thing to a flivver for efficiency.

Connie told him so gratefully. "With a couple of men like yourself around the place I believe we could make the farm pay pretty well."

"Would you hire another man at the same wages you pay me?"

"Of course, but you're practically working for nothing. No regular farm hand would be so cheap or so good."

The matter rested there.

In the morning John appeared a trifle tired and later in the day she discovered him asleep out in a corner of the field on some hay. There was no real reason why she should have felt so disappointed at finding out that he had one human failing. Heaven knew that a hired man who only stayed out all night once in two or three weeks was a *rara avis*. Still Connie was unaccountably peeved and she was very dignified with her rascal at supper.

There was no saxophone inquisition that night. Connie thought, sarcastically, that he ought to be rested enough from loafing and sleeping all day to be up to his usual dissipation by nightfall.

Horrid thought! Perhaps he had gone back to her!

Connie went out to the barn. If he was there she planned to ask some trivial question about the live stock to account for her presence.

He was there all right. There was a lighted lantern inside—its rays filtered through the crevices in the barn siding.

As she came nearer she heard voices. Now she had to know. If that girl—



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Connie shamelessly applied an eye to a knot hole.

It was two men, John and another. The one whom she did not know had on riding breeches, boots and a flannel shirt.

They were talking. John was apparently doing most of it.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather," he was saying, "when I found out that you had run away, too. Of course I knew that Sally is a darn fool modern woman who doesn't know what's good for her but I didn't dream you were wise, too. The day she got her divorce was the psychological moment to act, of course, before matters got more complicated. I saw that the same as you did."

"But how did you find me?" the other man asked. He had a pleasant voice, much pleasanter than John's, which was apt to have a scowl in it.

"Cinch," John replied. "As soon as I read that you had pulled out, too, I knew right where you'd go. I, too, was headed for that shanty we built together when we were kids until I got sidetracked into this job. Then yesterday when my boss said she could use another man it occurred to me that you might be getting a trifle bored and tired of your own cooking so I hoofed it all the way up there. It was rotten luck that you were out fishing just that once but I knew from the signs that you'd be coming back so I left the note. Thanks for answering in person."

The other man seemed to be considering. "Who is this boss of yours?"

"Her name is Miss Constance Colby."

"Miss? I thought you spoke of several children."

"I did. Sisters and brothers of hers. They're orphans, children of a college professor who died and left them nothing but a truck farm somebody stung him with."

"What's she like?"

"She's like something the sun finds on a rosebush when he looks over the horizon in the morning."

"Do you mean one of those green worms?"

"No. I refer to a glowing half opened bud with the dew still fresh on it."

"Humph?" A question was in the newcomer's tone and glance. "What ails you?"

Connie, whose ears tingled and whose face had borrowed the coloring of the lowly beet, crept away without waiting for a reply. Supposing some one should find her eavesdropping!

Still, as she entered the house she wagged a derisive thumb on her nose in the general direction of the farmhouse where the rural Cleopatra lived. That for her!

V

THE next morning John gravely presented his friend. "His name is Art, and you may trust him with anything."

"I thought," said Connie, "that you believed no friend could be trusted."

"I was wrong. I had made a mistake about—Art. If you'll take him on I'll teach him which end of the cow gives the milk and how to remove eggs from nests—everything I know?"

"Including the saxophone?" Connie inquired pointedly.

John flushed but returned, "He is an amateur on the slide trombone."

Connie wondered if the cistern could stand it. But she hired the new man on

the same terms as the first, and the work went on merrily.

There began to be hope that she could stave off that mortgage. She watched the little pile of savings in the bank increase each week. With plenty of help she was able to harvest and prepare for market practically every ounce that the farm yielded, and besides that had nearly all of her own time to devote to the selling end which prospered unexpectedly.

VI

THREE days before the mortgage was due, the village bank failed. The president and cashier had been caught in a jam on Wall Street. The bank's funds had followed their own. Incidentally the bank's funds included Connie's savings.

She faced the disaster stoically. There seemed to be no point in telling her assistants about it so she allowed them to continue the work on the farm and even went about her own duties listlessly because it was a habit. The little they might make now would do no good, of course, with all the earnings of the summer gone.

Marvin Cole, church deacon and custodian of all the mortgages thereabouts, called on her the morning the money was due.

"Thought I'd remind you about coming to my office this afternoon," he signified.

Connie put on a brave front for a moment. "I'm glad you came in, Mr. Cole," she said. "I wanted to ask you if you would agree to give me a little extension?" She faltered as she saw the lines of his mouth harden.

"No extension," he snapped. "Money's too hard to get nowadays, what with the bank failing and everything. What's mine is mine."

It was probably only coincidence, fate, kismet, or whatever you may call it, that two whiskered young men happened to come in the back door at that moment. They heard the tones of the man's voice even if they didn't hear what he was saying and they seemed to resent particularly what he was saying to their employer.

"What's this all about?" demanded John approaching the older man threateningly.

"This is Mr. Cole," Connie interposed trying to prevent a scene. "He owns a mortgage on my farm and he is quite entitled to the money. I had almost all of it for him, too, but the bank—"

"Oh I see," said John. "And the low lived whelp was going to take advantage of your trouble, was he?"

"The money belongs to me," protested the real estate man stoutly, "and I am going to have it."

"Wait, John!" said Art. "Don't hit him. Throw him out by the slack of his pants but remember that although he may be a liar and a horse thief he's an older man than you are and you mustn't do more than just muss him up."

"Thanks," rejoined John, and acting upon the hint, he turned the real estate man around, grabbed him as suggested and bounced him upon the door step.

"There's that," he said as he came back dusting off his hands.

Outside there came a low rumbling, probably from Deacon Cole remembering some cuss words which he had resolutely put aside since his marriage and conversion to religion.

"Yes, there's that," Connie agreed

ruefully. "I suppose I might as well pack up the few things that really belong to me. He'll be back this evening to turn me out."

"Oh, he will, will he?" mused John.

"How much do you owe him?" Art interposed practically.

"Seven hundred and eighty dollars," Connie returned immediately. The sum was on the tip of her tongue. She was always thinking of it.

"How much have you got?" Art asked of his collaborator.

"A couple of dollars," replied the other.

"And I've only got ten myself," Art concluded. "There is only one thing to do." He looked questioningly at John.

"You're right," John agreed, "there's only one thing to do." He turned to Connie.

"Miss Boss," he said, "will you take the Whanger, go over to the residence of Mrs. Pitner Blake and ask the ex-Mrs. Blake, who is still living there, I believe, to come back with you?"

Connie, who understood what they meant, protested. "It will spoil everything for you."

"Of course, we'd rather not," said Art, "because this has been loads of fun and a real vacation from worry for us but it couldn't go on anyway if that old skinflint Cole took the farm away from you, could it? As it is, one of us will give himself up and get the money to lend to you while the other stays right on as your farm hand or anything you like."

Connie blushed, for it was only then that she realized how much of a game it had all been; that both of these men were millionaires, both of them free from marital alliances and that both of them liked her. Of this last she was quite positive although neither had ever suggested it in the slightest way by word or deed.

They argued about the question for a long time and in the end Connie gave in. There seemed to be no other way.

Mrs. Blake was surprised when she was told that the vegetable woman wanted to see her, but when Connie hinted at her errand Mrs. Blake was all eagerness and did not wait for her own car but hopped into the imitation leather seat of the Whanger beside Connie and went galumphing down the dusty road.

In the living room of the farmhouse there was no one but from outside somewhere floated the muffled sounds of a slide trombone and a saxophone. Connie knew where they were.

Mrs. Blake, Connie thought, was the sort of a creature to turn any man's head, dainty, fluffy, alert, sweet-mouthed, gray eyed, and full of that indefinable something we now call jazz. The girl trembled unsteadily to think of herself in competition with this perfectly turned out creature, never realizing that if her own velvet blue eyes, perfect color, gorgeous black hair, and boyish figure were ever clothed in the garments of the other woman, she would make her turn pale green with envy.

Both women without a declaration of purpose knew that they were rivals. Women have an animal faculty of scenting the presence of an enemy.

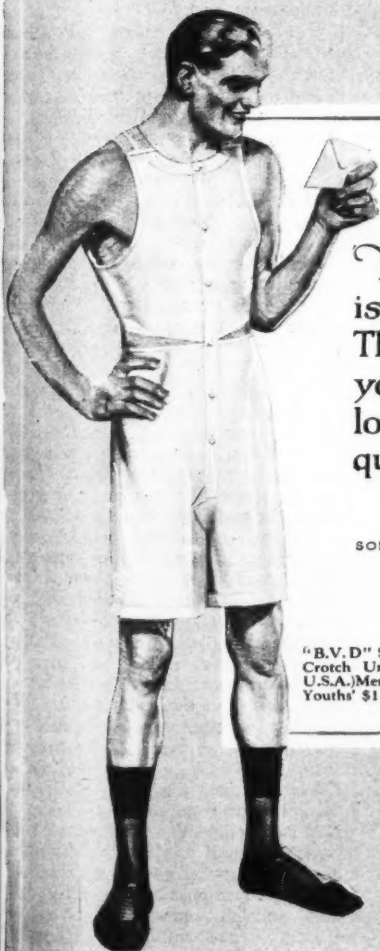
Connie stated the proposition. "Mrs. Blake, I am going to ask you a frank question. If, by your wish, either Mr. Blake or Mr. Harmon could be brought back into your life, which one would you prefer that it should be?"

The other woman laughed. "My dear

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there is only one man that I really care anything about and that's my husband. He made me mad the way he neglected me for his old chum and for the time I forgot who my real boss was. I'll admit that Pit had to disappear before I realized how much I cared for him. But if I ever get my hands on the old dear again you'll see how much attention I pay to that old divorce. I didn't like the judge anyhow."

Connie sighed. "All right, you've made your choice. Wait here."

She went outside and lifted the lid off the old cistern. A riot of noise erupted, but the sudden drenching of light must have warned them, for the racket subsided to a few discordant grunts and blats.

"What do you want?" asked John.

"I don't want anything," said Connie, "but if Mr. Pitner Blake, whichever one of you that is, will come out and go to the house he'll find his wife waiting for him. She wants him back."

Having delivered her message, Connie backed away from the cistern curb. Let the men settle it themselves. Still, she couldn't keep her eyes from straying to that hole in the ground. Which man was going to come through it and which one did she want to appear? They were both such nice boys. Not that either of them would look at her anyway because they were both millionaires and she was only—only Connie.

While she was thinking, the top of a head slowly appeared above the cistern. Then came a face, grinning.

Connie's heart stopped beating and then resumed again at trip hammer pace. The man who climbed out of the cistern was the

one she had hoped it would be after all. She didn't know she had hoped it, however, until then when her heart had told her.

After he had gone to the house she wandered over to the well curb. "Aren't you coming out, too?" she inquired pleasantly.

"I'm having a fit of blue funk," declared a voice below. "I'm scared stiff for fear you don't care for me."

"But I do, John, or whatever your real name is."

"Then come down," he suggested.

In order to help her descend, of course, he had to take her in his arms. Instead of releasing her he held her there.

They sat down thus on the slide trombone which thereafter never slid again.

It was quite cozy down there. Finally Connie said: "I know now what you meant about not having killed anybody recently. You served in Europe during the war, didn't you?"

He nodded. "But if I killed anybody at all it was at long range. I was in the artillery."

"There's one other thing we'll have to settle. I've thought it all over and I've come to your way of thinking about life in general. Everything is wrong and you can't trust anybody. It will be much pleasanter if we agree about that."

"But we don't, dear. I've changed and gone over to the other side. I suppose I could come back."

"Don't. Let me change again. I was really only pretending just because I thought you'd love me more."

"My dear," his voice broke because a tear got tangled in it, "I couldn't."

Broken Barriers

(Continued from page 52)

Irene to go to luncheon with her. To her relief Irene, having already formed at long range her opinion of Mrs. Trenton, asked only a few questions about the dinner.

"Having seen Mary you will understand Ward better," her friend remarked, after satisfying her curiosity as to what the women wore and suggesting that the meeting with Atwood under Miss Reynolds's roof might lead to something.

"Ward's coming here to see her; he may be in town now," said Grace, not in the least interested in Atwood. "She told us at dinner she hadn't seen her husband for six months and had been wiring to try to locate him. What do you make of that, Irene? Do you suppose—"

"I'd suppose nothing! You can't tell what women of that sort think or what they'll do. But you can be pretty sure they'll do something foolish every chance they get. Don't you worry about her; you can trust Ward to take care of you no matter what her ladyship knows or guesses about him. If Ward loves you as I think he does he'll go clear down 'he line for you."

"Do you think that—do you really mean that?" asked Grace tremulously.

"Of course I mean it! Look here, my dear! Seeing that woman has made you nervous. If you'd asked my advice in advance I'd have told you not to go. But now that you went and gone and done it the sooner you forget all about the whole thing the better."

"Irene, I simply had to go! I was simply dying of curiosity and jealousy. Can't you understand that? You needn't tell me that I ought to be ashamed of myself for going; I know well enough I ought to be."

"Cut it out, old dear! I'd probably have done the same thing myself if I'd been in your place. Why, Grace, the first time Mrs. Kemp appeared on my floor after I began playing around with Tommy I nearly broke my neck to wait on her. You ought to feel better now you've seen the woman. I heard some of our valued customers talking about the lecture this morning and they all knocked. It's her money they listen to, not her ideas. She's no rival of yours, my dear. But, speaking of rivals, I've been keeping something from you. Good old John Moore has called on me twice lately and I went to a movie with him Saturday night. Don't faint, but I actually broke a date with Tommy to see a picture with your old college chum! So go on and scold me."

"Why, Irene, I'm awfully pleased. John liked you from the first."

"Well, he oughtn't to! Really it would be a lot better if you'd warn him against me. He's so square himself that he refuses to believe anything mean of anybody; and if he should fall in love with me—or worse—if I'd get a case on him—"

She shook her head and compressed her lips to indicate the dire possibilities of either predicament.

"Why not?" Grace demanded. "Don't be silly; you know why not!" Irene replied. "He thinks I'm straight and you know—well, you know what you know. And I just wouldn't fool that man! If I did I'd be punished for it and I'd deserve to be."

"Why, Irene!" exclaimed Grace. "I believe you're already in love with him."

"Well, hardly *that*," Irene replied. "But I've got one of the symptoms: I'm thinking seriously of quitting my evil ways and chucking Tommy! Old sack cloth and ashes stuff! I ought to have let him go when we had the row about that girl in Chicago. You know, Grace, we're always hearing about the influence of a good woman, but my dear, it's nothing to what a good man can do! I suppose," she went on in her large philosophic manner, "it's because really fine men are so scarce that when you do spot one you just naturally feel like prostrating yourself in the dust before him. When I began lotus-eating with Tommy I thought I'd never weary of the food but John's given me an appetite for corn bread and cabbage. Just what will you take for your interest in John?"

"I never could have loved John and he's never thought of me in that way," Grace replied seriously. "But, Irene, for his friendship I wouldn't take a million dollars."

II

The hour spent with Irene served at least to change the current of Grace's thoughts. There were other girl friends for whom she had a warm liking but Irene's wise and serenity, her flashes of wisdom, made her increasingly fascinating; and there was a charm in Irene's very unaccountableness. That the luxury loving Irene, who had so recently spoken of marriage as only a means of attaining comfort and ease, should tolerate the attentions of a young countryman at the threshold of one of the most difficult professions was all but incredible. But this was no more puzzling than the attraction John apparently found in Irene.

By the middle of the afternoon Grace was again enmeshed in a network of doubt and apprehension. Trenton was making journey for the express purpose of meeting his wife; he had probably reached Indianapolis at noon and gone at once to Mrs. Reynolds's to see her; she pictured the meeting between Trenton and his wife in a hundred ways. He would kiss her, perhaps take her in his arms; and after their long separation it was possible that both might experience a reawakening of the only passion that had died in them. Grace, seeking the lowest depths of humility, saw herself only as number eighteen at Empey's, a girl to be played with and cast aside by another woman's husband whenever it pleased him to be done with her. In her self-abasement she recalled Irene's reiterated declaration about Kemp, that she admired his brains and was fond of him but never deceived herself with the idea that she loved him. This was the other way; Grace laid the lash pitilessly across her own shoulders for her folly in giving her love so unreservedly where it would bring nothing but unhappiness. Her love and trust struggled and wavered in the sunlight struggling to penetrate a lid of cloud.



Empires perish, but lead pipe lasts

THIS piece of lead pipe had been buried in the ground nearly 1900 years when it was dug up by workmen excavating for a sub-cellar in Rome.

Vespasian was emperor when this pipe was made—the inscription tells that. When Vespasian laid water-pipes of lead in the streets of Rome, he followed the example of Julius Caesar, who sent plumbers with his legions into barbarian lands. Lead pipe laid by these Roman invaders had been dug from English soil.

For centuries lead's non-corrosive qualities have made it the favored metal for water-pipes. Lead gutters, pipe-heads and leader pipes have been used for hundreds of years to carry off the rain from the roofs of buildings. Such lead work is often very beautiful and ornamental.

Often you see a steel skeleton, a bridge, a roof, a railing that has been painted a flaming orange-red. This brilliant coat is red-lead, an oxide of lead. "Save the surface and you save all" is an imperative maxim where exposed metal surfaces are concerned, and red-lead is the most reliable protection against rust that has yet been discovered.

You are surrounded by lead, in your home and on your travels. There is lead in the rubber heels of your shoes, in the tires of your automobile, in the bearings of the machinery that makes things for your use or transports you from place to place.

Civilization has found hundreds of uses for lead and its products, and of them all the use of white-lead in paint is undoubtedly the most important.

Paint is used to decorate and preserve almost everything that is built or made, and the principal factor in good paint is white-lead—made by corroding pure metallic lead and mixing it with linseed oil.

Most painters simply add more linseed oil to the white-lead, in order to make the paint they use. Paint manufacturers use white-lead, in varying quantities, in the paint they make. The quality of any paint is largely dependent on the amount of white-lead it contains, for it is the white-lead that gives to good paint its durability.

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She was standing near the entrance, inattentive and listless, when the rattle of the elevator door roused her and Trenton stepped out. At the sight of him the blood rushed to her heart till it seemed for a moment that she would die of joy at the sight of him.

He saw her at once and walked quickly toward her. He had never before seemed so handsome and distinguished. His step had the elasticity of youth, and there was a happy light in his eyes as he took her hand. This was the first time he had sought her at Shipley's and she assumed that his coming meant that he had seized the only possible moment to see her.

"We can't talk here of course; I've got Kemp's car and I can explain things as we ride," he said. "Can you get excused for the rest of the day?"

Miss Boardman, busily marking price tags, gave the permission with an absent minded nod and Grace hurried back to report that she was free and would get her wraps and meet him at the main entrance.

When they were in Kemp's limousine Trenton ordered Craig to drive straight north without mentioning a destination. There was no hint of trouble in his clear, steady eyes. His air of perfect self-confidence, of knowing exactly what he was about, restored her faith. She loved him and she was proud that she loved him.

"Please don't be frightened!" he began, clasping her hand when they were free of the down town traffic. "I've just seen Mrs. Trenton. She wired me for an appointment to discuss some of her personal business matters. As she's going farther west lecturing it was as convenient to see her here as anywhere else so I came here and have already seen her at Miss Reynolds's. It took some time to go over her investments and explain some changes I had made in them. When that was finished she asked about that letter I wrote her last fall from St. Louis. That settled the question as to whether she ever got it."

"Yes, I remember," Grace replied faintly.

In spite of his cheerfulness she was sure that he was leading up to some disagreeable disclosure and involuntarily she drew away her hand.

"It's all right, dear," he went on reassuringly. "She said she knew we'd been drifting further apart for a long time and that she wasn't surprised by my letter. She hadn't acknowledged it because she was waiting for a chance to see me to talk it out. She seemed rather amused. She has a way of being amused at things. And now—don't jump!" He caught her hand and held it tight. "She was always a woman of surprises—she said she wanted to see the girl I mentioned, but not in a disagreeable way at all. If you knew her you'd understand."

"That's it—I do understand," Grace replied slowly. "I was at the dinner Miss Reynolds gave for her last night. I ought to have asked you if it was all right to go—but I was afraid you'd say no—and I wanted to see her." Her voice broke in a sob but lifting her head she hurried on. "I was jealous—terribly jealous—and something told me that—we were—are—near the end."

While this wasn't wholly true she was dismayed that he should expect her to call upon a woman she had already seen and distrusted.

"Please, dear! don't give way to foolish fears," he implored. "I'm glad you went to the dinner; that was all right and want to hear all about it later. Having seen Mrs. Trenton you ought to know that her request is quite characteristic. Don't you see that she's curious about you just as you were about her! I really think she means to be kind. It's unusual, of course; but—Mrs. Trenton is a very unusual woman!"

Grace looked at him in a kind of dumb wonder.

"You—you told her my name—" she began.

"No; certainly not! You weren't mentioned; I think she assumed that the woman I wrote her about lived in St. Louis. She was rather taken aback when I said she lived here."

"And you told her you'd produce me—exhibit me for her criticism? Ward, what can you be thinking of; what can you think of me to ask such a thing! I suppose you told her everything?"

"Why, Grace, this isn't like you. You're taking it all too seriously. Mrs. Trenton has no cause to think anything except that I've met you and fallen in love with you. You must be reasonable, dear," he went on patiently. "She knows nothing and has no right to assume—what we'd rather she didn't. It's just a whim of hers. If I thought she wouldn't treat you as one lady should treat another I wouldn't ask you to go. It will be the most formal call—no chance for anything unpleasant, even if she wanted to be disagreeable."

"She could be very disagreeable. I didn't like her, I didn't like her at all. It seems to me sheer folly to put myself in her way unnecessarily."

"I tell you it will be all right!" he protested. "She will be surprised, of course, to find that she has already met you. You know I wouldn't cause you the slightest embarrassment or pain for the world."

For a moment she pondered, her confidence in him and her wish to accede to his wishes struggling against suspicion and jealousy.

"You're sure this isn't a trick, a trap?" she asked.

"Of course not, dear! How can you think such a thing? Mrs. Trenton really has a sense of humor; and she's a woman of the world. Besides, she has no ground whatever for attacking you; I can't imagine her doing that in any circumstances. I count more than I dare say on the result; and besides I want to give her a chance to practice what she preaches!"

"Well," said Grace, searching his eyes with a long gaze, "I'll go since you insist but I think it's foolish. It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of! But she can't do more than murder me."

"She can't do more than approve of you!" he cried and ordered Craig to drive to Miss Reynolds's.

III

MRS. TRENTON was immediately visible writing at a small table in the living room when they were ushered into the reception parlor. She wore a pair of shell rimmed library glasses and it occurred to Grace that the blank stare that had been so disconcerting the previous night was

probably attributable to nearsightedness. She did not lift her head when the maid spoke to her but nodded and went on writing for several minutes. Then she rose and walked unhurriedly to the door.

"Ah, Ward, back again!" she said. "I believe you've met Miss Durland, May," said Trenton.

"Yes, of course," she replied with a smile of recognition that faded instantly. "It's nice of you to come, Miss Durland. I didn't know last night that you were acquainted with Mr. Trenton. Dear Miss Reynolds didn't mention it or—I should, of course—"

She broke off in her odd way, her gaze wandering. Her indifference was an achievement in itself, a masterly thing. She wore a dark blue house gown of an exquisite simplicity. A string of rose-colored crystal beads hung about her neck and she put her hand to them frequently as though to make sure they were there. As she sank into a chair her long figure relaxed into graceful lines. She was much more composed than at the dinner, with a languorous composure that might have been donned for the occasion like a garment. She reminded Grace of those portraits of women done by fashionable painters which satisfy the artistic sense without conveying a sense of reality. "You forget, May, that I haven't met Miss Reynolds," Trenton remarked; but she ignored him.

"You are—what do you say—a Hoosier, Miss Durland?" she asked, her gaze falling as if by chance upon Grace.

"Oh, yes, I'm a native," Grace assured her with a faint smile; but her courage was ebbing. She hated Mrs. Trenton. She tried to think of something amusing to add to her confession that she was a native Indian but the atmosphere of the room was not conducive to brilliancy. Trenton reminded Mrs. Trenton that she had once known a certain senator from Indiana now long deceased.

A yes, weighed with all the apathy that can be conveyed by the rising inflection, was the only reply evoked by this attempt to link Indiana to large affairs of state. Trenton asked Grace whether Indiana had ever produced more than one president, and she tried to ease her discomfiture by replying that the State had rather specialized in vice-presidents.

"Oh, that!" remarked Mrs. Trenton. "How very droll! I suppose the Indiana school teacher has a horrible time instilling in the young Hoosier mind all the names of your vice-presidents. Do they pay teachers well in Indiana?"

"Not so well as farther west, I believe," Grace answered hastily.

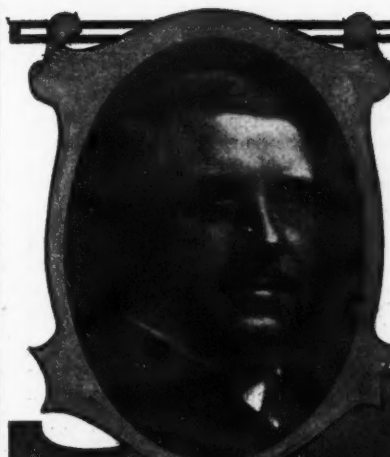
"That's the next thing I'm going to take up. I'm having data collected now," said Mrs. Trenton with more spirit than she had before manifested.

"That's fine, May," said Trenton cordially. "That's a work worth doing."

"You'd really approve of that, Ward?" she asked. "You haven't always been so indulgent of my whims. Miss Durland's influence, perhaps."

Grace, increasingly uncomfortable, started when Mrs. Trenton addressed her directly.

"Miss Durland, if you see too much of Mr. Trenton you will find him a singularly unreasonable person. But"—with a shrug



Charles M. Schwab says-

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"—all men have the ancient conceit of their sex superiority."

She had drawled the "if you see too much" in a manner to give the phrase a peculiar, insinuating emphasis. Grace caught its significance at once and her cheeks burned; but she was less angry at the woman than at Trenton, whose face betrayed no resentment. She rose and walked to the door.

"Dear me, don't run away!" Mrs. Trenton exclaimed. "Miss Reynolds will be back shortly. She was called away to some hospital, I think it was, to see a friend. Do wait. There will be tea, I think."

Trenton was on his feet. No man's mind is ever quite so agile or discerning as a woman's. He had just caught up with the phrase that had angered Grace.

"I have kept my word," he said, rising and addressing his wife directly. "When I promised you that if I ever met a woman I felt I could care for I would tell you, I was in earnest. At your own suggestion and in perfect good faith I asked Miss Durland to come here."

"My dear Ward! You were always a man of your word!" she said with a hint of mockery in her voice. "I assure you that I'm delighted to meet Miss Durland."

"I don't intend that you shall forget yourself, May!" he said sharply. "Your conduct since we came into this room has been contemptible!"

She lay back in her chair in a pose of exaggerated ease and lazily turned her head to look at Grace.

"I assume," she said, "that you are my chosen successor, and I can't complain of my husband's taste. You are very handsome and I can see how your youth would charm him, but there are things I must consider. Please wait!"—Grace had laid her hand on the door—"I may as well say it all now. I've probably led Ward to think that if such an emergency as this arose I'd free him and bid him Godspeed. But, you see, confronted with the fact, I find it necessary to think a little of myself; one must, you know, and I'm horribly selfish. It would never do to give my critics a chance to take a fling at me as a woman whose marriage is a failure. You can see for yourself, Miss Durland, my position would be greatly weakened if I were a divorcee. Much as I hate to disappoint you—it would never do—really it would not!"

"Just what are you assuming, Mrs. Trenton?" demanded Grace, meeting the gaze of the older woman.

"We needn't discuss that now!" interrupted Trenton peremptorily.

"No; I suppose you'd have to confer privately with Miss Durland before reaching a conclusion. But I suggest, Miss Durland, for the sake of your own happiness, that you avoid, if, indeed, the warning isn't too late, forming any—what do we—"

"That will do! Stop right there!" cried Trenton, thoroughly aroused.

Grace had swung round from the door and stood, her lips parted and with something of the look of an angry, hurt child in her eyes. It seemed to her that she was an unwilling eavesdropper, hearing words not intended for her ears but without the power to escape. Then she heard Trenton's voice.

"You'd better go, Grace," he said quietly.

"Craig is waiting. He will take you home."

Grace closed the door after her and paused in the dim hall. A nightmare numbness had seized her and she found herself wondering whether she could reach the outer door; it seemed remote, unattainable. She steadied herself against the newel, remembering an accident in childhood that had left her dazed and nauseated. Trenton had told her to go; at his wife's bidding he was sending her away and it wasn't necessary for him to dismiss her like that!

She felt herself precipitated into a measureless oblivion; nothing good or beautiful ever had been or would be. He had told her to go; that was all; and like a grieved and heartbroken child she resented being sent away. In her distress she was incapable of crediting him with the kindness that had prompted him to bid her leave.

She was startled by a quick step on the walk outside followed by the click of the lock, and the door, flung open, revealed Miss Reynolds.

"Why, Grace, I had no idea—why child! What's the matter? You're as white as a sheet!"

"I must go," said Grace in a whisper, withdrawing the hand Miss Reynolds had clasped. The door remained open and the world, a fantastically distorted world, lay outside. With slow steps she passed her bewildered friend, saying in the tone of one muttering in an unhappy dream:

"I must go! He told me to go."

"He—who?"

The astonished Miss Reynolds, who at first thought Grace was playing a joke of some kind, watched her pass slowly down the walk to the gate and enter the waiting car. She went out upon the steps, uncertain what to do, and caught a last glimpse of Grace's face, her eyes set straight ahead, as the machine bore her away.

IV

THE thought of remaining at home was unbearable, and after supper Grace telephoned Irene to ask whether she was free for the evening.

"Tommy said something about taking a drive and I'm going over to Minnie's to meet him. You come right along. I saw Ward snatch you out of the store. Pretty cool I call it! Tommy said he was going back East at seven, so you're a widow once more!"

Grace left the house with her father, who was spending all his evenings at Kemp's plant. To all questions at home as to the progress of his motor Durland replied that he guessed it would be all right. On the street car he told Grace he was anxious to see Trenton; there were difficulties as to the motor that he wished to discuss with him. He said he had written asking an interview as soon as possible, but that Trenton hadn't replied. Grace answered that she knew nothing about him and her heart sank as she remembered that Trenton was no longer a part of her life and that in the future he would come and go and she would never be the wiser.

It was all over and she faced the task of convincing herself that her love for him had been a delusion, a mere episode to be forgotten as quickly as possible. She left her father at Washington Street, cheerily

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the task e for him ode to be She left , cheerly

wishing him good luck, and took a car that ran past Minnie's door.

Irene was alone and, in a new misty green gown that enhanced the gold in her hair, might have posed as the spirit of spring. Minnie had remained downtown, she explained, and Tommy was not expected until nine.

"What's happened?" she demanded. "I know something's doing or you wouldn't have called me up from home."

Grace took off her coat, hung it over the back of a chair and flung herself down on the couch.

"Console me a little, Irene—but not too much—I've seen Ward for the last time."

"His wife make a row?" Irene inquired.

"Yes, he took me to see her and she—"

"He took you to see her! Grace Durland, what are you talking about?"

"Just that!" And Grace, no longer able to restrain herself, burst into tears.

"You poor baby!" Irene jumped up and thrust a pillow back of Grace's head and sat down beside her. "Tell me about it if you want to, but not unless you feel like it, honey."

"I've simply got to tell you, Irene. Oh—"

"Grace Durland, don't be silly! You know I'd die for you!"

She listened in patient silence while Grace told with minute detail and many tears the history of her interview with Mrs. Trenton.

"I loved him; I still love him, Irene!" she moaned pitifully when she had finished.

"And it had to end like that!"

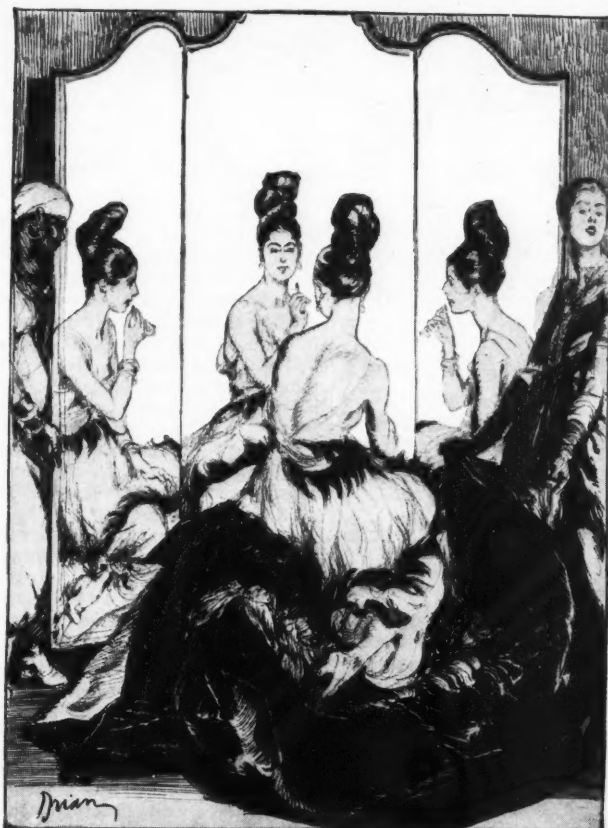
"If you want my opinion," said Irene judiciously, "I'll say that Ward Trenton is a perfect nut—the final and consummate nut of the whole nut family! The idea that he would take a girl like you—and you're a good deal of a kid, my dear—to call upon a woman like that wife of his, who's an experienced worldly creature, and as much as tell her that he's in love with you! It's the limit!"

"But," said Grace, quick to assume the defensive the moment Trenton was attacked, "he had every reason to believe she would be decent! She'd always let him think that if there was anyone else she'd—she'd—"

"She'd hand him a transfer!" Irene laughed ironically. "Isn't that just like poor old Ward? I tell you men are even as little babes where women are concerned. There isn't a woman on earth who'd just sit calmly by and let another woman walk off with her husband even if she hated him like poison. It's against nature, dearest. I can see how that woman would make the bluff, all right, but all she wanted was to see what you look like and finding you young and beautiful she tried to make you feel like a counterfeit nickel. The trouble with Ward is that he's so head over heels in love with you that he's lost his mind. I wonder what happened after you skipped! I'll bet it was some party! But don't you believe he's going to give you up—not Ward! Everything's going to straighten out, honey. His telling you to go doesn't mean a blessed thing! He just wanted to get you out of the scrap."

"It means the end," said Grace with a deep sigh.

The bell tinkled and Grace ran away to remove the traces of tears from her face. When she reappeared Kemp greeted her with his usual raillery.



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"I had only a word with Ward over the telephone," he said. "He came out to see his wife and as he borrowed my limousine I guess he showed her the village sights. But of course you know more about that bird than I do, Grace. You couldn't scare me up a drink, could you, Irene? Minnie's got some stuff of mine concealed here somewhere. Just a spoonful—no? Grace, this girl is a cruel tyrant. She positively refuses to let me die a drunkard's happy death."

He evidently wasn't aware that Grace had seen Trenton, and Irene carefully kept the talk in safe channels. He had brought his roadster, not knowing that he was to find Grace at Minnie's, but he insisted that the car carried three comfortably and he wouldn't consider leaving her behind.

It was the same car in which Trenton had driven her after the night they spent together at The Shack. In spite of her attempts to forget, thoughts of him filled her mind.

After a plunge into the country they swung back to town along the river.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Kemp suddenly. "There's my little factory over there in the moonlight. Have you ever seen it, Grace? We'll just dash in for a minute."

"I wonder if father is still here," said Grace as they drove into the lighted yard, wondering doubtfully if her father would think it strange if he saw her there with Kemp and Irene.

"We'll soon find out. That's his workshop yonder where you see the bluish lights. I see O'Reilly's light on in the main office. That fellow works too hard."

"It's a good thing somebody works around this place," said Irene. "The world knows you don't."

"We should all avoid fatigue," Kemp retorted, and led the way down a long aisle of one of the steel and glass units of the big plant. The moon diffused its mild radiance through the glass roof as though mocking with a superior mystery the silent, inert machinery.

The sound of voices became audible in a room partitioned off in one corner. The door was ajar and two men in overalls and jumpers were pondering a motor set up on a test block.

The trio remained outside, watching the two intent, rapt figures. One Grace had recognized as her father; the other, she realized bewilderedly, was Ward Trenton. Trenton, unconscious that he was watched, raised his hand and Durland turned a switch. The hum of a motor filled the room; and Durland turned slowly from the motor to glance at Trenton. Trenton signaled to shut off the power and dropped upon his knees, peering into the machine. Durland took up a sheet of paper and from it answered questions that Trenton shot at him in rapid succession.

"Let's have the power again," said Trenton. He rose, bent his ear to study the sound, turned to Durland and nodded.

"Let's see what they're up to," said Kemp and shouted Trenton's name. Grace drew back as the two men turned toward them but Irene seized her arm.

"Don't you dare run away!"

Trenton came toward them, snatching off his blue mechanic's cap. There was a

smudge across his face and his hands were black from contact with the machinery.

"I didn't really lie to you, Tommy; I meant to leave tonight but remembered that Mr. Durland wanted to see me, so here I am."

They followed him to the test block where Durland had remained, too engrossed to heed them.

"I'm glad you came just when you did," said Trenton, addressing all of them but looking at Grace. "Mr. Durland will be ready to begin the final tests tomorrow. I'm sure they're going to be successful. I want you to be here, Tommy, and see the thing through. Just look at this!"

He deftly lifted out a part of the motor for Kemp's inspection, restored it and then bent over the bench, rapidly scribbling notes on the back of a blueprint.

"Congratulations are now in order, I suppose," said Kemp. He turned and shook hands with Durland, who was regarding the motor with a puzzled look on his face. Trenton said he would remain a while longer—even all night, he added.

"This is too important to leave so I'm staying on two or three days and we'll all meet again."

"When this bird works, he works," said Kemp, laying his hand affectionately on Trenton's shoulder.

Trenton followed them out, keeping close to Grace. When they were out of earshot of her father—Durland apparently hadn't noticed that Grace was in the room—Trenton said:

"I called you at home this evening and found you'd gone out. I want to see you; I must see you," he added, pleadingly.

Kemp had reached the main shop and was explaining to Irene some of the points of the motor. "Kemp!" Trenton called. "What are you doing tomorrow night?"

"Nothing; I'm ready for anything."

"Well, Grace and I would like to have dinner with you at The Shack."

"A grand idea! Only remember—none of this prohibition stuff you pulled on me Christmas. I cannot dine without my wine!" he chanted.

When they reached the open, Kemp and Irene were waiting by the car. Trenton caught Grace's hand and whispered:

"Remember, I love you! I shall always love you."

"No—no!—This isn't kind! I thought you'd gone, or—"

"Come along, Grace," cried Kemp. "See you tomorrow, Ward. Good night and good luck!"

To Grace on the homeward drive peace seemed an unattainable thing. She had firmly resolved never to see Trenton again; yet she had not only seen him but the sight of him had deepened the hunger in her heart. She was without the will to deny him the meeting for which he had asked. It was sweet to think that he had remained if only to assist her father when he had definitely said that he was leaving that night. Yes; there was kindness in this; and even though he had sent her away from Miss Reynolds's and wounded her deeply in his manner of doing it, she knew that it was his way to be kind and that no power could keep her from seeing him again, if only for a last goodbye.

Look for the surprising conclusion of
"Broken Barriers" in August COSMOPOLITAN

Point!

(Continued from page 42)

thrashing," he admitted gallantly. "However, the Colonel was out of luck. He got off into barren territory and rather wasted his time. We'll meet again in the finals."

And it was even so. Three days later Tiny Tim again faced the Colonel, who in the succeeding heats had given marvelous performances and disposed of his antagonists in a most decisive manner. But likewise so had Tiny Tim.

It was a battle from start to finish. Both dogs got on birdy ground at once and worked it thoroughly, and at the finish there was little to choose between them. Tim had two more points to his credit and no flushes; the Colonel had one flush, due to eagerness at the start, and he had failed to honor one of Tim's points. These errors appeared to offset Tim's lack of style, but the latter's marvelous bird work could not be gainsaid; and remembering the decisive manner in which the little setter had disposed of the Colonel in the initial heat, the judges awarded the All Age Stake, which carried with it the Pacific Coast championship, to Tiny Tim and Dan Pelly retired to the hotel richer by five hundred dollars and a silver loving cup. That afternoon he paid two hundred and fifty dollars on the mortgage and had it renewed for another year. Then he wrote a letter to Martha, bought a neat crate for Tiny Tim and started down the field trial circuit.

In some ways—notably dog ways—Dan Pelly was a weak vessel. He lacked the moral courage to come home and be good forever after. Timmy was so much better in big company than he had anticipated that should it mean death to both of them, Dan Pelly simply had to try him out in Oregon on pheasant. Poor Timmy had never seen a pheasant, and it was such a shame to deny him this great adventure.

So the next Martha heard of Dan was a wire to the effect that Timmy had taken second place in the trials on pheasant at Lebanon, Oregon. A week later came another telegram, informing her that Timmy had taken first money in the Washington field trials, handling Hungarian partridge for the first time. A letter followed and Martha read:

Dear wife: I don't suppose you will ever believe me again now that I have broke my word to you and run away. I don't seem to be able to help myself. Timmy is wonderful. I've got to go on to try him on chicken in Manitoba and then International and the All America. I enclose \$500. With love from Timmy and
Your devoted husband,
Dan Pelly

Timmy was third on prairie chicken. Everybody said his performance was marvelous in view of his total ignorance of this splendid game, so Dan Pelly did not think it worth while to advertise the fact that he had introduced Timmy to two crippled chickens the day before in order that he might know their scent when he ran on to it. The International in Montana was won by Timmy, and Dan's cup of happiness overflowed when the judges handed him his trophies and a check for a thousand dollars. Colonel Dorsey gave him a stiff run but the best the Colonel could do was second place.

And then came the never to be for-



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gotten day down in Kentucky when Timmy went in on bobwhite quail for the All America, the field trial classic of the Western Hemisphere. Timmy was at home again on quail. He had some bad luck before he learned about bobwhite's peculiarities, but he had enough wins to put him in the finals, and at the finish he was cast off with a little Llewellyn bitch whose performance made Dan Pelly's heart skip a beat or two. Nothing except Timmy's age and years of experience enabled him to win over her; up until the last moments of the race predictions were freely made that it would be a dead heat.

But just before the whistle blew, Timmy roared a small cover to a staunch point—the sole find made during the heat—and Dan Pelly went home with Timmy and more money than he had ever seen before in his life except in a bank; although better to wistful little Dan was the knowledge that he had bred, raised, trained and handled the most consistent winner and the most spectacularly outstanding bird dog champion in North America. Old Keepsake and her wonderful consort, Kenwood Boy, had transmitted their great qualities to their son, and Dan knew, in view of Tiny Tim's great record over the field trial circuit, how much in demand would be the puppies from that strain. Please God, Timmy might live long enough to perpetuate his great qualities in his offspring.

Dan's return was not a triumphal one. He felt like anything except a conquering hero. Indeed, he felt mean and low and untrustworthy; he had to call on a reserve store of courage in order to face Martha and explain his dastardly conduct in appropriating her fifty dollars, breaking his promise and running away with Timmy.

Martha was sitting on the porch in her rocking chair as Dan and his dog came up the lane. Tiny Tim romped ahead and sprang up in Martha's lap and kissed her and whimpered his joy at the homecoming—so Martha had ample opportunity to brace herself to meet the culprit.

"Hello, Martha, old girl," Dan cried with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling. "Timmy and I are home again. Are you going to forgive me, Martha?"

Martha looked so glum and serious that Dan's heart sank.

"Oh, Martha!" he quavered and came slowly up the steps and tossed into her lap a huge roll of banknotes. "I know I done wrong, Martha," he declaimed. "I've been gamblin' on the side—you know, honey—side bets on Timmy. I'm afraid we're never going to be real poor again. We've got the mortgage paid off and three thousand in reserve, and I'm

going to sell Timmy for seven thousand five hundred dollars, with a half interest in his sire fees for three years—"

Martha stood up, her eyes ablaze with scorn and anger.

"Dan Pelly," she flared at him, "how dare you?"

Dan hung his head.

"Oh, Martha," he pleaded, "can't you realize how terrible it is to keep a good dog down?"

"Who offered to buy Timmy?"

"Mr. Fletcher, the owner of Colonel Dorsey."

"Tell him to go chase himself," Martha suggested slangily. "If you expect to make your peace with me, Dan Pelly, you'll give up all idea of selling Timmy."

"But Martha—seven thousand five hundred dollars! Think what it means to you. No more worry about our old age, everything settled fine and dandy at last after twenty-five years of hard luck."

"Do you really want to sell Timmy, Dan?"

"No, Martha, I don't. It'd break my heart. Bu-bu-but—I'll do it for your sake."

"Dan, come here."

Dan came and flopped awkwardly on his old knees while Martha's arms went around him.

"Sweet old Dan," she whispered. "What a glorious holiday you two have had. I've been so happy just realizing how happy you have been. Dan!"

"Yes, Martha."

"Perhaps we can get back into the dog business again. Don't you think you'd like to buy about half a dozen really fine brood bitches? Timmy's puppies would be spoken for before they were born. The least we could get would be a hundred dollars each for them." She stroked his old head. "I'm afraid, Dan, it's too late to reform you. Once a dog man, always a dog man—"

What else she intended to say remained forever unsaid, for little, weak, foolish, sentimental old Dan commenced to sniffle, as he had the night old Keepsake was poisoned. He wasn't a worldly man or a very ambitious man; he craved but little here below, but one of the things he craved was clean sportmanship and love and understanding and a small, neat, field type English setter that would be just a little bit better than the other fellow's. And tonight he was so filled with happiness he just naturally overflowed. Tiny Tim, observing that something was wrong, came and leaned his shoulder against Martha's knee and laid his muzzle in her hand and rested it there.

It was a big moment!

The Boy in the East

(Continued from page 58)

he was not speaking for himself. His life could be divided into two periods: the old years when he had not wanted to marry at all; and the latter years during which he had tried his best to marry Joan.

"Mixed marriages," smiled Susie, "don't work. And it isn't because the unhappy pair can't get on. Sometimes they get on beautifully and always. It's simply that the outside people, the Americans and the Chinese who aren't getting married

themselves, won't let it work. The Americans consider the Chinese an inferior race and of course the Chinese have the same feeling about the Americans . . . Of course," she added, "I don't mean the younger Chinese who have been born and brought up in America—but all the others."

"I wonder," said Waring, "what the oriental races will write in their histories about the Anglo-Saxon race, its manners

and customs, when it has disappeared from the face of the earth and they have completely spread over and inherited the same?"

"Is that going to happen?" asked Susie with interest.

"As surely as arithmetic is arithmetic. Only birth rates are certain."

"Birth rates," said Susie, "and the train for Redwood City."

He made one more attempt to discover her real reason for going home, but she would not tell him.

"But you'll come back before I go away for good?"

Susie wouldn't promise even that. And she left him with the impression that perhaps she was a little tired of San Francisco, a little bored with banquets and theater parties and picture shows. Only that, and nothing more.

V

WHEN Susie One reached home her father greeted her with precisely the same word that he had used at parting. And he uttered it with the same detachment and indifference.

"Holema."

It had meant on the first occasion "Well, good by, so long, have it your own way." On the present occasion it meant "Hello; but you don't have to tell me you are back. I see you are."

"You might think," Susie complained to her mother, "that I was a chicken or a cricket."

"Secretly," said Mrs. One, "your father was very unhappy when you went away, and now that you are back he is very happy. And now we want to know why you have come home when you intended to stay longer. Is Bessie well? Is the restaurant profitable? The overhead must be terrible."

"Of course," said Susie, "she lost money while the tongs were active; but she's making barrels now. She's bought new jade earrings."

So the two women gossiped, only in the ancient tongue of Canton (not very pure or accurate in Susie's case) while Mr. One sat upstairs in the room that was pure Chinese and smoked cigarettes and expanded warmly with the thought that his favorite child was once more beneath his roof.

At about midnight Mrs. One entered Susie's room on tiptoe. But Susie was not in bed. She stood at an open window and looked at the full moon.

"So that is why you have come home!" thought Mrs. One. Aloud she said: "You will catch cold, Susie. If I had my way all moon gazers would be compelled to wear nightgowns of outing flannel."

"Can you see a face in the moon, mother?"

"Yes. An old man's face."

"What old man?" smiled Susie.

"My old man's. There are very many faces in the moon. We are permitted to see the face we love the best."

"Once," said Susie, "years ago I saw in the moon the face of a man whom I did not know and had never seen. So I couldn't possibly have had anything to do with its being there."

"What face do you see now?"

"The same. It's a round, jolly face. He wears round, black rimmed spectacles."



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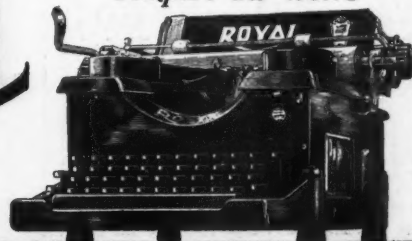
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"A pair of old fire mountains," commented Mrs. One.

"It's a very lovable, kind face," said Susie.

"White?" asked Mrs. One.

"I'm afraid so," said Susie.

"And is that why you came home so suddenly?"

"I came home," said Susie, "so as to be where I belong."

"In these cases," said her mother, "flight is at once wise and honorable. Once the moon was all flames. Time put them out."

She laid a hand on Susie's shoulder and urged her toward the bed.

"Sleep also is good," she said.

Susie climbed into her big bed and pulled the covers to her chin. The moonlight illumined her face and it looked like the face of a little child.

"Time," said Mrs. One, patting the covers affectionately, "sleep, recreation, occasional gifts of money and jewelry, a reputable marriage—all these things are excellent in their way. But the best thing of all is children of one's own. I myself could sit happily for a million, million years if all the while there could be a baby tugging at my breast."

"I know all that as well as you do!" exclaimed Susie, "even if I did go to high school . . . so good night, mother, and don't tell father."

"Of course not," said Mrs. One, and she went back to her own bed and shook Mr. One out of a sound sleep and told him. But Mr. One appeared to be of the opinion that it would be best to let his subconsciousness consider the matter. For he merely grunted and went to sleep again.

VI

SUSIE had never ridden a hobby and in that extraordinarily small town which calls itself Redwood City distractions of any kind or description were few and far between. To her friends she seemed merely the same old Susie, somnolent and easy going, bored with city life and come home to rest. She presented none of the earmarks of a lovesick maiden eating her heart out. Three weeks went by. And Susie ate, slept, read, played backgammon with her father, smiled, yawned and dimpled—and thought that she must end by going mad.

Then one night the telephone rang and she heard Waring's friendly voice as clearly as if he had been in the same room with her.

He was going away in a few days. No, not back East. The East was very discouraging just now. She would understand. He was, in fact, going still farther west—to China—to the old, old heart of things. Didn't she envy him? And didn't she wish she was going too? (Of course she did, poor child.) Well, in the meanwhile there was opera in San Francisco, and on the next night the wonderful little Japanese prima donna—Misaka-San—was going to sing Butterfly.

"And I thought of you," said Waring, "first because you are even prettier than she is and second because you once said you'd give anything to hear her. And so I bought two tickets, tenth row on an aisle. Will you come?"

There ensued in Susie's heart a momentary but terrific struggle. She framed her mouth to say: "No, I can't. I can't

possibly." But the words that actually came out were: "Yes. Surely. I'd love to. It was mighty kind of you to think of me."

Waring said:

"That's fine. The Lord love you!" and hung up.

Susie told her mother at once.

"I am going up to town tomorrow," she said. "Mr. Waring is going to China and he wants to see me before he goes. We are going to hear Misaka-San sing Butterfly."

Susie's mother at once told Susie's father.

"Susie is going to Tai Fow (big city) to see Waring. He's going to China."

For once Mr. One made comments.

"To the young," he said, "temptations and even yielding to temptations are pleasant. But at this season of the year fur is sold cheap. I shall authorize my daughter to buy a full length coat of squirrel skins. Thinking about the coat will distract her mind. Concerning Waring I have made inquiries of my cousins, both in the West and in the East. And I have learned that he is a foreigner of good family with whom it would be conservative to do business. Place no obstacle in the child's way. Above all do not stultify honorable intentions with too much well meant advice."

VII

IN THE beginning Waring took the aisle seat; but Susie was too little to see over the top of the person in front of her and so they changed. Susie didn't mind which side of Waring she sat on as long as it was one side or the other. She had given herself over wholly to the luxury of being near him. And she had put out of her mind all the doleful probabilities—the probability that she would never sit near him again; the probability that she would never even see him again.

After China he was going to India and Egypt and so on back to New York. It was doubtful if he would ever come to California again. His roots were in the East. And thereafter whenever she wanted to see his face she would have to look for it in the moon.

When the curtain went down to the lovely lullaby at the end of the second act, Susie One's eyes were filled with tears. She forgot that Butterfly was a Japanese and remembered only that she was a loving girl whose man had gone away.

From the beginning to the end, the third act was a brutal assault on Susie One's feelings. The tragic make believe had the effect on her of a genuine slice of life. When Butterfly looked joyously behind the screen expecting to find Pinkerton and didn't find him, Susie made the bitter disappointment her own. "She couldn't help it. And then, when Butterfly, realizing that Pinkerton had gone away forever, put the American and Japanese flags into the hands of their little half-breed boy and went into a corner and bound herself so that she should fall properly, according to the old etiquette, and then stabbed herself to death, and did fall properly, while the little boy played with the flags and waved them and went on waving them, Susie felt that she had borne all that she could possibly bear. The tears overflowed her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

But she dried her eyes quickly and

Waring, intent on the prima donna, who was being recalled and recalled and recalled, never saw them.

Under a roof of deepest blue set with fine stars they chatted toward Chinatown. "The first act," said Waring, "is bad. It picks up the characters at the wrong point in their life's history. The action should pick them up after marriage—a long time after, and just before separation. Then the love motive would be convincing."

"I guess," said Susie, "that love at first sight is only convincing to people who fall in love that way."

"Pinkerton," said Waring, "is by all odds the prize mucker of literature. But even if he were a man and a gentleman, there's no excuse for poor little Butterfly loving him so desperately. Any girl who loves a man as much as that is a fool."

"No," Susie agreed, "there's no excuse for it; but girls do."

Then she said:

"Maybe it was all right to leave the man that way; but it was rotten of her to love the baby so little. I wonder what became of him when he got tired of waving the flags and wanted his mumsey to jump up from the floor and play with him."

"What would you have done?" asked Waring.

"If I didn't find the one baby worth living for," said Susie, "I'd marry the other lover and have more. People lose sight of the other lover. But he had a broken heart, too . . . But they ought to make him nicer looking."

They reached the restaurant and Bessie joined them and they drank many very little cups of hot tea. Then Waring rose and thanked the sisters for making him so happy and keeping him so amused during his visit, and said his good-bys and shook hands with them. And he shook hands just as warmly with the one as with the other. Susie smiled and dimpled. But she grew paler and paler as the sound of his footsteps diminished in the tiled passageway. And when the sound of the heavy restaurant door reached her, she gave a little broken cry and started forward.

That was all, just the little cry and the start. She recovered herself instantly.

"The kids," said Bessie, "are all upstairs giving a banquet to Slump Jo. He's just been elected captain of the Chinatown Basket Ball Team. Better go up."

"All right," said Susie, and she made use of a gallant phrase which had much currency during the Great War.

"Let's go!" she said.

VIII

If on the long drive across the continent Billy Wing acted as the Weatherbys' mechanic, it was in no such capacity that he traveled. He traveled rather as a brother and as a son. In Denver money reached him by some underground channel, and he not only paid back Mrs. Weatherby all the advances which she had made him to date but threw in a box of wonderful roses for interest.

In the best senses of the phrase Billy Wing was a ladies' man. And Mrs. Weatherby and Joan had never been more devotedly cavaliered in their lives.

Of course it would have been pleasanter for Billy if he had had only Joan to cava-

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partitions were very thin. In the night she heard sounds that disturbed her. Either there was something wrong with the plumbing or someone was in distress. She got up and put on a wrapper and went out into the hall and listened.

She tracked the sounds to Billy Wing's door. She knocked softly and had no answer. Then she pushed open the door and looked in.

Billy Wing lay face down on the sofa in a flood of moonlight. His hands were tightly clenched and his shoulders were heaving.

Mrs. Weatherby moved softly to his side and laid a hand on the heaving shoulders.

"It's Mrs. Weatherby," she said. "What is the matter?"

The hand upon the shoulders was firm and kind. The sobbing ceased and he lay still.

"Is it about Joan?" she asked.

The head, its face buried, made motions which seemed to represent an answer in the affirmative.

Mrs. Weatherby rose and walked to the window. A moment later Billy rose and followed her. High in the heavens above a ragged skyline of white pines sailed the full moon.

"Billy," said Mrs. Weatherby, "why don't you go back to the dear little girl in the West?"

"I am going," said Billy, "just as soon as the tongs have made peace."

"What a beautiful night," said Mrs. Weatherby. "I've been trying all my life to see the man in the moon and I've never succeeded."

"I've seen his photograph," said Billy with a desperate laugh. "Joan has them all over the shop. He has a round face and round spectacles. He was going to sail for China, but he was headed off by a telegram."

"So Joan telegraphed!" exclaimed Mrs. Weatherby.

"Not exactly," said Billy. "I got her as far as the telegraph office and then she developed a bad attack of cold feet. So I sent the telegram myself."

There was a long silence. Then Mrs. Weatherby said:

"Are you very unhappy, Billy?"

But the boy had pulled himself together and was smiling in a serene and tranquil way.

"Joan," he said, "gave me my life. And now perhaps I have given her hers. Don't you know that a Chinaman is always supposed to be happy the moment he gets his debts paid? . . . Don't worry about me."

Some hours later the moon looked in at a certain window in Redwood City and waked Susie from a troubled sleep. Susie rose and went to the window, yawning and blinking. But queer things had happened to the moon. It had perhaps slipped on its axis and the light and shadows playing about the old cold, played out volcanoes were all changed. And the round, kind, smiling face of Kenneth Waring was no longer to be seen. Instead, Susie began to make out a thin boyish face with high cheek bones and slant eyes, a gallant, high spirited, fearless face. And in her surprise and wonder, Susie One momentarily forgot the pain which gnawed at her heart. And she exclaimed:

"If that isn't the living image of Billy Wing!"

IX

BILLY WING was in the boathouse. He had taken the launch's carburetor apart and was putting it together again. A shadow fell upon him and, a piece of carburetor in one hand and a screwdriver in the other, he looked up and around.

A Chinaman whom he had never seen before stood in the doorway of the boathouse and looked down at him. The Chinaman wore a gray felt hat and a blue serge suit. His right hand was tucked somewhat ominously into the breast of his coat. In his left hand was a thick silver watch.

Every pore in Billy Wing's body gaped wide open and cold sweat ran out. His eyes misted over and he made a sudden sidewise jerk with his head, just as if somebody had struck at it.

Then the strange Chinaman smiled and said in Chinese:

"I am ten minutes too late. Ten minutes ago peace was declared. So there is no longer a price on your head, and I am the poorer by twenty-five hundred dollars that I expected to earn."

Billy drew a long breath of relief. He rose from his heels on which he had been sitting for the last half hour and stretched himself.

"Of course," he said, "you could still shoot me and lie about the time."

"There is neither money nor profit," said the Chinaman, "when honor is sick."

"That has always been the truth," said Billy. He drew another long breath, for he had been badly frightened and it took time to recover.

"Ten minutes ago," he apologized, "I believed that my life was no longer of any value to me. You have taught me that life is still pleasant and worth living. I thank you for that."

They shook hands and parted in rather a stiff and ceremonious way.

When Billy had finished with the carburetor he ran lightly up to the house and burst loudly into the living room. Joan looked up from her letter writing.

"The tongs have made peace," exclaimed Billy Wing, "and it's safe for me to go home."

"How do you know they've made peace? You've been in the boathouse ever since lunch."

"A little bird told me," said Billy, and recollecting the grim face of the strange Chinaman he laughed uproariously.

"Have it your own way," said Joan.

"When do you leave?"

"I'll catch the Empire State for Chicago tonight."

"I wish you'd wait over and meet Mr. Waring. I've had a wire from Denver."

Billy shook his head.

"But we hate to have you go off like this, Billy."

"You wouldn't if you knew what I know."

"What do you know?"

"I know," said Billy, "that no matter what happens, life is always worth living."

Joan and Mrs. Weatherby drove him to the Grand Central. Mrs. Weatherby wept frankly and openly. He was like a son to her, she assured him. He always would be.

His sensitive, high spirited face was very woe-begone. If he ever saw Joan again she would be Mrs. Kenneth Waring, and




She: "Well! What does wear out my bag lining?"

He: "KEYS!"

And He again with masculine superiority: "Did it ever occur to you that it might be that *lump* of keys you carry?"

MATTER of fact he'd only just discovered the right way to carry his own keys. A way that eliminated the clothes wearing, pocket tearing, trouser bulging bunch. A way that kept his keys flat, orderly and easy to find. In short—he'd just discovered the **BUXTON KEYTAINER**. For a **BUXTON KEYTAINER** does protect pockets and hand bag linings. It's the convenient, correct way to carry keys. In all leathers; in sizes holding 1 to 16 keys; in price from, 30c to \$5.00.

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it wasn't easy to feel that no matter what happens life is always worth living.

"Well, Joan," he said weakly, "it's been a gay time. I've loved it."

"You'll write?"

"Sure."

There was an awkward silence.

"Well," said Billy, holding out his hand, "I guess I'd better be going."

Mrs. Weatherby wept and snuffled all the way from the iron gates to Fifty-seventh Street. Then she said:

"I hope that you will marry Mr. Waring at once, Joan. And never make any more trouble for anybody."

X

THE kids blew themselves to a huge banquet in honor of Billy Wing's return, and of course Susie One came up from Redwood City to attend. Thereafter she remained for some days in Chinatown, and when she went back to Redwood City, Billy went with her. She told him all about Waring and he told her all about Joan. Unhappiness was driving them into each others' arms for comfort and solace.

Mr. and Mrs. One approved and Chinatown approved. Chinatown approved and observed. It observed, for instance, that very often now Susie imitated her sister Bessie and wore Chinese clothes, and Chinatown urged her to keep on wearing them. As Billy himself said, "You're a pippin in a tailor made, Susie; but *à la Chinoise* you are absolutely *ravissante*."

Chinatown observed also that Billy had quit gambling. Gambling had always been at once his strength and his weakness. It was because of his strength as a gambler that a price had been set on his head. And it was because of his weakness that many Chinatown parents of eligible daughters had always looked at him a little askance. To say that Billy Wing had quit gambling was to say that Chinatown contained no young man in any way more perfect than Billy Wing.

In November the young people announced their engagement and were hugely and noisily banqueted upon eleven successive nights. Then Mr. and Mrs. One

came up to town and were banqueted by Mr. and Mrs. Wing. On the next night Mr. and Mrs. Wing were banqueted by Mr. and Mrs. One. The "upstairs" of Bessie's great restaurant blazed with brocades and tinkled with jade bracelets. And the mechanical player had no sooner disgorged one loud piece of orchestral music than somebody shot another nickel into the slot and it disgorged another.

One day, without any warning, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Waring dropped into the restaurant. They overflowed with happiness. They were on their way to China and the Far East. They were banqueted, came and went for a day or two and then sailed away.

One day Billy blew into the restaurant with a present of flowers, and having located Susie he said:

"Say, Susie, that Jap girl is singing Butterfly Thursday. You always used to say you were crazy to hear her, so I bought tickets. Want to go?"

Susie did not think it necessary to say that her curiosity concerning Misaka-San had already been satisfied. So she smiled and dimpled and said that Billy was a "peach" to think of it.

He too was greatly moved by the performance. And his eyes too filled with tears.

"I suppose that business with the flags is awful cheap," he said when they came out of the theater, "but it's awful touching."

"A girl," said Susie, "is a fool to love a man as much as that."

This statement troubled Billy a little, and they walked for several blocks in silence. Then Susie tucked her little hand under his arm.

"Love isn't everything, Billy," she said. And then lowering her voice a little: "Joan told me a funny thing. They're going to travel for three years before they settle down and have children."

"You call that funny!" said Billy. "I call it rotten."

"Billy," said Susie with a little catch of embarrassment in her voice, "even if we don't love each other the way they do, let's have lots and lots of children."

Most Just Among Moslems

(Continued from page 102)

definite attitude of self-control before he could trust himself to revert to the matter.

"I hope you and Madame Fathouma will dine with me soon," he said, trying to make his voice appear casual.

"I am sorry," replied Sidi Mahmoud. "But she is out of town."

Roger de Villemot looked up. He remembered that only the day before he had heard her voice. He was quite certain that the other had lied. It disturbed him. It could not be jealousy. Sidi Mahmoud had never shown the slightest trace of it in Paris. Was it the habitual oriental reticence where a man's female relatives were concerned? But, he thought, this Moslem was thoroughly westernized, quite European in his viewpoints. Yet, whatever its cause, the sensation of uneasiness remained, resisting ejection either by force of logic or of self-ridicule; and there was only his hot Latin sensuousness—though

perhaps he was right in calling it love—and, too, his hot Latin audacity which strengthened his stubborn resolve that he would see Fathouma at all costs—yes! he would see her, he would tell her the turmoil of his spirit, he would kiss her red lips.

He spoke of it that evening to Captain Grandchamp of his regiment who had lived a lifetime in North Africa. He mentioned no names; inquired simply how he should go about to meet an Arab woman whom he had known in Paris and who here, in Algiers, seemed thousands of miles away.

"Did she encourage you?" asked Grandchamp.

"Oh—she kissed me."

"What's a kiss more or less? Perhaps your honey-colored mustache intrigued her."

"Don't be in bad taste, please!"

"Oho!" laughed the other. "A sentimentalist, are you? A real affair of the heart, *hein?*"

"Laugh all you want to. But what shall I do? Shall I write her a note?"

"Any other wives in the house?"

"Two."

"Then don't write! Here"—he jotted down an address—"tell your troubles to Bibi Kenza."

"Who is she?"

"Once she was a dancer. And today—"

"Well?"

"Today she makes a living by charging young fools—like you, for instance—handsomely for her services!"

He found Bibi Kenza in a little shop, bright with merchandise, twinkling, faceted bottles, curiously shaped glasses, ivory eggs and mysterious green boxes of cosmetics. She was a huge, elderly woman in whose features the thickness of eyelid and nostril and a certain terrible sensuousness of lips and chin betrayed the fact that there was a drop of Soudan negro blood tainting her Arab race.

She cut short his halting explanations with a ribald burst of laughter.

"*Ay wahl!*" she cried. "I know. A snake back to the cactus hedge, a dog back to the dunghill, and a Frank back to his passion!" She did not trouble to hide her contempt. "The woman's name and her husband's!"

He told her.

"I shall talk to her, Christian."

"How?"

"The stick to the bean seller," laughed Bibi Kenza, "but confidence to the one who comes selling perfumes and anti-mony!" She indicated her boxes of cosmetics. "I shall let you know her answer."

It was a mingling of feelings, partly shame and embarrassment, partly jealousy, partly a subconscious surging of fear, which kept Roger de Villemot from seeing Sidi Mahmoud during the next week. The latter invited him several times, but the Frenchman always pleaded regimental duties.

Once, on a late, cloudy afternoon, he walked through the Street of the Lizard and, obeying an impulse, stepped into a dark postern across the way from the Arab's house. He wondered if Fathouma had received his message and what her reply would be. He stared at the door, almost as if trying to pierce it with the strength of his passion. He thought of her, of her ice-green eyes, her red lips, the delicate, sharp splendor of her face, thought of all that which, for a moment in that drive through the Bois, had flamed within touch of his body, his desires.

Still he stared at the door. He saw it open and, preceded and followed by liveried black servants, three women leave the house. They were burnoused and veiled, but he was sure that one was Fathouma. He recognized her by the little tilt of her walk, by her soft laugh as she gave coin to a ragged, *bakshish* begging urchin with a guttural:

"*Ooul, chrah, ouh ahrab*—eat, drink and run!"

The three women turned down the street while the servants threw out flat palms to cut through the throng of haggling Algerian and Moroccan Jews.

"Give way, O sons of Israel!" they cried. "Give way for the household of Sidi Mahmoud Chedli!"

"Most just among Moslems!" mumbled an old Jewish grocer in his stall to the left

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of the postern, tossing a handful of salt after the women to protect them against the evil eye; and, in answer to Roger de Villemot's question: "They are doubtless going to visit some cousin. Today is feast day. May God bless their footsteps! May they bear the Sidi as many men children as there are hairs in my beard!"

The Marquis stared after them. An impetuous yearning leaped into his blood full fledged. He followed them half the length of the block. But through the blurred indistinctness of his overwhelming passion, more sober counsel prevailed. He turned sharply on his heel.

It was with a sweep of relief that the next morning he saw his soldier servant usher Bibi Kenza into his apartment.

"I spoke to Lella Fathouma," she said. "She sent you a message—two messages—"

"Well?"

"The first is that occasions, like clouds, pass away; and the second that she who introduces herself between the onion and the peel does not go forth without a strong smell!" And she laughed, rolling her body in a very paroxysm of merriment and giving resounding slaps to her fat thighs.

"What does it mean?"

"The first message is obvious. Opportunities pass away, eh? Opportunities for what? You must know best. And by the second message she means that between the onion and the peel, between the Sidi's older two wives, Lella Meryem and Lella Nefoussa bent-Daoud, would she be fool enough to risk—ah—the smell? The smell of suspicion, belike of danger. *Aywak, aywak*, Christian! God grant us all no neighbor with two eyes!"

"Go back to her," said the Frenchman, "and tell her—"

"How much?"

"Here you are!" He paid. "Tell her that—"

"I know! Allah! The fly knows the face of the seller of milk!"

Three times within the next week Bibi Kenza went to the house of Sidi Mahmoud. Three times she returned to Roger de Villemot, with always the same answer—a no, metaphorically expressed, but still a no.

And her last message was the sharpest. "For"—said Bibi Kenza—"she bids you remember that the wise takes his no with a wink, and the fool with a kick."

"You lie!" he cried, white with rage.

"It is the truth—by the All-Merciful!"

"She—she—"

"Ho!" laughed the woman. "It appears that she has forgotten you. Forget her, too. Better the remedy than the pain—that's wisdom!"

"Go back"—he stammered—"tell her—"

"No!" Bibi Kenza shook her head. A look almost of compassion came into her eyes. "I like gold," she said, "and I dislike Christians. Still—may the Prophet count it a good deed on the day of judgment—listen! Do not attempt the impossible! Do not try to weave ropes of sand. Come to me when the pain has passed and the longing. There are other women in Algiers."

She left him in a great turmoil that gripped him almost physically. The four walls of the room seemed to contract, to squeeze his head, his eyes, his soul. Never before had he known the crude definiteness

of personal sorrow. Seldom had he known a thwarted wish. Now he knew. He felt. And he rebelled. Was Captain Grandchamp right? What had he said? Something about his honey-colored mustache having intrigued her? No, no! It was not possible. Perhaps Fathouma was only playing with him, cruelly, as women will. Why, he loved her—here was the sum total of his reasoning—and so she must love him.

"I love her!" he said out loud. "And she must love me! She must!"

Again he felt the room cramping him. A craving came upon him to go out of doors. Something in him demanded a freer, more spacious air. Out of doors he was invaded by the necessity of going to Fathouma at once. It seemed absolutely essential. There was in his breast the longing for her rich, dark beauty. It was not the bright gaiety of passion. That had passed with the fluttering gold of the Paris salons. The desire that was in him now was sharp like a new-ground sword. It was like a burning forest through his mind. There was no ecstasy in it. So he went to the house in the Street of the Lizard. He would see her—today, now—he would tell her . . .

But when the Soudanese led him into the upstairs apartment and shortly afterwards Sidi Mahmoud came in, he felt once more the impossibility of saying anything except banalities, easy social white lies.

"I've been busy," he replied to the other's question. "A lot of new mounts to break in, you know."

"Perhaps you'll dine with me tomorrow?"

"With pleasure!"

There was nothing else he could say. But for the first time he was conscious of antagonism toward the other. What right, he thought, had this middle-aged, rather ugly Arab to the woman whom he loved?

He could not sleep that night. He could neither lie nor sit, could hardly stand still. He had only just enough resolution to resist the mad impulse to rush to Sidi Mahmoud's house, to batter in the gates, to take Fathouma by force.

Love? Yes. But also the blow to his selfishness, his conceit. She had refused him. A breach was left in his emotional defenses. He must repair it. He must bend his energies to that one task. The thought, as he paced through the room, became an obsession.

From that night's vigil on, he haunted the Street of the Lizard, chiefly in the evening, for he knew that Arabs seldom leave their houses until after the heat of day.

There were little shops, dim, alcoved. He bought things there which he did not need. There was an Arab café where he sat, late into the night, drinking musk-flavored coffee. There was a book shop where he purchased Hebrew and Arab pamphlets which he could not read. There were always his eyes, staring at the house—he looked away, hid in the shadows when Sidi Mahmoud came or went. There was always his hope, thrusting an eager lance to the challenge of his desire.

He became a familiar figure in the neighborhood.

The people, Orientals all, shrugged their shoulders. They did not mind. They, Moslems as well as Jews, had the comfort-

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able theory that all Christians were mad. If comment there was, it passed like sheets of foam.

"You noticed him?" said Eleazar Sera-
pha, the Jewish grocer, to Zaid, the Sidi's
negro pipe-servant.

"Yes. He comes at times to the master's house."

"What does he want?"

"The All-Merciful alone knows."

"Ah—all Franks are mad."

"Allah created them so."

"Yes," sighed the Jew. "*Shalom alikhim molakhi achchareet*—may the Angels of Pity bring him peace!"

Still the obsession grew with Roger de Villemot. Day and night he thought of her, caught himself composing conversations with her, to the point, masterful, conclusive. He would stop her, would talk to her when he saw her regardless if she be alone or accompanied by Lella Meryem and Lella Nefoussa bent-Daoud. He did not care. The resolve was inflexible, almost passionless. But when one evening she came from the house between the other two wives and escorted by liveried negroes, when again he recognized her by the tilt in her walk, he could not utter a sound.

He saw her ice-green eyes above the hem of the veil. They looked at him, then through him, beyond him, and she walked on.

He tried to rise; could not. Tried to speak; could not. Something like an iron fist clutched his body, his throat.

"The next time I see her," he said to himself, "I shall speak to her."

And he saw her again, was again unable, somehow, to approach her, to utter a sound. He felt, as the first time when he had called on her husband, that eerie sensation of a terrible racial closeness which excluded him, as if here in Algiers the life and emotions and reactions of this woman with whom he had danced and flirted in Paris were a sealed book in an unknown tongue. Insoluble it seemed, this Orient, sneering and hard and cruel—

"Another cup of coffee?" asked Moise Belaize, the Jewish waiter.

"No!"

"Perhaps a glass of sherbet?"

"No."

He stared at the waiter. He forgot who the man was and what. He only knew that, with his impassive, patient smile, his black, opaque eyes, his attitude of mixed humility and familiarity, he represented the Orient to him. He hated him, hated all this people, all this land.

"Perhaps a dish of——"

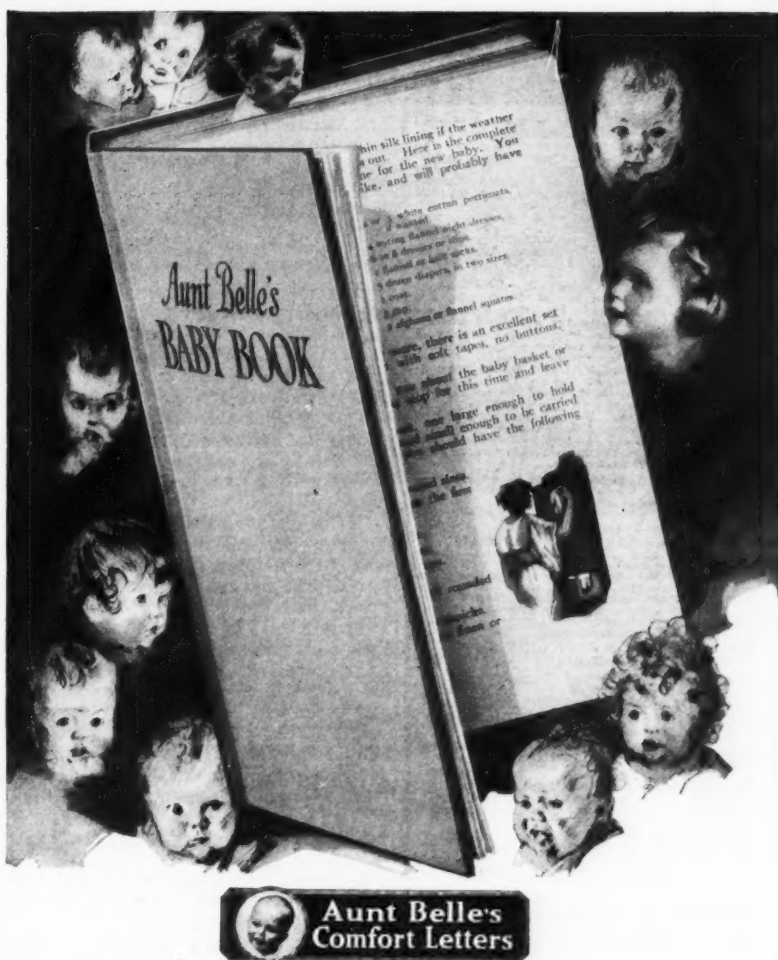
"No—*nom de Dieu!*" Roger de Ville-mot's fist lashed out and caught the other on the shoulder. He rushed away in a towering rage.

"Hayah!" said Moise Belaize philosophically as he rubbed his shoulder. "All Franks are mad."

"You made him angry," laughed the *chammach* of the synagogue who had witnessed the scene. "He will not come back."

"If he does I shall kiss his feet. Bow before the monkey who is in power! If he does not—*chammach*, life-of-mine!—there be other bran to be picked by the little brown hen!"

But the Marquis returned the next evening and ordered his coffee as if nothing had happened. He sat for hours staring



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at the house across the way. He sat and stared till night came, racing to the west; till the moon stabbed out of the south, chilling the houses to flat, silvery white; till gradually the streets emptied of people and the voices of barter and trade faded into the memory of sound and there was nobody left in the Street of the Lizard except Moise Belaize, the waiter, yawning behind his hand and stacking plates ostentatiously to remind the Frank that it was time for honest folk to be in bed.

"Haw! Ho!" yawned the waiter.

He sat down; fell asleep. The shadows of night danced in a wild, purple araband; and still Roger de Villemot waited, as still as death, his face grim, somewhat the color of ashes, despair in his soul and a certain cold curiosity.

That afternoon he had gone to Bibi Kenza, had argued with her, pleaded with her, and finally she had told him. The words were traced indelibly across his mind:

"Lella Fathouma has forgotten you. Tonight—late—she meets her cousin, Sidi Abd el-Latif. How do I know? Because it was I who arranged the meeting! I who bribed the Lotus Petal and the watchman at the gate! I who bribed the people in the little pink house to the left of the grocer's to keep open their patio for the matter of an hour, to keep shut the inner windows and"—she had laughed—"their eyes and mouths! Eh? She loves you, you say? Why should she? The conceit of a Frank—*aywah, aywah!*—like a fat bird that bastes itself! Go and watch, fool, if you do not believe me. The little pink house! It juts out from the street. You can't miss it."

So he watched, sitting well back in the shadows, until finally the gate of Sidi Mahmoud's house opened.

A white robed figure slipped out. She flitted across the road. She tapped lightly at the door of the little pink house. It opened; and on the threshold, sharply outlined in the moon rays, Roger de Villemot saw a young Arab, bearded, red-burned; saw him open his arms and fold her to him; heard him speak guttural Arabic words which he did not understand, but words, he sensed instinctively, charged with a high, driving passion.

There was murder in his heart. But it passed. It gave way to a revulsion of feelings that left him in a state of numbness where his emotions seemed to have ebbed like the cold tides of death.

He heard the door of the patio close. He rose. He clinked some coins on the marble topped table. He walked away through the night. His soul was dry and hard and empty. He even slept, quietly, dreamlessly.

Mechanically he ate his breakfast the next morning. Mechanically he attended to his regimental duties. Then, in the evening, he went to the house of Sidi Mahmoud. His love was dead, and his longing. There was only an unflinching resolve of hate, a desperate tenacity to squeeze this hate to the last drop. And he considered that Sidi Mahmoud was an Oriental. Westernized? Yes. But still an Oriental, a Moslem.

"Delighted to see you," said Sidi Mahmoud as he came into the upstairs apartment. "Lovely night, isn't it?" He pointed to the balcony whence, from the street below, drifted the Hebrew chants of

joy, celebrating the end of *tchebiah*, the month of grief. "Care for a cigarette?"

"No thanks." The Frenchman hesitated. "I want to tell you . . ." Again he hesitated. He felt—was it fear? He did not know; did not stop to analyze. But, whatever it was, it seemed to come from the center of his consciousness, spreading through every nerve, swiftly and terribly.

"Yes?" asked the Arab.

"It is my duty—as your friend—"

"What? You sound mysterious." The other smiled.

"Your wife—Madame Fathouma—"

"What about her, Monsieur le Marquis?" The hooded eyes flashed a cold, scrutinizing look.

"She—I saw her last night—with a man—a young Arab—she . . ."

"Deceives me?"

"Yes!" Roger de Villemot breathed more freely. The worst was over, he thought.

Sidi Mahmoud caressed his cheek with his left hand.

"I am aware of it," he said after a pause.

"You"—the Frenchman's voice rose a shrill octave—"you—what . . ."

"I repeat!—I am aware of it." Sidi Mahmoud's accents were level, with just the faintest little mournful cadence.

"And you—"

"I am a middle-aged man. The fires of passion in me are dead. I have made my life—did I not tell you so once?—an exquisite mosaic of gentle little habits, dovetailing into each other, each a guarantee for the happiness of the entire day. I hate to have it upset. That's why I do not like to be reminded of Fathouma—and Sidi Abd el-Latif."

"You know his name?"

"Assuredly."

"But"—Roger de Villemot was bewildered—"I don't understand—"

"I am a just man," the other went on, "so just. Fathouma has given me a year or two of happiness. She spread silver and gold across the dust of my declining years. Thus I am grateful to her. But she is young and eager and hot-blooded. And so she deceives me. I know it. Perhaps she knows that I know. But you, Monsieur le Marquis, why should you know?" The question was soft, almost casual. "Perhaps—ah—you have been her lover, too?"

"No, no!"

"Or tried to be?"

"No! I assure you—"

"Then—how do you know about her?"

"I happened to find out!" Roger de Villemot was steadily growing more nervous. "And—since I am your friend—I came to you and . . ."

"Yes, yes. It is very regrettable."

"I am sorry." The Frenchman rose to go.

"Wait. It is regrettable, I repeat, for me, for Fathouma and for her lover. You should not know. You have no right to know—you see that, don't you? It is a private matter—between her and him and me. No, no"—Sidi Mahmoud shook his head—"you have no right to know! You should never have found out!"

"I shall try and forget," murmured the Frenchman.

"But—can you? And, if you can't, consider my honor. There you are, an outsider, knowing of my—ah—disgrace!"



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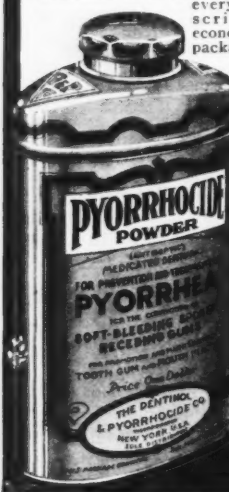
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What can we do? There must be a way." "Anything—anything!" Again the feeling akin to fear spread through Roger de Villemot's nerves; icy perspiration burst forth upon his skin.

"So glad you agree with me. And I am sorry—really—that there is no other way."

And, at the last moment, as the Arab leaned forward a little while his right hand disappeared in the folds of his waistband, Roger de Villemot understood. At the very last, he caught a glimmer of the truth in the other's dark, opaque eyes. But it was too late. The dagger was already finding his heart. And there was the end of the affair as far as he was concerned, while Sidi Mahmoud Chedli summoned some trusty servants and arranged with them for an alibi which would con-

found even the chilly logic of a French prosecuting attorney.

He felt a little upset. Presently Fathouma would come, and he would have to tell her. He would have to chide her and ask her to be more careful in the future. And his other two wives, Lella Meryem and Lella Ne-foussa bent-Daoud, would abuse her—and she would cry—and he liked her very much. "Allah!" He shrugged his shoulders with rather ungracious resignation.

He leaned from the balcony. He looked at the throng of Jews in festive garb. Moise Belaize, the waiter, caught his eye. He smiled.

"May the All-Merciful bless thy feasting, O son of Israel!" he said.

"May thy destiny be as honey in thy mouth, O most just among Moslems!" came the sonorous reply.

His Children's Children

(Continued from page 35)

He clutched his partner's arm as they came to a dangerous looking curb. "Confound it! Why don't they clean their sidewalks? After all, the Kaynes are the result of a natural if not inevitable social evolution, accelerated and intensified by the peculiar conditions existing just before and just after the war. Look at them! First generation, virile and predatory—that's Peter B.—a cave man and adventurer but a lovable old rascal at that; second generation, ultra-respectable: selfish, snobbish, hypocritical—that's Rufus and his brother and sister—what one might call the 'Brownstone Bourgeoisie.'"

Mr. Pepperill's blue eyes twinkled as if he considered the phrase he had coined distinctly good.

"Respectable to a degree! But without imagination! All gunning for what the first generation didn't have and had the sense not to try for—social position!"

"And the third generation?" asked his companion, as they reached the other side.

The older lawyer gave a vague shrug.

"I don't really know what the world is coming to!" he ejaculated. "But the outcome is not surprising. You see, the second generation—the Jameses and the Rufuses and the rest—never woke up to the fact that their game wasn't worth the candle. Whereas their children did—in their cradles—and started out to make up for lost time—at two hundred miles an hour. Wasters, most of them. No wonder they call this the Jazz Age!"

"I won't quarrel with the term!" said Maitland. "But did these Kaynes—I mean the generation represented by our client Rufus—get what they were after?"

"Only in part!" answered Mr. Pepperill. "Only what they could buy. They achieved a kind of social position—the newspaper variety—but without any distinction. They're not really 'smart'—although their children are—if you know what I mean."

Maitland nodded. "I get you!" he replied. "How many Kayne children are there? And what are they like?"

"Three girls," returned Mr. Pepperill. "Sheila, who's coming out next week, just a little bundle of nerves, the helpless victim of her environment; Claudia, whom you know about already; and Diana—the oldest. They're a good example of what

materialism has brought us to! Talk about the sins of the fathers being visited upon their children—you couldn't have a better illustration of it than these Kaynes. Of course part of it is war reaction and part of it is just kicking over the traces—a repudiation of Victorian convention."

"Action and reaction are equal and opposite!" smiled Maitland.

"But it's more than that," went on Mr. Pepperill with seriousness. "The Kaynes are running to seed. Moral shirtsleeves to moral shirtsleeves in three generations. They're 'going bad.'"

"Running to seed" were they? The words of the burial service flashed through Maitland's mind: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." Perhaps there was more in the situation than the old man thought. Not so simple! Some hope at any rate. The Kaynes—America—the world! These jazzing boys and girls, whirling and vibrating like water insects upon the surface of a stagnant pool—what would they breed?

"How about the oldest girl?" he asked as they neared Madison Square.

"Diana?"

Mr. Pepperill raised his hands in simulated horror, dropping his precious cane.

"The wildest of all of them!" he exclaimed while Maitland picked it up. "Clever, reckless; talked about for years before she came out; reported engaged every six months. Goes with an entirely different crowd from her family—ever so much smarter socially—a sort of inner circle. And between ourselves very likely a 'wrong 'un.' Before she gets through, mark my words, she'll be in twice the pickle her sister Claudia is in already of her sister Sheila ever will be! She's really dangerous! If you meet her, take my advice and give her plenty of room."

"I hope we shall meet her!" murmured Maitland.

"We shan't!" returned his friend as the traffic stopped at the red flash. "She never walks. She's much too expensive—You turn off here, don't you?"

"We seemed to have walked straight through the Victorian era!" laughed the younger man.

"And thank Heaven for it!"

"If you don't mind," continued Maitland as they still waited, "I'd like to go

away early Friday and skip Saturday altogether. Mr. Lawrence Devereaux has asked me down for a couple of days' shooting at his place—Treasure Island, I think they call it. I've nothing pressing on hand except this matter of Lady Harrowdale's and that will take some time."

Mr. Pepperill clucked with satisfaction. "Certainly, my boy! Go and stay as long as you like. Larry Devereaux is the right sort. Sends me a brace of pheasants every year. Wish I were going with you."

Mr. Pepperill with a nod and a smile over his dapper shoulder continued to walk straight on down Fifth Avenue while Maitland swung across Madison Square in the direction of Irving Place, where he lodged with the young Englishman, Nigel Craig, whom he had met in Paris and induced to come to America with him. He had a deep affection for this gentle, almost Irish looking lad, the youngest of five brothers, the others all killed in action, himself so badly gassed at Ypres that the doctors had at first given him up—a colonel of infantry at twenty-four.

He stopped in front of a small brick house, unlatched the door and shouted: "Oh, Nigel!"

A cheerful whistle answered him and he bounded upstairs, while Craig arose quickly and stood with his back to the fire, forcing a smile to his face.

"Any luck?" Maitland demanded.

Craig shook his head grimly.

"Not yet. Nobody pressed me to go into partnership with him or to show him how to spend his money or to marry his daughter. However, I'm not discouraged."

"Oh, you'll find something!" declared Lloyd. "Luck will come your way."

"Right-o!" replied his friend. "Are we downhearted?" Something tells me that tomorrow—or at very latest the day after—a dark woman will come into my young life."

Lloyd spread his hands before the fire. "It's just possible," he said casually, "that I can get you a job that would take you to England—if you'd be willing to go."

Nigel put his hand quickly to his chin that Lloyd might not see it tremble. Into the gray eyes came a look of singular sweetness.

"Really!" was all he said.

Lloyd explained Claudia Kayne's predicament and how he purposed to get her out of it. Nigel knew England—perhaps he knew Surrey?

Craig nodded. He had been born in Surrey! He could close his eyes and hear the evening calling of the rooks above the grove back of the old ivy covered stone house—see the garden iridescent with the young bloom of autumn.

"When do you want me to start?"

"Soon. Next week, perhaps."

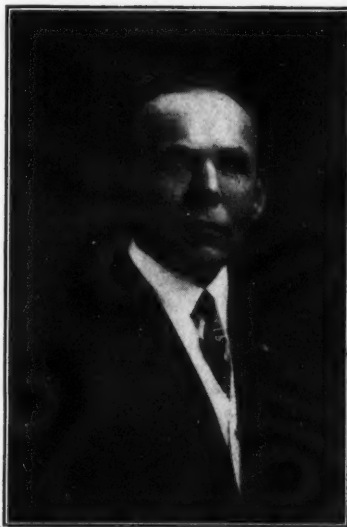
"I'll go," said Nigel. "And"—he put his hand—"thank you a thousand times, old boy! You don't know what this means! I say, hurry and wash. Let's go and forage for some chow and go to a show!"

CHAPTER IV

TREASURE ISLAND

DEEP COVE. You get out here, sir. End of the road."

The friendly conductor gave Maitland hand with his bags as the wobbly train



Dr. Carl Scharf

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ground to a stop in the darkness, and he dropped to the platform by the light of a lantern in the hand of a rat-faced young fellow in oversized golf cap and trim gaiters, who touched his forelock with a "This way, sir. Let me have your bags, sir. Gun, sir?" in the clipped, snappy speech of the dependent aristocracy of the British sporting class.

Lloyd confessed to having brought no gun and was conscious of a certain alteration in the youth's demeanor.

"Mr. Devereaux wished me to say he was sorry he couldn't come across himself to meet you, but they were working up the West Upland this afternoon and wouldn't be in till late. You'll find it a bit cold, sir, on the boat. I brought you an overcoat."

A bell rang and the launch churned the water at her stern and moved away, the lights of the station and upon the dock end receding swiftly. The breeze bit Lloyd's face and the waves slapped the sides viciously. He knew that "Treasure Island" lay but a few miles off shore and the sturdy launch was making the water fly at fifteen miles an hour. In twenty minutes at most he would reach his destination—an island owned in its entirety by a single individual, possessing over it so far as was possible under our form of government feudal rights directly inherited from colonial days when it had been ceded to his ancestors as a manorial grant by the royal charter of King James.

Suddenly a faint glow appeared above the distant pines and shot across the racing waves. The moon! Ahead unexpectedly loomed the black outline of the island, its white dunes ghostly in the growing moonlight. The breeze dropped, cut off by some unseen headland, and the launch slipped silently ahead preceded by a ripple that spread wide like two wings on either side and whipped the shore. A rope was thrown, there was a scramble of dark forms and the visitor was led up a narrow gangplank at the top of which a lean man in shooting togs received him—the head keeper.

"Mr. Devereaux is at the house, sir."

A mannish redolence of leather, pipe tobacco, gunpowder and dogs floated on the mist. A setter, curvetting, got between Maitland's legs and nearly upset him and another leaped up and kissed his neck.

Maitland strode quickly towards the lights. Just ahead of him the manor house rose against a grove of oaks, its open door pouring forth a yellow welcome across the silvered hedges beside him. He climbed up a steep flight of wooden steps to a veranda. Through the doorway he could look into a narrow hall and on one side through another into a wide, low-studded, homelike room, furnished with chintz covered lounging chairs, where a fire crackled in an immense fireplace. Through the door drifted a haze of cigarette smoke and echoed the sporadic click of cards.

He allowed a servant to help him off with his coat, and stepped to the threshold of the drawing room.

At one end of the mantel stood Devereaux, ruddy and smiling, and beside him with her back to the door a girl clad in a Norfolk jacket of rough tweed, khaki breeches and leather gaiters. A lamp beyond shone reddish through her hair and outlined a supple figure a shade above middle height. Their two heads were

close together, the girl engaged in filling from a silver receptacle in her right hand a glass held by her host. This accomplished she raised her face to his with a laughing remark and he bent quickly over and kissed her. From the back of the room a man's voice drawled:

"Don't do that, Larry!"

Across her shoulder Devereaux's eyes caught Maitland's figure in the doorway and he called out:

"Caught, eh! Hallo there, old boy! Welcome to our ancestral shades! We only got in a moment ago or I'd have been on the dock."

He placed the cocktail on the mantel-piece and gripped his guest's hand heartily. Then he turned to the girl.

"Lloyd, let me present you to Miss Kayne. Di—this is my friend, Colonel Maitland."

Lloyd could not conceal his surprise at the girl's presence. He had had no idea that his host was entertaining ladies, or that he even knew this one who had happened to be the subject of Mr. Pepperill's diatribe the afternoon before. And Diana, because all men stimulated her and especially on account of what Larry had told her of this one, returned his gaze with interest.

She was used to the hunting type, rangy men tall enough to allow their clothes to hang well, and the newcomer qualified as to height. But his clothes did not hang on him well at all, and apparently he had none of the graces of the courtier, for his steady brown eyes seemed to Diana to be taking her all in rather critically and rather disapprovingly. "He's heard something about me!" flashed through her mind. "And of course he thinks it's true. Well—let him!" But she could not account for the fact that she should care.

On his part Lloyd looked down into a face which rose from a pair of slightly drooping shoulders like a dead white jungle flower shot with scarlet, and it seemed to him as if some subtle odor, also like that of a mysterious flower, emanated from her and drew him to her against his will.

He had read of faces like that in French novels and the descriptions had not intrigued him; he had seen such faces imitated artificially upon the stage and they had repelled him. But he had never seen one of them in all its exotic loveliness before and, for all that he knew the kind of woman she was, a strange jealousy for brief instant amounting almost to hate seized hold of him because another and he had pressed his lips to those too red, too full and slightly scornful ones. For the first time in his life something wild stirred in him.

Yet she had done nothing, said nothing. She had not even as yet raised those dusky fringed eyes of hers which at times glinted like luminous pieces of Chinese jade and at others melted into deepest blue.

And in that stirring of the blood mingled another and more spiritual constituent—of pity, almost approaching passion—that she should not be everything that her beauty symbolized.

"How can Larry have such a girl around!" he asked himself.

Then the girl smiled and looked into his eyes and his question was answered.

"How are you!" she said in a husky voice. "Have a drink? It's a great life if you don't weaken!"

"Thanks!" answered Lloyd as she filled his glass. "But I'll not weaken!" he added to himself. His first impulse to refer to her sister Claudia he restrained. He was not there in the capacity of family lawyer.

"What's doin' over there?" called the same voice that had challenged Devereaux's salute. "Aren't we in on this?"

"Of course you are! Come to the Pierian Spring! I play no favorites!"

"Alas!" sighed Devereaux. "Here, you know, I want you to know my friend Maitland. This is Bud Longwood—he makes a living knocking ivory balls around with a mallet—and of course you know Dick Darcy."

Maitland recognized the names of a celebrated polo back and a no less famous golfer who in his idle moments played at banking. Longwood was a big, curly-headed, forthright chap who pretended to the simplicity of mind which frequently disclosed a profound insight into men and affairs. Darcy too seemed a man in whom there might well be more than at first met the eye, for while this veteran of sport carried himself with a jaunty, almost rakish air and moved with all the nimbleness of youth, his bronzed cheeks were heavily lined and in his rather faded eyes was a look that comes only with years and ripeness of knowledge.

Both greeted Lloyd warmly. Then Devereaux drove them all upstairs and, with his arm linked through his new guest's, conducted him to his room and showed him its cabinet of colonial costumes, pointing out those which particular ancestors had worn, the sampler worked by his great-great-grandmother, the dueling pistols over the fireplace, the whereabouts of the whisky and cigarettes.

"My room is directly across the landing opposite, old man! If you want anything, shout for it! You've got forty minutes before dinner."

He clapped his guest on the shoulder and closed the door behind him.

Devereaux's valet was already unpacking Lloyd's bags.

"Yes, sir," he said. "The gentlemen almost always dress for dinner—particularly when Miss Kayne is here."

Again Maitland experienced that unjustifiable sense of personal injury.

When an hour later Miss Kayne entered the drawing room she seemed altogether a different person. The touch of the bizarre and the daring were gone with the breeches and gaiters, the sweater and the disarray of her hair, which now was wound like a heavy crown about her head. Over her forehead she had pinned in it a tiny crescent of diamonds. Lloyd, who had come down promptly, arose as Devereaux stepped forward, placed his arm around her—somewhat ostentatiously it seemed to his guest—and led her thus into the room.

"Don't get up, boys!" she protested. "Larry, why so affectionate? Your friend isn't used to our playful little ways!"

"He must concede me my feudal prerogatives!" retorted the lord of the manor. And—I insist upon them all!"

Miss Kayne lighted a cigarette and gave a little sigh of contentment. Apparently although she had been carrying a gun all day she felt no fatigue and remained standing in front of the fire, perhaps consciously adding a note of completeness to the picture of luxurious comfort presented by the smoldering five foot log, the oil

paintings of rosy old boys in lace and wigs and of pallid ladies with bottle shoulders and narrow satin bodices.

Darcy and Longwood came strolling in, the butler announced dinner and Devereaux led the way with Miss Kayne on his arm down the hall to a low, oak paneled dining room with leaded casement windows where snapped another open fire beneath a mantel crowded with trophies of silver and pewter.

Devereaux seated Diana with some ceremony upon his right and then waved Lloyd into the place opposite her at his left, while Darcy took the chair at the other end seemingly as a matter of course and Longwood sprawled beside Lloyd.

"Some of the old Irroy, Wilmot," whispered Larry to the butler in an aside, and when the latter had filled their glasses he arose and said:

"Beautiful lady and gallant gentlemen! I have a toast to propose. To our latest arrival, our friend Lloyd Maitland!"

"Hear! Hear!" cried Diana, rising and looking across with a smile. The men sprang up and they all turned to Lloyd and drank. Apparently they knew exactly who he was, all about him, the whole story of the rescue party that he had led from the trenches in the Argonne to bring in Devereaux when his plane had fallen between the lines but a hundred yards from the German trenches. It had cost the lives of two stretcher bearers and Lloyd a shattered thigh. But Dev had been saved.

Lloyd found his face burning.

"Now you're a full fledged member," Diana confidentially assured him. "Larry has to be awfully soft on anybody to make a speech. Nothing else could induce him to stagger to his little feet."

"He saved my worthless life!" cut in Devereaux. "If it weren't for his childish modesty I'd tell you all about it."

"Then we're all equally in his debt!" declared Diana. "We couldn't get on without Larry, you know, Colonel Maitland! When he dies we're going to have him stuffed!"

There followed a moment of slight self-consciousness for all of them. Then in an effort to relieve the situation Longwood, imitating Larry's manner, cried out:

"Beautiful lady and gallant gentlemen! I'll give you a toast! To our last drink—it saved my life! Let's have another!" And he held out his glass to the sedate man servant, who at a gesture from Devereaux placed the bottle beside the polo player.

"Ribaldry! Ribaldry!" quoth Darcy, changing the subject as if reproving his frivolity. "Did you see that pheasant of yours tower this afternoon, Larry? It went up so high it must have come down off Montauk. Forty-eight in all, wasn't it? That's better than we did last year!"

"By six," answered their host. "Am I right, Di?"

The girl nodded.

"But then we got seventy-one on the West Upland. And ninety-seven brace on the Big Drive. What a day!"

"We must show Lloyd what we can do!" Devereaux turned and laid his hand on Maitland's sleeve.

"Honestly, old boy, you don't know how glad I am to have you here!"

Lloyd patted his friend's hand.

"And I to be here! I didn't know there was anything like this in America."

The wine had warmed him through and

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he was thrilled with a strange excitement, like a neophyte newly admitted to some esoteric degree. He had never suspected the existence of any such charmed circle as this mystic Order of the Friends of Devereaux, with its thousands of acres watched over by Scotch keepers, its ocean going yachts, its motor cars, its stables of polo ponies and its magic sense of power. It was not his life—he could be at best only a nonresident member—but he saw that whatever its faults it was virile, chivalrous and without pretense, and he felt for these comparative strangers a sense of comradeship akin to that which he had had for his own men at the front.

They were all listening to Darcy who, cigarette in hand, had arisen and was standing before the fire. The candle light brought out the shadows beneath his eyes and the lines about his deeply carved chin.

"Democracy?" he exclaimed bitterly. "If the war has proved anything it is the absolute failure of democracy. The next radical is going to be the man who has the courage to come out frankly and say so and to advocate a benevolent autocracy!"

"In that case I nominate Larry for the job!" said Longwood.

The girl opposite Maitland lifted her eyes—now soft and luminous beneath their half lowered lids—and smiled cryptically. He seemed to read in their dreamy glance a challenge, as if she were thinking: "Say what you like! Let dynasties, philosophies and religions fall. I alone remain. I rule the world."

She had pushed back her chair and as she sat with her hands clasped in her lap the candle light glowed upon the white softness of her shoulders and the white roundness of her arms, upon the odd spread of her cheek bones that gave her that foreign look and upon the sullen curve of her mouth.

She let her eyes fall and raised them again, this time as if she did not see him, and suddenly he became aware of the fact that he desired this woman as he had never desired anything in his life before, that he wanted to lean across the table and seize those drooping shoulders in his arms and press those red lips to his own just as Devereaux had done.

Something—the wine, perhaps—had slightly suffused Maitland's eyes. He heard Longwood getting off some silly crack about "low highbrows" and "high lowbrows" and Darcy barking about things political—and they annoyed him, for across the candles he could scent all the haunting perfumes of the East and hear above the beating of the blood in his forehead the languid chiming of temple bells.

Larry had taken down from the mantel an ornately chased communion chalice purloined doubtless in the Middle Ages—"The Augsburg Cup"—and was scribbling upon a pad with a strained expression.

"It's bed time," he remarked with an effort noticeable to none but Wilmot. "We're to be called early tomorrow."

He tore off four slips from the pad and dropped them into the cup.

"Fergus says the wind's come up, with a dash of rain from the northeast. That will bring the birds in. We'll shoot the Salt Marsh, the Lagoon, Pirate's Cove and the Tarn. I'll take the Marsh. You draw for the others."

He pushed the cup towards Diana, who negligently withdrew the nearest slip.

"The Tarn," she said.

Darcy and Longwood drew together and Maitland after them.

"I've pulled the Cove," announced Longwood.

"Mine's the Lagoon," added the golfer. Without looking Lloyd knew already that he had drawn the Tarn.

"That means that you shoot with Maitland," said Devereaux. "And now have about a gun for you?"

They drifted into the dimly lighted hall. "Let him try the Nichols you gave the Rector," suggested Longwood. "It's just the right spread!"

"No," answered Devereaux as he took down an elaborately chased weapon. "The giving him mine. All that I have is his!"

"What's the matter? Aren't you going out?" demanded Darcy.

"Yes, but I'd like to see what he can do with it. Besides, I may change my mind and try to walk up some of those odd birds that got away from us yesterday.—Candles, everybody? How about a 'wee doc and doris'? Well, good night. Look out for her, Maitland. Don't let her take your birds!"

He stood at the foot of the stairs holding his candle for them, debonair, valiant, but there was a pathetic twist to his mouth as he stared after the ascending shadows.

CHAPTER V

DIANA

DIANA, oldest of the three children of Rufus and Elizabeth Kayne, unfortunate in her parentage was fortunate at least in the decade of her birth and the fact that she of them all had inherited the most of her grandfather's vigor of body and in trepidity of spirit.

Her girlhood had been passed during her mother's "On to Newport!" period when the Northampton house was filled with "hen parties" at both luncheon and dinner—bridge after each—from Tuesday until Friday, and with aromatic golfing over every week-end. Fortunately for her this was also the epoch of the "athletic girl," so that being driven out of the house was equivalent to being driven upon the tennis courts and links, which in the "dash waste and middle" of the week were practically deserted. Had not motors been still an innovation she might have been driven on to Broadway. As it was, she scraped an acquaintance with a beach-combing family of summer Brooklynites whose harum scarum existence would have shocked the society folk of Northampton had they dreamed of it—and learned from a tomboy girl and her two equally rowdy younger brothers to shoot snipe and ducks and to land striped bass through the surf.

Somewhat later at the childish age of fifteen she had suddenly appeared one day at the tennis club and captured not only the women's senior and junior singles before a crowded gallery, but took away the clay pigeon trophy from one Mr. Richard Darcy who, since he had already won it twice in succession, had confidently expected it to become his permanent property. Sport may or may not have saved her, but at least it made her a celebrity and next Sunday at Treasure Island Mr. Darcy sang the praises of the "red-headed child wonder" to his friend Mr. Lawrence Devereaux, who, deciding that

was probably worth looking over, and saw and was conquered. But Diana was now too interested in indoor life to listen to sentiment. "I can wait!" he had decided. He waited—about result, although his devotion naturally won him Diana's friendship. Kayne and his wife perceived too late their own purposes that the girl was a real asset, else they might have achieved export through her. She had become the thing" while her mother was still wondering whom it was safe to invite to dinner. Then broke the war and everything flattened out. She kissed Larry Devaux good by in his aviator's uniform of the Lafayette Escadrille, for a moment fancying herself in love with him. But her car was smashed and she plunged seriously into "war work." In the scarce intervals of her work—at first at odd times, but later on more steadily—she began to read, amusing herself with political and philosophy, and for the first time discovered the world of ideas. The war ended, leaving her flatter than ever. The component parts of her smashed car reassembled themselves and it began spinning faster than before. And Diana, even more cynical, spun with it—separately now, for what had before been theory had been demonstrated as fact. She knew that if men had to die they could sing—that drugged by a vision of glory they would sacrifice themselves—that it was the heroism of fools or hysterics. Civilization was only a cloak, a gossamer at that. Men liked to kill, to destroy. There was a fierce contest—waged under andiloquent and high sounding appeals "principle" for material ends. Anything else was childish pretense, mere mockery. All there was—and even that might be mere illusion—was the fresh breeze blowing across the moors or the singing spindrift "from the rainbow round the bow," the taut humming line with a spawning salmon at its end, the smell of good smoke under the stars seen through the pines, the stealing warmth of wine or the soft pressure of a man's arm about the waist. The war had undeceived everybody who thought differently. That was the real reason why people were letting their children have a good time while they could—before they died or became crippled from disease or lost their money or married. Marriage! A ghastly joke—resulting in jealousy, hatred or insufferable boredom! Liberty was too sweet. Give her twenty more years of vigor in which to enjoy what there was to enjoy! And then let her die like a sportsman—asking and believing in nothing more.

CHAPTER VI

THE TARN

"TIME to get up, sir!" A hand grasping Maitland's ankle awoke him with a start to a world softly flooded with lamp-light. "It's four o'clock, sir. The other gentlemen have been up some time." For a moment he could not recollect why it was that they were all getting up at that hour, and then the peculiar habits of the duck recurred to him. Downstairs he could hear feet coming and going, an occa-



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sional muffled bark and the murmur of voices in the dining room. A friendly aroma of coffee came from the stairway.

"I hope I'm not late!" he thought as he hurried into his clothes, apprehension gripping him by the throat lest by a few moments' delay he should lose something.

They had nearly finished breakfast when he entered, including Diana, but Devereaux insisted on getting fresh coffee.

"You'll find it bitter cold in the blinds," he said. "You'd better stoke your engine well before you start."

Outside in the heavy mist loomed the shadows of keepers, "duckmen," dogs, and boys carrying guns, ammunition boxes and baskets and stumbling over one another with politely uttered imprecations. A ghostly line of wagons, a lantern suspended from each rear axle, stood waiting and one by one each guest clambered in beside the shrouded driver and pulled up his buffalo robe, while an under keeper shoved in the lunch basket and cartridge box and scrambled up behind.

Maitland had gone to bed in a mellow haze, ecstatic at the thought of having Diana alone to himself the next day, Cleopatra to his Antony. But in the frosty air of the four o'clock reality his ardor and spirits were both depressed and he felt ill at ease. Silently they took their seats in the last wagon. The driver clucked to his unseen horse and they moved off into the darkness. The wind had dropped and thick fog covered the earth with a motionless pall. Lloyd could see nothing save the gigantic shadows cast by the horse's legs stalking among the bushes ahead of them. Yet above the trees there seemed to be an obscure, ghostly light emanating from somewhere.

"The Tarn ought to be all right," said the girl in her hoarse, fluty voice, which seemed startlingly close. "They'll be coming in on the wind and take the first water they see. It's devilish cold!" And she kicked her feet together.

It grew no warmer as they proceeded, first plunging through the impenetrable blackness of the oak woods and then emerging upon the high ground where here and there through holes in the mist they could see the stars. Presently they descended towards the shore.

Then without warning they stopped. A figure stood in the road before them. The under keeper was already removing the lunch basket. The figure beckoned, and climbing over the wheel they followed him down the road and thence along a path through high grass to the beach. The lantern had been left behind. The darkness was opaque. Almost at their feet Lloyd could hear the lapping of waves as, grasping the guide's coat, he felt his way to the blind. Somewhere out in the night the decoys were quacking sporadically.

"Here, miss!" whispered the duckman, parting the rushes of the entrance, and Lloyd gave her a hand past him. He felt himself standing on wood, surrounded by some invisible barrier. Behind him was a seat made of a single board upon which the girl had already taken her place. The under keeper fumbling with the lock of the cartridge box shoved it between them.

"Anything you want, sir? I've left lunch with the duckman."

Then they were alone in their strange, almost conjugal intimacy—Antony and his Cleopatra—within two inches of each

other in darkness appropriately Egyptian. He had an almost uncontrollable impulse to move his hand and touch her merely to see if she were really there, but shyly restrained him. Once the board creaked she rearranged herself. She too was conscious of his proximity.

He became drowsy. Then the seat trembled and he heard a sound as of metal screwed against metal, followed by a liquid gurgling. The pungent odor of whiskey filled the blind. His leg was pinched.

"Have a drink?"

He felt along her arm to her hand and guided it, still holding the flask, to his mouth. Her fingers brushed his cheek almost in a caress. Like fire the liquor permeated his being and restored his confidence. A light breath stirred the neck and looking upward he discovered that he could see the sky in which the stars were now but paling points. It was still dark but silver—dawn yet not dawn.

"Ssh-ssh! Ssh-ssh!"

It was the ghost of a sound like the echo of the faintest hiss. "Ssh-ssh! Ssh-ssh! Again his leg was pinched. "One's coming!" breathed the girl. "He's yours!"

Then the whisper of wings grew loud and faster.

"Ready! Or you'll lose him!" she muttered.

Fifty yards away a gray specter shot from left to right through the mist and was gone.

"Quick!" she ordered. "He's turning. Now!"

But Lloyd's numb hands refused obedience and before he could bring his gun to his shoulder Diana had sprung to her feet and fired—once. A heavy splash—a momentary flapping—silence. The reek of powder hung all about them. Lloyd turned slightly faint. The duckman, his outline now clearly visible, waded slowly out and drew in the duck with a long net. Then he vanished. In the half light the face of the girl rose above the fur collar of her shooting coat like a white moonflower with a smudge of red.

"May I borrow your flask?" he asked. Something in his voice made her look at him.

"Certainly. Anything the matter?"

"Nothing."

She bent over and peered into his face as she took out her flask.

"Are you gun shy?" she demanded.

"It's the smell of the smoke," he answered. "Yes, I must be!"

In fact there had risen before his eyes the vision of that misty morning in the ravines of the Argonne when he had fired at just such a ghostly shape and heard its shrill scream as it too had died.

"Were many of you like that?" she asked, curiously, as he fancied.

"I can only speak for myself. I never went into a fight that I wasn't scared sick. I don't like killing people."

Suddenly she bent over and drew him down.

"Steady. There they come—a squad of iron. Pull yourself together! Now, boys, 'em!"

And Lloyd obeyed.

By noon the old duckman had retrieved sixty-nine ducks of which Lloyd had killed twenty-one and Diana forty-eight. The sun had come out bright and hot and an occasional bird answered the decoys to fall an inevitable victim to the girl's close

...Egyptian...
...able impo...
...her men...
...but shy...
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...It was all...
...the decoys...
...the girl's c...
...ed left barrel. They lunched among scrub oak of the hillside behind them, cold pheasant and pimento sandwiches, but coffee, a bottle of old claret and hot coffee, then lay among the leaves smoking cigarettes and looking across the surface of the Tarn fringed with the moons and yellows of autumn to the Ground with its great patches of red russet—remote as if on a desert island. Diana had cast aside her leather coat with collar of gray squirrel and was leaning against a tree trunk, her blouse open at the neck to catch such zephyrs as might be stirring. In the silent light of high noon her neck and shoulders were as dazzling white as beneath shaded candles of the manor house. She stretched at full length beside her with arms behind his head and looking up at her face he felt again the witchery of languid smile, the almost irresistible of her soft full lips. Puritan that he at heart, he was ashamed of the over-riding gust of physical passion that swept over him. Diana herself was not conscious of the effect that she was producing. In his civilian clothes of the day before he had not struck her as more than ordinarily good looking; but now, warmed from the wind and the sun's rays, in the worn khaki uniform that he had donned in place of a hunting suit, his dark eyes fixed hungrily upon hers, he discovered that he was handsome. He liked his wide, slow smile, his gentle, his warmth of heart, his enthusiasm—all so foreign to her own character. She would have liked to lay her hand on his forehead and smooth back the brown hair just where it ran into the middle of his forehead and per- give him a kiss. And she might have done so had he been another. But he was Lloyd she could not. He, more, longed to place his cheek against her hand and press his lips to its palm. Wrong! he heard his con- science shouting in his ears. Wrong! Then in the midst of the riot his hand was making in his throat and ears he heard Mr. Pepperill's crisp old voice. "A wrong 'un! Give her plenty of matter!" He dug his nails into his hands. That was what she was. "A wrong 'un!" She said it with her queer eyes and smolder- ing hair. An odalisque! He had seen the essence of it himself—the caresses that passed between her and Devereaux! It was no idle jest to call him "The Lord of the Manor." And he had boldly in- duced upon all his privileges! What were those ugly thoughts came crowding into his hot brain. Had he saved Devereaux's life that the capitalist aviator might have this wonderful young crea- ture for a mistress? If so, he were better off—and "stuffed." Wonder where they found Black- man's treasure!" Diana waved her cigarette lazily towards the cove. He did not reply. He was interested at that moment in treasure and silver. "A great iron box," she went on, "full of pistols and Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight. The black cross is the place. It's a matter of court and country. It was all delivered up to the State as treasure trove." The girl's close- set claret—or was it something else?—

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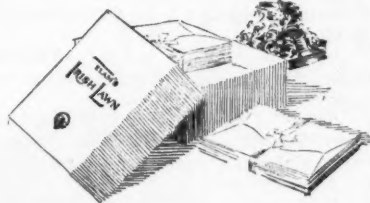
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2. Letters may be used in one word only so often as they appear in the contest phrase. For example, S may be used three times but M only once.
3. Contest closes July 31, 1922.
4. Use singular or plural, but where singular is used, plural cannot be counted also, and vice versa.
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was making his ears sing a little. Well, if she was Devereaux's he'd let her see that she could not deceive anybody.

"Not kept, then, as one of Larry's feudal perquisites?" he asked significantly.

At his words a red tide crept upward from the knot of ribbon on her breast to her hair. And as her blood surged upward from her heart his own congealed at the temerity and cruelty of her words. Furious, she scrambled to her feet; he did the same, and they stood motionless face to face. Diana clenched her fist and drew back her arm.

"Oh!" she gasped, her breast quivering, her eyes turned to green jade. Another

instant and she would have struck him upon the mouth. Then at the sight of his bloodless cheeks her hand slowly lowered to her side. Something beyond herself restrained her. He had insulted her—degraded her. And yet—! After all, as she realized, she had given him full reason for his opinion of her. The abjectness of his contrition touched her. He had bowed his head and stood waiting for the blow. Her eyes softened. He raised his face—drawn with regret.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh! How could you!"

"You don't understand!" he mumbled.

Sheila's coming out party, a startling picture of the younger generation of America's upper classes, is described in the next instalment of Arthur Train's great serial in August COSMOPOLITAN.

The Purity of the Turf

(Continued from page 107)

"Nonsense!"
"Sounds pretty thin, doesn't it?" said someone at my side.

It was Steggle, dash him. Clad in a snowy surplice or cassock or whatever they call it, and wearing an expression of grave concern, the blighter had the cold, cynical crust to look me straight in the eyeball.

"Did you put a beetle down his neck?" I cried.

"Me!" said Steggle. "Me!"

Old Heppenstall was putting on the black cap.

"I do not credit a word of your story, wretched boy! I have warned you before and now the time has come to act. You cease from this moment to be a member of my choir. Go, miserable child!"

Steggles plucked at my sleeve.

"In that case," he said, "those bets, you know. I'm afraid you lose your money. It's a pity you didn't put it on S. P. I always think S. P.'s the only safe way."

I gave him one look. Not a bit of good, of course.

"And they talk about the purity of the turf!" I said. And I meant it to sting!

Jeeves received the news bravely but I think the man was a bit rattled beneath the surface.

"An ingenious young gentleman, Mr. Steggle, sir."

"A bally swindler, you mean."

"Perhaps that would be a more exact description. However, these things will happen on the turf, and it is useless to complain."

"I wish I had your sunny disposition, Jeeves!" Jeeves bowed.

"We now rely, then, it would seem, sir, almost entirely on Mrs. Penworthy. Should she justify Mr. Little's encomiums and show real class in the mothers' sack race, our gains will balance our losses."

"Yes, but that's not much consolation when you've been looking forward to a big win."

"It is just possible that we may still find ourselves on the right side of the ledger after all, sir. Before Mr. Little left, I persuaded him to invest a small sum for the syndicate of which you were kind enough to make me a member, sir, on the girls' egg and spoon race."

"On Sarah Mills?"

"No, sir. On a long priced outsider. Little Prudence Baxter, sir, the child of his lordship's head gardener. Her father assures me she has a very steady hand. She is accustomed to bring him his mug

of beer from the cottage each afternoon, and she has never spilled a drop."

Well, that sounded as though young Prudence's control was good. But how about speed? With seasoned performers like Sarah Mills entered, the thing practically amounted to a classic race, and in these big events you must have speed.

"I am aware that it is what is termed a long shot, sir. Still, I thought it judicious."

"Well, I suppose it's all right. I've never known you make a bloomer yet."

"Thank you very much, sir."

I'm bound to say that, as a general rule, my idea of a large afternoon would be to keep as far away from a village school treat as possible. A sticky business. But with such grave issues toward, if you know what I mean, I sank my prejudices on this occasion and rolled up. I found the proceedings about as scaly as I had expected. It was a warm day and the Hall grounds were a dense, practically liquid mass of peasantry. Kids seethed to and fro. One of them, a small girl of sorts, grabbed my hand and hung on to it as I clove my way through the jam to where the mothers' sack race was to finish. We hadn't been introduced but she seemed to think I would do as well as anyone else to talk to about the rag doll she had won in the "lucky dip," and she rather spread herself on the topic.

"I'm going to call it Gertrude," she said. "And I shall undress it every night and put it to bed and wake it up in the morning and dress it and put it to bed at night and wake it up next morning—"

"I say, old thing," I said, "I don't want to hurry you and all that, but you couldn't condense it a bit, could you? I'm rather anxious to see the finish of this race. The Wooster fortunes are by way of hanging on it."

"I'm going to run in a race soon," she said, shelving the doll for the nonce and descending to ordinary chit chat.

"Yes?" I said. Distract, if you know what I mean, and trying to peer through the chinks in the crowd. "What race?"

"Egg'n spoon."

"No, really! Are you Sarah Mills?"

"Na-ow!" Registering scorn. "I'm Prudence Baxter."

Naturally this put our relations on a different footing. I gazed at her with considerable interest. One of the stable. I must say she didn't look much of a flier. She was short and round. Bit out of condition, I thought.

"You don't understand! You haven't seen me in you!"

Then disregardful of every tradition and habit of his life, he did what he could have done to no other girl under like circumstances—he gathered her in his arms and kissed her forehead—her eyes—her mouth.

"Forgive me!" he cried. "Forgive me! I'm sorry—sorry—so sorry! Say that you forgive me—Diana!"

She let him hold her to him—her head thrown back, her lips slightly parted, her eyes closed—for one heavenly moment.

"I—forgive—you!" she whispered.

(To be continued)

"I say," I said, "that being so, you mustn't dash about in the hot sun and take the edge off yourself. You must conserve your energies, old friend. Stay down here in the shade."

"Don't want to sit down."

"Well, take it easy anyhow."

The kid flitted to another topic.

"I'm a good girl," she said.

"I bet you are. I hope you're a good egg and spoon racer, too."

"Harold's a bad boy. Harold squealed in church and isn't allowed to come to the treat. I'm glad," continued this ornament of her sex, wrinkling her nose virtuously "because he's a bad boy. He pulled my hair Friday. Harold isn't coming to the treat! Harold isn't coming to the treat!"

chanted, making a regular song of it.

"Don't rub it in, my dear old garden daughter," I pleaded. "You don't know it, but you've hit on a painful subject."

"Ah, Wooster, my dear fellow! So you have made friends with this little lady?"

It was old Heppenstall, beaming profusely. Life and soul of the party.

"I am delighted, my dear Wooster," went on, "quite delighted at the way young men are throwing themselves in the spirit of this little festivity of ours."

"Oh, yes?" I said.

"Oh, yes. Even Rupert Steggle must confess that my opinion of Rupert Steggle has materially altered for the better this afternoon."

Mine hadn't. But I didn't say so.

"I had always considered Rupert Steggle, between ourselves, a rather centered youth, by no means the kind who would put himself out to further the enjoyment of his fellows. And yet twice within the last half hour I have observed him courting Mrs. Penworthy, our worthy tobacconist's wife, to the refreshment tent—"

I left him standing. I shook off the clutching hand of the Baxter kid and hared it rapidly to the spot where the mothers' sack race was just finishing.

I had a horrid presentiment that there had been more dirty work at the cur roads. The first person I ran into was young Bingo. I grabbed him by the arm.

"Who won?"

"I don't know. I didn't notice." That was bitterness in the chappie's voice.

wasn't Mrs. Penworthy, dash her! But that hound Steggle is nothing more than less than one of our leading snakes.

don't know how he heard about her

must have got on to it that she was
 egerous. Do you know what he did?
 lured that miserable woman into the
 eshment tent five minutes before the
 e, and brought her out so weighed down
 cake and tea that she blew up in the
 twenty yards. Just roiled over and
 there! Well, thank goodness we still
 e Harold."
 gaped at the poor chump.
 Harold! Haven't you heard?"
 Heard?" Bingo turned a delicate green.
 eard what? I haven't heard anything.
 ly arrived five minutes ago. Came
 straight from the station. What has
 pened? Tell me!"
 slipped him the information. He
 red at me for a moment in a ghastly
 of way, then with a hollow groan
 ed away and was lost in the crowd.
 asty knock, poor chap.
 They were clearing the decks now for
 egg and spoon race, and I thought I
 ht as well stay where I was and watch
 finish. Not that I had much hope.
 ng Prudence was a good conversa-
 alist, but she didn't seem to me to be
 build for a winner.
 as far as I could see through the mob
 y got off to a good start. A short, red
 ed child was making the running, with
 eckled blonde second and Sarah Mills
 g up an easy third. Our nominee was
 gging along with the field, well behind
 leaders. It was not hard even as early
 this to spot the winner. There was a
 ce, a practiced precision, in the way
 ah Mills held her spoon that told its own
 y. She was cutting out a good pace,
 her egg didn't even wobble. A nat-
 e egg and spooner if ever there was one.
 lass will tell. Thirty yards from the
 e, the red haired kid tripped over her
 and shot her egg on to the turf. The
 ed blonde fought gamely, but she had
 herself out half way down the straight,
 Sarah Mills came past and home on a
 t rein by several lengths, a popular
 mer. The blonde was second. A sniff-
 female in blue gingham beat a pie-faced
 in pink for the place money, and
 dence Baxter, Jeeves's long shot, was
 er fifth or sixth, I couldn't see which.
 and then I was carried along with the
 d to where old Heppenstall was going
 present the prizes. I found myself
 iding next to the man Steggle.
 Bullo, old chap," he said, very bright
 chery. "You've had a bad day, I'm
 id."
 looked at him with silent scorn. Lost
 he blighter, of course.
 It's not been a good meeting for any of
 ther the enj
 et twice will
 served him
 worthy too
 ment tent
 shook off
 axter kid
 ot where
 just finish
 ment that
 at the co
 ran into
 im by the
 notice." Th
 ie's voice.
 sh her! Be
 hing more
 cate's losses when old Heppenstall's
 e came sort of faintly to me out of the



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Druggist's Name.....

Druggist's Address.....

distance. He had been pretty fatherly and debonair when lading out the prizes for the other events, but now he had suddenly grown all pained and grieved. He peered sorrowfully at the multitude.

"With regard to the girls' egg and spoon race, which has just concluded," he said, "I have a painful duty to perform. Circumstances have arisen which it is impossible to ignore. It is not too much to say that I am stunned."

He gave the populace about five seconds to wonder why he was stunned, then went on.

"Three years ago, as you are aware, I was compelled to expunge from the list of events at this annual festival the fathers'

quarter mile, owing to reports coming to my ears of wagers taken and given on the result at the village inn and a strong suspicion that on at least one occasion the race had actually been sold by the speediest runner. That unfortunate occurrence shook my faith in human nature, I admit—but still there was one event at least which I confidently expected to remain untainted by the miasma of professionalism. I allude to the girls' egg and spoon race. It seems, alas, that I was too sanguine."

He stopped again and wrestled with his feelings.

"I will not weary you with the unpleasant details. I will merely say that before the race was run a stranger in our midst,

the man servant of one of the guests at Hall—I will not specify with more publicity—approached several of the competitors and presented each of them with five shillings on condition that they finished. A belated sense of remorse led him to confess to me what he did, it is too late. The evil is accomplished and retribution must take its course. There is no time for half measures. I must firm. I rule that Sarah Mills, Jane Park, Bessie Clay, and Rosie Jukes, the first to pass the winning post, have forfeited their amateur status and are disqualified and this handsome work bag, presented Lord Wickhammersley, goes to Prudence Baxter. Prudence, step forward!"

A Law Unto Ourselves

(Continued from page 92)

tears to her throat controlled only because she knew how distressed he was and wanted to spare him. Had he subjected her to that humiliation? Had he? In spite of her dismissal of it, he had felt her still trembling as he lifted her from the cab, even as he held her in his arms just now. She was so sensitive—that sort of thing must make her suffer. It was sacrilege. But she would try not to let him sense the wound. She always put him first—thought of him before herself.

That very afternoon a letter had come from her mother and she had done her best to keep him from reading it.

"Dear, you're not crying?" he had asked as her face bent over the page.

"N-no! But somehow these letters, so full of faith, always make me feel like a beast. Not that I don't think we're doing the right thing," she added hastily, "but I wish I had the courage to tell her the truth."

He turned now from the window to the table where the letter still lay, open as she had dropped it. The fingers of morning moved toward it as he did and picked up the fine, careful writing under his eyes.

My dear Jean—

It seems such a long time since you went away, yet I am so glad that things are coming so nicely for you that I feel I must not complain. I rejoice, my dear child, that you have found someone to give you the opportunity you deserve. It is so much greater than we had ever hoped for that even though I miss your little visits, I do not want you to hurry back. I hope some day to meet your friend and thank him for all his kindness. But he is sure to be rewarded, for, after all, doing things for others is the greatest happiness—

He looked up as a gust of wind suddenly flung open both windows with the bang of giant hands. It lifted the paper from under his eyes, tossing it to the far side of the room. It played with the soft curtains, plunged over a vase, scattering the foliage, and tried its strength against Emery himself. Instinctively, as the wind tore past, he reached out to steady the lamp. But half way, his hands closed convulsively. His breath stopped. From the rear room came a roar, a blinding flash, and the anguished cry of his name fell across the silence. It all happened in one breathless second, but the crack of burning wood, the glare of flames were upon him even before he crossed the miles of space that made the short hall.

"Jean!" he called. "Jean—my God!" He struggled down the hall.

A cry uplifted was his only answer, and the awakening of those on the floors below to the alarm of danger.

The flames danced across the room to meet him as he reached the doorway, leaping gaily up the cracked plaster of the walls. In their midst, close to an overturned little oil stove, stood a girl in warrior costume beating at them with hands too stiffened with terror to do more than add to their fuel. The fiery tongues licked the white flesh. They ate up her hair, playing about her helplessness until she became a tortured part of them. She was sobbing his name over and over, and as he came near her hands stopped their beating and reached out to him.

Fred Emery fought through to the bed, tearing at the comforter tucked into its sides. It ripped as he pulled and dragged the bedding from under it and flung the mass around her, lifting her into his arms while he stamped on the flames.

"Fred—save—save me!"

"I will! Oh God—let me!"

Unconscious of his own pain, with the fog of smoke pressing into eyes and nostrils, he tried to choke out the fire. It laughed and leaped at him in turn.

Somehow he knew, as his desperate hands pressed the quilts and blankets round the quivering form, that he was fighting eternity, grappling with a power greater than his puny grip could grasp, a power that could prove to him how quickly the strength and beauty of flesh might be consumed.

He did not look down into the face beneath his—he did not dare. But the low, long moans were like the jagged thrusts of a bayonet that had reached his heart. All he loved, all he longed for was there, in his arms, and a gust of wind might tear it from him.

The flames, cloying their way along the spreading oil on the floor, followed him as he went stumbling back to the other room. He pressed the burned and blackened bundle closer and kicked open the door shouting "Fire!"

Already the students who occupied the lower floors were pushing and elbowing one another down the shaking stairs that must collapse and go up in smoke at the first touch of red heat. The old tinder box of a house was like so much wood heaped together in a chimneyplace.

Fred Emery stood at the top of the

steps, seeing the vague trooping figures in the cavernous space below, more fearful of falling with his burden into smoke and darkness than of the glare that sprang from the open door behind him.

"Oh God," his lips muttered, "if only hadn't brought her to this hell hole. And again, supplicatingly: 'Let me save her!'"

The low and constant moaning from arms ceased. As he caught his breath plunging downward, the light form he close to him relaxed and he had the sudden sense of a dead, unconscious weight.

Against the charred skeleton of what had been a house in a narrow old Paris street, the girl who had been Jean opened her eyes as far as she could and looked into the agonized face bent over hers.

"Fred—dear—I—I'm going to die."

"No! No—no, I say!"

The doctor on one knee beside her gave a quick, warning finger to his lips.

"I am! Couldn't suffer—like this—and—live—" The voice trailed. The eyes closed. When she spoke again in a whisper, they did not open.

"Fred—"

"My darling!" It was inaudible.

"Wouldn't want—live—all burned like this—"

"But I want you so! Oh, Jean—little Jean!"

"—not cry! Mustn't—don't—"

"Oh God—if only I hadn't brought you here!"

"Happy, dear—mustn't be sorry. Rather die"—the words came slower, halting, as if only the will of the spirit were bringing them forth—"than lose your love—die. Might—might have happened—"

"Jean—my Jean!"

"Arms round me"—and as they closed swiftly, convulsively, as if to hold against death itself—"hurt not matter now—only—"

"Jean—Jean!" his eyes clung desperately to the fluttering lids.

"Home—want to go—after—"

The fluttering stopped.

The man caught her up to him.

"Oh my God—no!"

A great sob broke from him, a sob of the anguished impotence of man's against the Divine. The form against him lay still. With the coming of white light of early morning, another had gone out.

III

NEW ENGLAND! A little cemetery in one of those veiled and bonneted towns that stand with eyes downcast while the world rushes by. From it a man and a woman walked side by side, both with heads bowed, his hand supporting her elbow, her step unsteady, her eyes looking dazedly as if to question why things happened that one could not understand. They were quite dry, those eyes, and looked as if, at one time, they might have been very blue. All about them were the drawn lines like scratches from the hand of Time. Yet she was not old, not yet fifty. Through the streaks of gray that deadened her hair were strands of soft brown. Old before God meant her to be—old with the look of one who had never been permitted to be young. In her tight black hat and coat, she moved with the timid, furtive movements of a bird from which freedom has long since been barred. She looked back at the fresh mound of earth they were leaving and her eyes met those of two gaunt, grim men, Jean's father and brother, who walked behind without the slightest trace of emotion. Jean's mother moved closer to the man on her side, almost as if for protection. "Mr. Emery—would you mind staying while? Don't go back to New York until tonight. I can't bear to be alone. Want some one to talk to—about her." Fred Emery's head bent lower in silent consent. At the moment it was impossible to bring words to his lips. "Thank you—oh, thank you! It—it all mean so much to talk to someone who understood her the way I did. You—you did love her, Mr. Emery, didn't you?" "God knows I did!" was wrung from him. Jean's mother tried to smile. "I thought so. A young man like you wouldn't have done all you did for her without loving her. I was so surprised when you arrived yesterday. I had an idea you were going to be a much older man. My little Jean—of course you wouldn't help loving her, could you? No one could—she was so sweet and good." "She was—" He hesitated over the words that must now always be in the past. It seemed so strange not to think of his Jean alive and vibrant—"She was wonderful." "I suppose one of these days you would be married her—wouldn't you?" He looked down into the blurred, upturned eyes. "Yes," he lied hoarsely. "Then you don't mind listening to me? You see, I can't cry. I don't know how to cry any more. I've never been able to express anything I felt—never been allowed to—and gradually the power has gone. That was why I made up my mind when Jean was a very little girl that she must never be cramped and—and hurt as she had been. She represented all I had hoped for in girlhood—she was the one bright, hopeful thing in my life—and I thought her life mustn't be spoiled the way she had been. It was just a mother's foolish dream. And now—why do you suppose this has come to me, Mr. Emery?" He dared not again meet the upturned eyes. He did not answer. "It's hard to know, isn't it? It seems so cruel, when I had nothing else."

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They turned up the path that led to a conventional white painted house with green shutters and a square of porch at the top of the steps. On either side of them was a precise, well kept grass plot.

She shivered a bit as she mounted the steps.

"Do you think it's too cold to sit on the porch?" she asked, her timid eyes raised pleadingly to his. "I like the air."

But he knew it was because the men who followed were going indoors. She apologized to them as they came up the steps and said she would be in presently to prepare dinner. There was still that look of apology as she turned back to Emery, indicating the most comfortable chair while she pulled close a smaller one with a stiff, straight back.

"You know, it was selfish of me, of course, but I used to think some day when Jean was a great singer—and I knew she would be—that I'd go to New York and live with her—away from here—where there would be a little corner for me and—and love—" She choked.

Instinctively he reached over, took her hand. But he said nothing.

"It would have been so wonderful to see her succeed—my baby. I wanted so much for her. She was so full of life. I used to save every penny I could—even steal it from John sometimes so that when she was old enough she could go to New York and study music. She was always singing—except when her father was at home—and I wanted her to have the chance to keep on singing—no matter what I had to give up." Her hand, with nails roughened and the whiteness of a fine skin long since scarred, closed convulsively within his. "But then—mothers love to give up things for their children—daughters particularly. And she was all I had, you see. That's why I can't understand—" Her voice caught as if afraid to go on. "Why, do you suppose, Mr. Emery—why?"

His husky answer came, scarcely a whisper.

"That's the question I've been asking myself ever since—it happened. God alone knows!"

Silence settled between them. Then with the look of one steeling to meet the inevitable, her eyes lifted again to his evading ones.

"How did it happen? I haven't asked you yet. Somehow I couldn't. You understand—don't you?"

He dragged a hand across his hair. If only he could banish the nightmare of how it had happened! The reproach that was always with him—"If only I hadn't taken her abroad . . . If only we hadn't taken those rooms in that rotten old shanty . . . If only I'd made her listen!" It was a litany his brain sang all through the sleepless hours of the night. The little woman sat waiting. Unconsciously he voiced the agony of it to her, Jean's mother, who was suffering with him.

"It was—horrible! We'd come in from a ball—Jean and I. She went back to the bedroom to light an oil stove. I was in the front room—a window blew open and the wind came tearing through. It must have upset the stove—because the place caught fire in a second. It was full of draughts—an old shanty."

He had spoken as if to himself, and

absorbed in the misery the words dashed about him like an engulfing sea, he did not meet the eyes opposite. They were still raised but to their expression of fear was added a vague bewilderment.

"Was no one else there? Were you all alone—with her?"

"We'd just come in—it was nearly five."

"Five in the morning?"

"Yes."

"And she had gone into the bedroom—to light the stove?" came the trembling voice.

"Oh God, if only she had listened! If only she had let me do what I wanted and take rooms fit to live in!"

The timid, tired eyes shifted uncertainly—then came back bravely though they were almost closed. It was as if they tried to shut out the vision that rose before them, as if a veil had suddenly been lifted and what they saw beyond was revelation they could not bear to look upon. They settled on the bent head, on the hands that had withdrawn from hers and were clasped against the forehead. And anguish followed by numb horror swept across those eyes. Her lips moved silently. "It can't be true—it can't be true!" was what they were saying.

"Mr. Emery," came after a moment, spoken very low, "you don't mean that you and—Jean were living in those rooms—together?"

Too late he looked up and caught in the terrified eyes the revelation his self-absorption had made. Too late he made a desperate attempt to rectify it.

"No—you don't understand."

"But—but at that hour—you wouldn't have gone up with her—otherwise."

"I," he mumbled, "I had a place in the same house."

"But just now you said she wouldn't let you take rooms fit to live in—"

"Don't you see?" He tried to summon some plausible excuse—to meet those pitiful eyes. "Don't you see? She wouldn't take anything from me. She insisted on paying her share of everything and that miserable place was all she—"

"Mr. Emery—please don't lie to me. You can't—to a mother, you know. You must tell me. I've borne so much—I can bear this. Only—don't lie! What—what were you and—my little girl to each other?"

He made a last attempt to satisfy her by evasion.

"I loved her more than anything—or anybody—in the world."

"I want the whole truth—please. You can't keep it from me, so don't try. I'd find out—sooner or later. I—I'd have to."

She said it without moving those blurred eyes from his—the eyes that had once been deep blue like Jean's. And sudden rebellion against the arraignment in them made him face their judgment.

"I won't lie to you—there's no reason why I should. Jean and I were not ashamed of what we did. It was a principle with us. We loved each other more than most people who repeat the marriage service. But we didn't believe in marriage. She had seen your misery—I had seen that of my parents. Both of us knew more unhappily married couples than happy ones. We made up our minds that our lives belonged to ourselves, that we must live them as we thought best. And we were happy—we never regretted for an

instant! Even when she—" The words caught. He did not go on.

Jean's mother drew a shaking hand across her brow. She had said she must bear whatever revelation he had to make—had said she must face it.

"It—it doesn't seem possible." And her frightened face was whiter than it had been when the first spadeful of sod had fallen in the churchyard. "You—you took her abroad—that way?"

"Don't misunderstand—please! Jean and I were brave enough to live the thing we believed in. We were a law unto ourselves—"

"But—a law unto yourselves?" she interrupted brokenly, gropingly, like some one stumbling in the dark. "No one in the world can be that. There's always somebody dependent on you in some way—somebody who will suffer through what you do—the way I was dependent on Jean for any hope—for any happiness or comfort I might ever have. Didn't—didn't either of you think of that?"

No words came to his aid. He merely looked down at the quivering little figure with hands outstretched and for the first time it came to him how completely he and the girl he loved had kept that little figure out of their calculations. It stood now so pathetically alone.

"We didn't think—"

"Didn't Jean ever think—" she broke in with a sort of wonder.

"Jean wanted to tell you—from the beginning."

"And you wouldn't let her. You knew I—her mother—could have kept her from you."

"No—she came of her own free will. No one could have kept her from me."

"So all you thought of was yourself. You took her as far away from me as you could—took her over there—to die."

"For God's sake—don't say that!"

"It's true! You never gave a thought to anyone but yourself. And all the rest of my life I, who lived only for her future—who would have died gladly for her—will suffer for it." Those eyes that had not left his wandered out over the flat fields and low hills beyond which had lain hope out to the empty horizon, back to the empty, still, white house, and then to him. "Remember that, Mr. Emery, always. Carry it away with you. There's nothing you can ever do to make up for it. You—She got uncertainly, shakily to her feet, thrusting away the hands stretched out to aid. Her lips were as white as the skin around them. Her voice was the voice of prophecy. "You, who took my baby away to die, took away the only thing I had in the world. May God let you never forget it!"

Fred Emery was silent, staring down at the stricken figure that seemed to have crumpled even as the white lips moved. And suddenly as he stood there with gaze fastened to her, he knew that in the dark nights of years to come the face that would rise before him would not be the one that had been with him through the days of torture in Paris, through the week just past crossing an endless sea—not Jean's face lifted to his with the lovelight in her eyes, but the face of the woman before him whose life was done even while she must continue to live whose life his will had brought to a close.

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By A. Jamieson Karr

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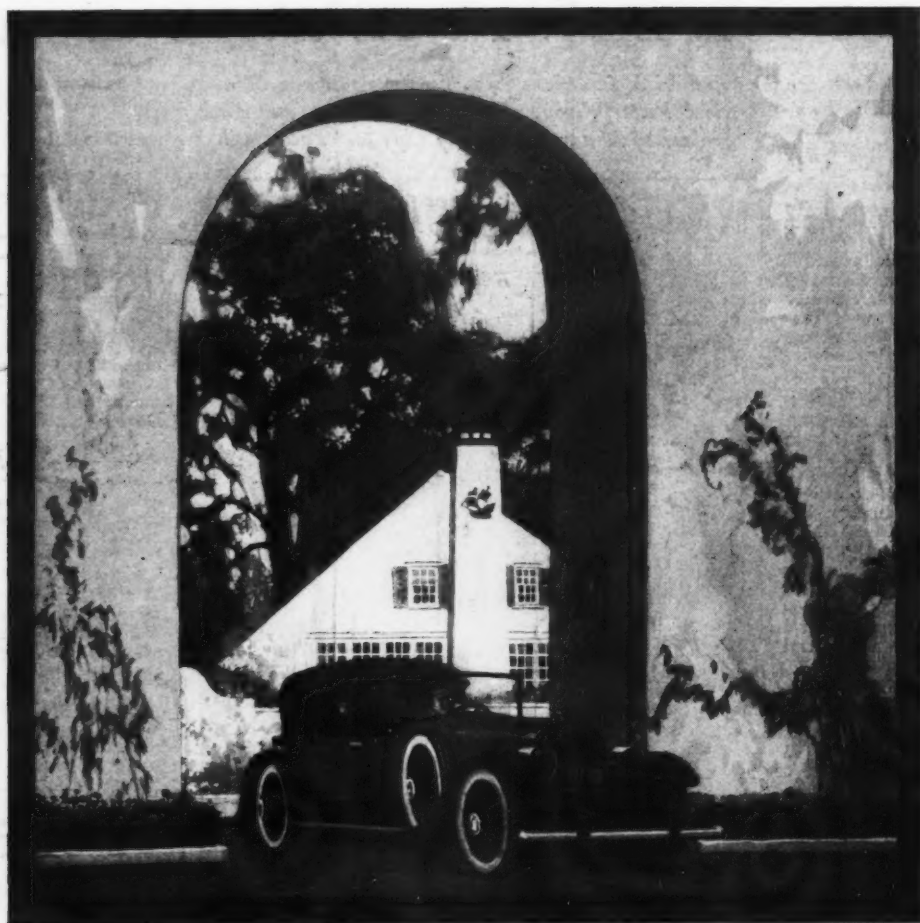
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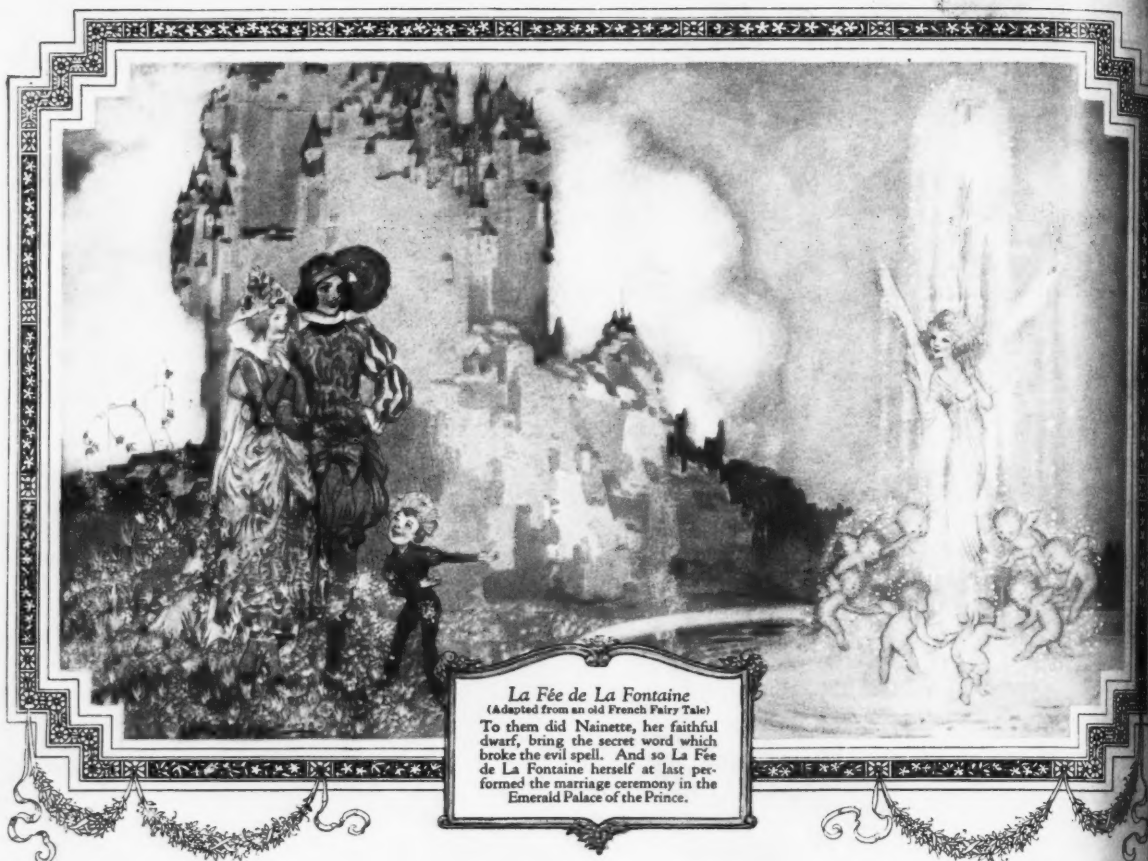
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